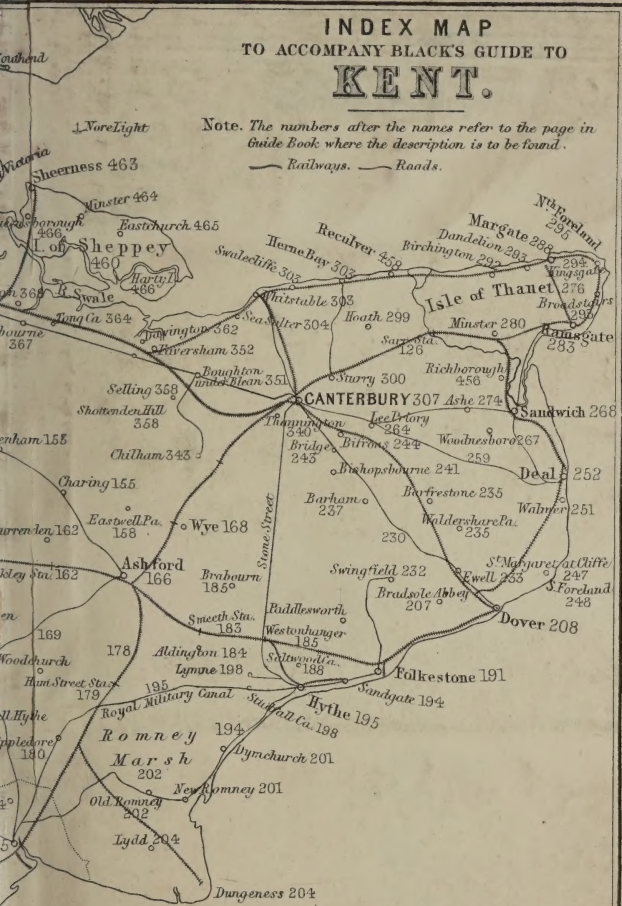


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TO ACCOMPANY BLACK'S GUIDE TO
KENT.

Note. The numbers after the names refer to the page in Guide Book where the description is to be found.
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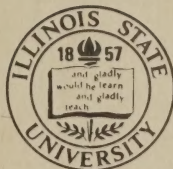


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BLACK'S GUIDE TO KENT

TENTH EDITION

BAILLIE'S
INSTITUTION
GLASGOW



ROCHESTER CASTLE

EDINBURGH: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1886

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*The Editor will be glad to receive any notes or corrections from
Tourists using this Guide-book. Communications to be addressed
to the Publishers.*

INTRODUCTION.

STATISTICAL AND GENERAL INFORMATION.



KENT forms the extreme south-eastern angle of England, where our country approaches nearest to the mainland of Europe. It extends from east to west (North Foreland to London), 64 miles ; from north to south (North Foreland to Dungeness), 38 miles ; from London to the Sussex border, 24 miles ; from the Surrey border to Dungeness, 43 miles. It is the tenth English county in point of size, and occupies 1627 statute square miles, or 1,041,479 acres. Nature has marked it out into three great divisions, which may be named the Downs, the Low Country, and the Valley of the Medway. The former comprises the great range of chalk-hills which form the “backbone of Kent ;” the second, the woody Weald, and the rich cattle-pasturages of Tourney Marsh, and the marshes along the estuary of the Medway and the Swale ; and the third, the fertile garden-ground, orchards, and hop-fields, which stretch from Maidstone to Tunbridge. No English county offers a greater variety of attractive scenery ; hill and dale, meadow and blossoming orchard-ground, combining in a succession of picturesque landscapes. We cannot, therefore, dispute the truth of Drayton’s vigorous panegyric :—

“ O famous Kent !

What county hath this isle that can compare with thee ?
Which hast within thyself as much as thou canst wish ;
Thy conies, venison, fruits, thy sorts of fowl and fish ;
As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy wood :
Nor anything doth want that anywhere is good.”

Polyolbion, Song xviii.

The principal hop-gardens are situated near Maidstone, between Faversham and Canterbury, and between Godstone and Ashford ; they cover about 30,000 acres. The hop was first cultivated in England toward the beginning of the 15th century.

The cherry-orchards are found in the north, and cluster along the route of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway in great profusion. This popular fruit was probably indigenous to England, but fresh grafts and choice varieties were introduced into Kent by Richard Hareys, fruiterer to Henry VIII., who planted about 100 acres at Tynham.

The more important *Gentlemen's Seats* in Kent are :—Chevening Park (Earl Stanhope), Lees Court (Lord Londes), Cobham Hall (Earl of Darnley), Knole Place (Earl Delawarr), Penshurst (Lord De L'Isle), Charlton House (Sir Thomas Wilson, Bart.), Leeds Castle (C. W. Martin, Esq.), The Mote (Earl of Romney), Lullingstone Castle (Sir P. Hart Dyke, Bart.), and Eastwell Park (Earl of Winchelsea).

Kent is divided into 5 lathes :—Sutton-at-Hone, Aylesford, Scray, St. Augustine, and Shepway ; and subdivided into 61 hundreds, besides the peculiar liberties of its 4 Cinque Ports (Dover, Deal, Sandwich, and Winchelsea). It contains 2 cities (Canterbury and Rochester), and 18 market-towns, with a population of 847,507.

The *Assize Town* is Maidstone. There are 424 parishes, which are grouped into 27 poor-law unions. The county is mostly in the diocese of Canterbury, but also in those of

Rochester and London. For judicial purposes it is included in the *Home Circuit*, except so much of it as lies within 10 miles of St. Paul's Cathedral, and accordingly under the jurisdiction of the Central Criminal Court. There are 19 county courts.

The Kentish rivers are : the Medway, Stour, Darent, Cray, and Beult.

Railways open, nearly 400 miles.

PRINCIPAL RAILWAY STATIONS.

- S.E.... South-Eastern Railway [Termini, Cannon Street and Charing Cross ; North Kent (N.K.) Branch, London Bridge].
- L.C.D. London, Chatham, and Dover Railway [Termini, Victoria, Pimlico ; and Ludgate Hill].

BATHS.

- Broadstairs*..... Collins, Albion Street ; Brine.
- Dover* Brest, Marine Parade ; March, Marine Parade.
- Gravesend* Broadbridge, Milton Baths ; Albion ; Luke's Clifton Baths.
- Herne Bay* Gipson, Marine Baths ; Ottaway, Parade ; and Homersham, East Cliff.
- Margate* Austin, High Street ; Foat, Lower Marine Parade ; Hayward, Fort Crescent ; Perry, Belle Vue ; Philpott, High Street ; Pittman, New Town Baths ; Pribble, High Street.
- Ramsgate* Royal Baths, West Cliff ; Royal Victoria Baths, Sands ; Royal Clarence, Bath Place ; Ratcliff's, Taylor's, Barling's Foat's, and Dyson's.

Sandgate Taylor, High Street.
Sheerness Moore, Marine Town.
Tunbridge Wells Oliver, Mount Pleasant Terrace.

RACES AND RACECOURSES.

Canterbury: In April, and second half of July.
Dover: In August.
Folkestone: In March.
Wye: In second half of May.

FISHING STATIONS.

Medway: Above Rochester Bridge, for carp, chub, dace, gudgeon, perch, pike, roach, and trout.
Cray: For trout.
Darent: For pike, perch, and trout.
Ravensbourne: Near Bromley, for trout; and below Bromley, for jack, perch, roach, etc.
Stour and Rother: For trout.

The ANTIQUITIES of KENT are fully indicated and described in the body of this volume. We have adopted the usual arrangement of architectural periods and styles—viz.

Saxon Anterior to 1066.
Norman From 1066 to 1150.
Transition Norman 1150 to 1250.
Early English From 1250 to 1350.
Decorated From 1350 to 1480.
Perpendicular From 1480 to 1640.

The *Archæological Society of Kent* (founded in 1858), issues its Transactions, at intervals, under the title of *Archæologia Cantiana*.



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GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

GUIDE TO KENT.

LONDON to GREENWICH, WOOLWICH, & GRAVESEND

BY STEAMER.

[Greenwich, 5 m. ; Woolwich, 4 m. ; Erith, $7\frac{1}{4}$ m. ; Greenhithe, $4\frac{3}{4}$ m. ; Northfleet, 4. m ; Gravesend, 1 m.]

WHEN we have been “long in city pent,” it is very pleasant and very healthful, both for mind and body, to set forth upon a leisurely ramble through leafy lanes, by the “margent of rushy streams,” and across broad grassy meadows, exploring each cool covert and shady copse, and eagerly drinking in the summer

wind, and the music of many birds. The Latin poet told his countrymen that it was not always wise to bend the bow, *nec semper Apollo tendit arcum*; and our English doggerel pithily tells us that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The nerves are weakened, the fancy is dulled, the heart grows weary, and the soul no longer climbs to "the heaven of invention." Rest is needed for body and intellect, for hand and brain; and not only rest, but relaxation; that is, a change of scene and occupation—something new before the eyes, something fresh before the mind.

And for pleasurable scenes, rich in natural beauty and historical associations, we need not adventure beyond the limits of the three seas. Happily, a wise spirit of patriotism now prevails among Englishmen, who are beginning to understand that England has her "hallowed ground," her "sunny spots of greenery," her "chiefless castles breathing stern farewells," her legends, and traditions, and memories; and that for beauty and tender interest it is not necessary to voyage "up the Rhine," or scamper over the Continent. "It is shameful," wrote Linnæus, "for a man to dwell in, and yet be ignorant of his native land." And such a land as ours!

"Great men have been among us; hands that penn'd,
And tongues that utter'd wisdom."—WORDSWORTH.

And the places associated with their fame invite us, like so many holy shrines, to devout and earnest pilgrimage. Such a land as ours!—that boasts of gleaming meadow and shadowy copse; of rippling rivulet and leafy bower; of winding lanes through banks all rich in bloom; of green fresh hedges fencing off the golden corn; of gray and ivy-mantled towers, which speak, trumpet-tongued, of a stirring and glorious past; of old quiet churches, hidden away in old-world villages; of brave manorial mansions, set daintily at the head of noble lawns.

We shall now endeavour to point out what the tourist ought to know of the famous historic sites, antique manor-houses, sequestered villages, and busy towns of Kent.

TO GRAVESEND BY RIVER.

Presuming that to the tourist time is not of such importance as to render necessary the facilities afforded by the rail, we shall

speed on our first tour through glorious Kent, in a river-steamer, selecting as our starting point the pier adjoining London Bridge.

Excellent substitutes—these rapid and agreeable vessels!—for the tilt-boats which, two hundred years ago, carried passengers from London to Gravesend at the moderate charge of twopence, occupying half a day in the voyage. These tilt-boats were the successors of the ancient Gravesend barges, and drove them out of the field about 1640, through their superior swiftness and facilities of accommodation. They maintained their position until 1834, when the steam-boats monopolized the patronage of the public. The latter, in their turn, have suffered from “the progress of the age,” the railroads on either bank of the river having dealt their prosperity a heavy blow.

Curious but popular old conveyances were the said heavy tilt-boats, as we may conclude from an account of an expedition undertaken by Hogarth and his friends, and recorded by Mr. Forrest, who was one of the party, the others being Thornhill (Sir James), Tothall, Scott, and the great satirist himself. Mr. Forrest’s Hudibrastics begin,—

“ ’Twas first of morn on Saturday,
The seven and twentieth of May,
When Hogarth, Thornhill, Tothall, Scott,
And Forrest, who this journal wrote,
From Covent-Garden took departure,
To see the world by land and water.”

His prose, however, is more to our purpose:—“Saturday, May 27th, 1732, we set out with the morning, and took our departure from the Bedford Arms Tavern, Covent-Garden, to the tune of ‘Why should we quarrel for riches?’ The first land we made was Billingsgate, where we dropped anchor at the Dark House [a notorious resort of “men of low degree.”] Here we continued till the clock struck one, then set sail in a Gravesend boat we had hired for ourselves. Straw was our bed, and a tilt our covering. The wind blew hard at S.E. by E. We had much rain and no sleep for about three hours. We soon arrived at Gravesend, and found some difficulty in getting ashore, occasioned by an unlucky boy’s having placed his boat between us and the landing-place, and refusing us passage over his vessel; but as virtue surmounts all obstacles, we happily accomplished this adventure, and arrived at Mr. Bramble’s at six. There we washed our faces and hands, and had

our wigs powdered ; then drank coffee, eat toast and butter, paid our reckoning, and set out at eight." They walked on to Rochester, where they saw the cathedral, and drank six pots of ale. At Strood the pedestrian roysterers dined off soles and flounders, with crab sauce ; a stuffed and roasted calf's head, with "purt'nance minced" and liver fried, finishing with roast leg of mutton and green peas. The dinner was approved of,—

"The cook was much commended for 't,
Fresh was the beer and sound the port."

Having visited Hoo and Queenborough, the Isles of Grains and Sheppey, they duly returned to Gravesend. The next morning, "at eight," says Mr. Forrest, "we arose, breakfasted, and walked about the town. At ten went into a boat we had hired, with a truss of clean straw, a bottle of good wine, pipes, tobacco, and a match. We came merrily up the river, and quitting our boat at Billingsgate, got into a wherry that carried us through bridge, and landed at Somerset Water-gate."

About 1737, the tilts or "awnings" went out of fashion, and larger sailing-boats, with a deck, came into vogue. The first Gravesend steamer, named the Margery, 70 tons burden and 14 horse power, made her appearance on the river in 1816, and a second steamer, the Thames, soon followed in her wake. At this time there were six and twenty sailing-boats, varying from 22 to 45 tons burthen. They were all extinct in 1835. Then came a rapid increase of steam-boat enterprise. The "Star" Company was formed in opposition to the "Diamond" Company. New piers were built ; large and handsome vessels competed for speed ; and upwards of two millions of passengers were annually conveyed to and fro, to their great edification, and the immense benefit of Gravesend. But the Diamond Company became bankrupt a few years ago, and the river steam-boats suffered materially from the competition of the London and Tilbury, and the North Kent railways.

Yet to appreciate the wealth, commerce, and enterprise of England, one must steer through the crowded Pool, and onward by that Silent Highway, where argosies of untold value are constantly passing and repassing, to the restless waters of the Northern Sea. The river Thames is an illustrated History of England, which he who runs may read. Our past and our present are here in constant juxtaposition. The feudal fortress rises, massive and

venerable, beside the modern Custom-house, and the stronghold, near whose rising walls "great Gloriana" reviewed her troops, faces the terminus of a busy railway. At Erith was built, in the reign of bluff King Harry, the largest ship the English navy had ever owned; at Blackwall, in the days of Victoria, was constructed the monster-vessel whose like the world has never gazed upon. Upnor Castle recalls the disgraces inflicted upon us by the Dutch; the Caledonia brings back the glorious memories of Trafalgar. Every Englishman, once in his life, should make a pilgrimage from Battersea to Sheerness. Every foreigner who would obtain a glimpse of what English enterprise can effect, should enter London by its grandest "approach," the river Thames.

We start from LONDON BRIDGE—that wonderful thoroughfare, which from morning to night seethes with a rushing current of human life and activity—and at moderate speed thread our labyrinthine way through the forest of masts thronging and enlivening the Pool. "The river is crowded with shipping and steamers, and from this point begins that succession of vessels which affords the voyager so grand an idea of the vast trade of the British metropolis. There are, perhaps, few sights in the world more striking—certainly none more calculated to make an Englishman proud of his country. Here are not only the merchantmen of every part of the Queen's dominions, but the ships that bear 'to and fro' the wealth of every civilized nation and people. 'The Pool of the Thames'—for so is named that portion of our noble river that runs between the Isle of Dogs and the Tower—is truly a grand and glorious sight; the proudest 'station' in the world: where gather vessels of all sizes, of every form and character, from every seaport of the globe."—(*Mrs. S. C. Hall*.)

The river Thames—as far as concerns the due preservation of its bed, soil, and banks; regulating the moorage of vessels; deepening the channel; erecting and maintaining public stairs; governing the fisheries, and otherwise keeping it in exact order, and, if we may use the word, "repair"—is under the control of a commission, consisting of twelve members, viz. the Lord Mayor *ex officio*, two aldermen, four common councilmen, the Deputy Master of the Trinity House, two persons chosen by the Admiralty, one by the Board of Trade, and one by the Trinity House. They remain in office for five years, and are eligible for re-

election. Their jurisdiction extends from Staines to Leigh, or rather a little below Leigh, and the revenue produced by tonnage dues and other tolls is employed in the management and improvement of the river.

The police of the Thames is entrusted to a force of ninety-eight men, with eight duty-boats and two supervision boats, their district extending from Battersea to Barking Creek. They are a valuable and experienced body, and since their establishment the river has been kept almost clear of great crimes, though tier-rangers, lumpers, truckers, and dredgermen, occasionally contrive to elude their watchfulness, and do a little gentle "thieving." The duty-boats lurk at night in all sorts of mysterious hiding-places, pulling out swiftly enough, you may be sure, when "water-rats" are at their illegal work. The supervisors constantly move up and down the river, but very stealthily, and, by a curious but valuable idiosyncrasy, are always to be found at the right place at the right time.

We drop down with the tide, but on account of the crowded state of the Pool, our speed is restricted to five miles an hour. The tide flows as high as Teddington, sixty-six miles from the Nore, and its average swiftness per hour is twenty miles; the velocity of the stream itself varies at different points from three to four miles. Between London and Gravesend the river curves into no less than sixteen "reaches" or "bends," otherwise the rapidity of the current would be such as seriously to impede navigation.

The first point of interest, as we wind in and out of Irish steamers, New York clippers, and French brigantines, is BILLINGSGATE, on our left, a large and convenient fish-market, with a picturesque red brick building in the Italian style, designed by Mr. Bunning, and erected 1849-53. Its name is probably a trace of a right held by some ancient proprietor who formerly possessed this "gate" or "opening" to the river. From time immemorial a market has been held here, and the laws of Athelstan record that here a toll was levied on fishing-boats. William the Third made it "a free and open market for all sorts of fish" in 1699. Every morning, from five to seven, it now presents one of the most curious and stirring scenes in London. Fishmongers from all parts of the metropolis, and from many of the principal inland towns, gather around the salesmen's stalls, which are loaded with salmon from Ireland, Scotland, and Norway; with mackerel from the narrow seas; with turbot from

the English Channel ; and sales are effected by Dutch auction, in a remarkably simple and expeditious manner. " Every possible expedient and appliance is resorted to, to bring fish to market fresh. Suppose a turbot to be hauled, with a hundred other captives, early on Monday afternoon, on board one of the Barking fishing fleet, moored on a bank some twenty miles off Dover. He is no sooner taken on board than he is trans-shipped immediately, with thousands of his flat companions, in a row-boat, into a clipper, which is being fast filled from other vessels of the fleet. When her cargo is complete, she sets sail for the mouth of the Thames, and on entering it is met by a tug-steamer, which brings her up to Billingsgate early on Tuesday morning, bringing our turbot *alive*—for he has been put into a tank in the hold of the clipper."—(*Household Words*.)

That stately façade, with a cold classical air, adjoining the market, belongs to the CUSTOM-HOUSE, erected in 1825, from Sir Robert Smirke's designs. Noticeable in its interior is the Long Room, 199 feet by 66, and about 40 feet in height—one of the largest in the world. One half, or nearly so, of the customs-revenue of Great Britain is collected in the Port of London. The Esplanade, in front of this great commercial palace, affords a very pleasant walk. Cowper came here, in a fit of despondency, designing to commit suicide.

The TOWER OF LONDON, with a thousand historical associations "expanding their cloudy wings" above it, next rises on the view. The Traitors' Gate, under whose gloomy arch so many gallant spirits have passed to a prison and a scaffold, is discernible from the water ; and the bloody Tower, which tradition affirms to have been the scene of the murder of the princely sons of Edward the Fourth. The huge square mass of the White Tower, dating from the reign of William the Conqueror, when (about 1080) it was erected by the priest-architect Gundulph, is conspicuous above the adjacent buildings, and mostly retains its ancient character.

Meanwhile, the left bank of the river has presented nothing more attractive than a continuous front of dingy warehouses, swarthy "publics," and squalid hovels. We soon pass the boundaries of Southwark, and the site of the once famous Abbey of Bermondsey—where Elizabeth Woodville took sanctuary for fear of "the boar of Gloucester"—and see before us the plain, inelegant structure of Rotherhithe Church. Close adjoining is the

entrance to the THAMES TUNNEL, from Rotherhithe to Wapping, Brunel's famous but somewhat useless achievement. It consists of a double sub-aqueous passage, conjoined by a central gas-lighted arcade, and is kept open day and night for foot-passengers, at one penny per head. Each archway is 20 feet high. The entire width is 35 feet; the length, 1200; and its depth beneath low-water mark, 75 feet. The tunnel was commenced in 1825; closed for seven years by an inundation which occurred in 1828; recommenced in 1835, and opened to the public in 1843. The total cost is said to have been £614,000.

ROTHERHITHE, signifying, according to certain archæological authorities, "the sailor's haven," claims a very respectable antiquity. Here Edward III. fitted out the royal fleet which won the victory of Sluys; and here, on the statements of Swift and Dickens, we must place the residence of two famous navigators, Captain Lemuel Gulliver and Captain Cuttle. The Commercial Docks occupy, it is said, the trenches cut by King Knut in the eleventh century, which extended to Battersea, and completely insulated the southern districts of London. The five docks comprise 60 acres of water and 40 of land, and were opened in 1807.

On the right bank of the river we notice, in succession, St. KATHERINE'S and the LONDON DOCKS, and the churches of Wapping, Shadwell, and Limehouse. St. KATHERINE'S DOCKS are so named from occupying the site of the old Hospital of St. Katherine, founded by Queen Matilda in 1148. They were begun in May 1827, and completed by 2500 workmen in October 1828, at a cost of £1,700,000, and from the designs of Telford, the famous engineer. 1250 houses were pulled down, and 11,300 inhabitants removed, to clear the area (24 acres, $11\frac{1}{2}$ being water) required for their construction.

The LONDON DOCKS, designed by Rennie, cost £4,000,000, comprise an area of 90 acres (35 water), and are divided into three basins—the Western, Eastern, and Wapping; approached by as many entrances—the Hermit, Wapping, and Shadwell. They were first opened in 1805. "As you enter these docks, the sight of the forest of masts in the distance, and the tall chimneys vomiting clouds of black smoke, and the many-coloured flags flying in the air, has a most peculiar effect, while the sheds, with the monster wheels arching through the sheds, look like the paddle-boxes of huge steamers. Along the quay, you see

now men with their faces blue with indigo, and now gaugers with their long brass-tipped rule dripping with spirit from the cask they have been probing ; then will come a group of flaxen-haired sailors chattering German ; and next, a black sailor, with a cotton handkerchief twisted turban-like around his head. Presently a blue-smocked butcher, with fresh meat and a bunch of cabbages in the tray on his shoulder, and shortly afterwards a mate with green parroquets in a wooden cage. Here you will see, sitting on a bench, a sorrowful-looking woman, with new bright cooking-tins at her feet, telling you she is an emigrant preparing for her voyage. As you pass along this quay the air is pungent with tobacco ; at that it overpowers you with the fumes of rum. Then you are nearly sickened with the stench of hides and huge bins of horns ; and shortly afterwards the atmosphere is fragrant with coffee and spices. Nearly everywhere you meet stacks of cork, or else yellow bins of sulphur, or lead-coloured copper ore. As you enter this warehouse, the flooring is sticky, as if it had been newly tarred, with the sugar that has leaked through the casks, and as you descend into the dark vaults, you see long lines of lights hanging from the black arches, and lamps flitting about midway. Here you sniff the fumes of the wine, and there the peculiar fungous smell of dry-rot. Then the jumble of sounds as you pass along the dock blends in anything but sweet concord. The sailors are singing boisterous nigger songs from the Yankee ship just entering ; the cooper is hammering at the casks on the quay ; the chains of the cranes, loosed of their weight, rattle as they fly up again ; the ropes splash in the water ; some captain shouts his orders through his hands ; a goat bleats from some ship in the basin ; and empty casks roll along the stones with a hollow drum-like sound. Here the heavy laden ships are down far below the quay, and you descend to them by ladders, whilst in another basin they are high up out of the water, so that their green copper-sheathing is almost level with the eye of the passenger, while above his head a long line of bowsprits stretch far over the quay, and from them hang spars and planks as a gangway to each ship. This immense establishment is worked by from one to three thousand hands, according as the business is either ' brisk ' or ' slack.'—*(Henry Mayhew)*

We sweep round CUCKOLD'S POINT (r.) into Limehouse Reach. A pole, surmounted with a pair of horns, formerly stood here,

and reminded passers by of the old tradition, how that King John was caught by a sturdy miller of Charlton making love to the miller's fair wife ; how that the king, to save his bones from the miller's cudgel, told him to clear his eyes, and he should have as much land as he could see ; and how that his vision, sharpened, we presume, by the desire of self-aggrandizement, extended even to this conspicuous headland. The king kept his promise, but added to it the stipulation that, once a year, the miller should walk from Charlton to the Point, his head crowned with the glory of a pair of horns.

On our left stretches the low marshy ground of the ISLE OF DOGS, separated from Poplar by a canal or "cut" (now belonging to the West India Docks, which extend right across its base). Antiquarians are not agreed upon the derivation of this canicular term.* *Stow* says, "It is so called for that a waterman carried a man into this marsh, and there murdered him. The man having a dog with him, he would not leave his master ; but hunger forced him many times to swim over the Thames to Greenwich, which the waterman who plied at the bridge [*quasi*, jetty] observing, followed the dog over, and by that means the murdered man was discovered. Soon after, the dog swimming over to Greenwich, where there was a waterman seated ; at him the dog snarled and would not be beat off ; which the other watermen perceiving (and knowing of the murder) apprehended this strange waterman, who confessed the fact, and was condemned and executed." *Dr. Woodward*, on the other hand, maintains that "it is so called because when our former princes made Greenwich their country seat, and used it for hunting, the kennels for their dogs were kept on this marsh ; which usually making a great noise, the seamen and others thereupon called the place the Isle of Dogs." *Quot homines, tot sententiæ !* Let the reader adopt the theory he liketh best.

THE WEST INDIA DOCKS, the largest and most splendid in the world, occupy no less than 295 acres, and were constructed at a cost of £1,200,000. The first stone was laid by Pitt, July 12th, 1800 ; the first ship entered the basin, August 21st, 1802. The engineer was William Jessop. "A large affair are these docks. Only think of an Import Dock that will contain at one time 200 vessels of 300 tons each ; and an Export Dock, not very much

* A classical origin has been found for it by Baxter, who thinks it the *Κουεννος* of Ptolemy. In Celtic, *Cuninis* ; Lat., *Canum Insula*.

smaller, and a still longer but narrower South Dock, and a Timber Dock of notable dimensions ; and warehouses which have contained at one time 150,000 hogsheads of sugar, 500,000 bags of coffee, 30 or 40,000 pipes of rum and Madeira, 15,000 logs of mahogany, and 20,000 tons of logwood.”—(*Household Words*.)

The Isle of Dogs has not inaptly been described as “a low, green, swampy field, fringed with industry, and inhabited by a few cows.” The fringe is squalid, but immensely precious! Manufacturers of acids and alkalis, seed-crushers, tarpaulin-makers, ropemakers, sailmakers, anchormen, copper merchants, mast and blockmakers, ship-chandlers, bitumen companies, lava works, cement works, ship-yards, white-lead works—crowd every available bit of ground contiguous to the river. Observe the timber-preserving works of Sir William Burnett, the white-lead works of Messrs. Pontifex, the engineering establishments of the Napiers, Swayne and Bovill, and Scott Russell. In the latter’s yard was put together, plank by plank, the monstrous Great Eastern. The river-bank of the island is named Millwall, from the wind-mills which formerly crowded the embankment.

We turn to the right shore of the Thames, on which is situated the town of

DEPTFORD

[Population, 84,653. Three miles from London by rail.]

Yonder long line of low, dull-looking buildings and monster-sheds, roofed with slates, indicates the position of the Dockyard (31 acres), established about 1513 by Henry VIII. ; it has been since continued with successive alterations and improvements as a national establishment, though rapidly outstripped in size and importance by Plymouth, Pembroke, and Portsmouth. Henry VIII.’s building is still standing ; but to examine it the tourist must land. The Victualling Offices* occupy a considerable range of brick buildings, and are worth a visit, especially in slaughtering time, when herds of oxen are killed for salting, as the process adopted is somewhat singular. A man stands on the palings surrounding the pen into which the cattle have been driven. An animal is selected. He suddenly jumps upon its neck, and holds it by the horns, while his companion slays it with one blow from his axe. Biscuit baking has also its peculiarity of treatment. A

* Tickets of admission are procurable only at the Ordnance Office.

steam-engine kneads the dough and cuts it into shape. The attendant in the bake-house takes up the biscuits one by one, and standing some yards from the oven, pitches them into it so that they fall upon each other with remarkable exactness. A ton of dough is converted into biscuits in twenty-five minutes.

On a portion of the site of the Victualling-Yard stood Sayes Court, in Elizabeth's reign the mansion of the Earl of Sussex, who figures so conspicuously in the pages of "Kenilworth," and afterwards the metropolitan residence of "Sylva" Evelyn—John Evelyn of Wotton, one of the best and pleasantest of men. He lent it, in 1698, to Peter the Great, while that remarkable monarch was studying shipbuilding in the adjacent dockyards, and he in return, ruined Evelyn's beautiful and "most boscaresque gardens," driving a wheel-barrow pellmell through the glossy hedges, and filling his house with "people right nasty," who indulged in loud noises and bowls of brandy. Evelyn had removed from Sayes Court to leafy Wotton in the previous year, where he lived with his brother on the friendliest terms, and of which he became the proprietor on his brother's death. The author of "Sylva" died at his house in Wotton, Surrey, on the 27th of February 1706.

Of Sayes Court not a stone remains. The mansion stood on the site of the old workhouse.

Recollections of Peter the Great are, or rather were, associated with another house in Deptford, which stood at Hughes' Fields in St. Nicholas' parish, and was pulled down in 1858. Here his manner of life was exceedingly simple. He worked all day, he drank all night. When he went abroad, wondering crowds attended his footsteps. His appearance certainly was calculated to excite curiosity. He was at this time tall and stout, quick, and nimble of foot; rapid in all his movements, with a plump round face, brown eyebrows, and curling hair, and truculent look. He swung his arms rapidly as he strode along, scowling indignantly on the mob which pressed around him.

It was to Deptford "the Golden Hind" returned, after bearing Sir Francis Drake around the world, and fluttering the Spaniards in their opulent palaces on the Spanish Main "like an eagle in a dovecote." On board the famous vessel her captain right royally entertained "that goddesse heavenly bright,—

Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great ladie of the greatest isle. . . ."—SPENSER.

the glorious Elizabeth, and received the honour of knighthood, and the queenly compliment "that his actions did him more honour than the title she conferred." A copy of Latin verses, composed by the scholars of Winchester College, and blending the praises of the queen and the ship, were on this occasion nailed to the mast (April 4th, 1581). By Elizabeth's orders the ship was laid up in the Deptford Dockyard, and the cabin was afterwards fitted up for the entertainment of its numerous visitors. When it would hold no longer together, a chair was made from one of its planks, and presented to the University of Oxford.

Deptford has four CHURCHES: St. Nicholas (patron of seafaring men), a vicarage; St. Paul's, a rectory; St. John's, a perpetual curacy; and St. James', a perpetual curacy for the outlying district of Hatcham. ST. NICHOLAS is large, but uninteresting, with a square embattled tower of flint and stone. It was almost rebuilt in 1716, and has undergone numerous changes but few improvements. The only noticeable monuments are those of Captain *Edward Fenton*, d. 1603, a famous Elizabethan navigator, who accompanied Frobisher in his Arctic voyages, and fought against the Armada; and *Peter Pett*, d. 1652, master-shipwright of the Royal Yard, "the Noah of his age," and inventor of *the frigate*, "*illud eximium et novum navigii ornamentum quod nostri frigatum nuncupant, hostibus formidulosum, suis utilissimum atque tutissimum*,"—that excellent new ornament of the marine which we call frigate, very terrible to our enemies, exceedingly safe and useful for ourselves. Of the other Deptford churches, our charity induces us to say nothing evil, while our honesty forbids us to say anything good.

Near St. Nicholas' stands the Hospital for old mariners, established in the reign of Henry VIII., in connection with the corporation of the TRINITY HOUSE. "This society, founded by Sir Thomas Spert, comptroller of the navy to Henry VIII., was first established at this place, and incorporated by the name of 'The Master, Warden, and Assistants of the Guild or Fraternity of the most glorious and undivided Trinity, and of St. Clement, in the parish of Deptford Stroud, in the county of Kent.' This company consists of a master, deputy-master, thirty-one elder brethren, and an unlimited number of inferior members ['younger brethren'], out of whom the elder brethren are elected. Among these are always some of the great officers of state; the remainder are captains, either in the royal navy or of

merchantmen. This corporation, having for its object the increase and encouragement of navigation, the good government of seamen, and the security of merchantmen on the coasts, is invested with the powers of examining the mathematical classes in Christ's Hospital ; of examining and licensing masters of ships ; appointing pilots both for the royal navy and for merchant ships ; settling the rates of pilotage ; erecting, ordering, and maintaining lighthouses, buoys, beacons, and other sea-marks, for the better security of ships ; granting license to seamen to row on the Thames in time of peace, or when past service ; licensing aliens to serve on board English ships ; hearing and determining complaints of officers and seamen in the merchant service, subject to an appeal to the Admiralty. The revenue of the company, which arises from tonnage, ballastage, beaconage, &c., and from contingent benefactions, is applied (after defraying the expenses of lighthouses, etc.) to the relief of decayed seamen, their widows, and orphans. The members of this corporation enjoy various privileges and immunities. The ancient hall at Deptford, where their meetings were formerly held, was pulled down about the year 1787, and an elegant building erected for that purpose in London, near the Tower."—(*Lysons*.) H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh is the present master, and Admiral Sir R. Collinson, K.C.B., is deputy.

At Deptford Creek the stream of the Ravensbourne joins the Thames. It rises on Keston Heath—

" Wanders in Hayes and Bromley, Beck'nam vale,
And straggling Lew'sham, to where Deptford Bridge
Uprises, in obedience to its flood."

At Lewisham it forms a junction with the Lee.

Off Deptford was moored the hospital-hulk, for "seamen of all nations," late the *Caledonia* line-of-battle ship. Its place was formerly occupied by the *Dreadnought*, a 98 gun-ship, one of Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar.

Hitherto we have been somewhat perilously voyaging among ships of all nations, with huge store-houses, quays, and wharves on either side ; but now the river broadens into a noble, gleaming highway, and over the sharp curve of the left bank rise the glittering domes and stately façades of GREENWICH HOSPITAL. "Those who approach it by driving through any of the pleasant villages that divide Greenwich from London---nominally so,

indeed, for the road is now a continuation of houses all the way—will see with exceeding delight the glory of England—the pride of every Englishman! Taken from any point of view, it is ‘a palace’—beautiful in construction, graceful in all its proportions, as grand and imposing a structure as any nation of the modern world can shew. But it is especially striking when seen as we voyage the Thames, either upwards or downwards; and dead must be the heart of him who does not share the sentiment—if he cannot repeat the lines—of the poet—

‘Hail! noblest structure, imaged on the wave!
A nation’s grateful tribute to the brave:
Hail! blest retreat from war and shipwreck, hail!’

It is not because here many monarchs had their chosen seat, that as a ‘royal’ palace it was famous for centuries—it is not even because it ‘gave Eliza birth,’ that we ‘kneel and kiss the consecrated earth’—but because here three thousand veterans repose after years of tempest and battle—maimed many of them, aged all of them; they have done their work; they have earned repose as the right of toil, and honour as the meed of victory.”—
(*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*)

GREENWICH.

[Population of town, 46,580. Hotels: Trafalgar, Ship, Pier, Crown and Sceptre, The King’s Arms, etc.]

GREENWICH retains the name given to it by the old Norsemen, when, sailing up the broad waters of the “silver-winding Thames,” they first gazed with delight upon its wide-spread leafiness and bold verdurous ascent; and it still rejoices in those characteristics which its Saxon name implies. King Alfred’s niece Eltruda, who had married Count Baldwin of Flanders, bestowed it, in conjunction with Deptford and Lewisham, upon the opulent abbey of St. Peter’s, Ghent. When Henry V. suppressed the alien priories, it was then conveyed to the Carthusian monastery at Sheen, except a tolerable “candle,” whereon “the good Duke Humphrey” erected his famous palace of *Placentia*, or *La Plaisance*.

This “Pleasaunce” became a well-beloved royal retreat.

Edward the Fourth enlarged and improved it ; Henry the Eighth was born under its roof, and delighted in making it “a pleasant, perfect, and princely palace.” It witnessed the ill-starred nuptials of Catherine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, and Anne of Cleves ; and those gorgeous mimes and mummeries in which the luxurious taste of the Tudors so hugely delighted. Within its walls, “on the daie of the Epiphanie at night,” in 1513, was held the first disguising, “after the manner of Italie, called a *maske*, a thing not seen afore in Englande.” And on New Year’s night, was made in the Hall “a castle, gates, tower, and dungeon, garnished with artilerie and weapon, after the most warlike fashion ; and on the frount of the castle was written, ‘Le Fortresse Dangerus ;’ and within the castle were six ladies, clothed in russet satyn, laid over with leves of gold, and every owde knit with laces of blewe silke and golde : on their heads coyfes and cappes all of gold. After this castle had been carried about the hall, and the Queen had beheld it, in came the King, with five other appareled in coates, the one halfe of russet satyn, spangled with spangles of fine gold, the other halfe rich clothe of gold ; on ther heddes cappes of russet satyn, embroidered with works of fine gold bullion. These six assaulted the castle : the ladies, seying them so lustie and coragious, wer content to solace with them, and upon farther communication to yeld the castle : and so thei came down and daunced a long space. And after the ladies let the knights into the castle, and then the castle suddenly vanished out of their sights.”—(*Hall’s Chronicles*.)

This was “the seat that gave Eliza birth” (Sept. 7, 1533), as well as the amiable Edward the Sixth, and the unhappy Mary, 1516. Edward the Sixth died here, July 6, 1553. Elizabeth received under its roof (June 1588) the Dutch deputies who proffered her the crown of the United Provinces ; and it was here that Hentzner saw her in 1598, when the sun of her glory was setting, “her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled ; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant ; her lips narrow, and her teeth black ; she wore false hair, and that red ; and upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table.” From the palace windows she bade farewell to her gallant sea-rovers, her Frobishers and Gilberts, who went forth in their frail small barks to carry the fame of England to the Southern Seas. And it was in this vicinity that Raleigh made his fortune and spoiled his cloak, ac-

according to that irrefragable authority, the author of "Kenilworth." James the First was fond of "the Pleasaunce," and still fonder of pursuing the chase in the neighbouring park, where, as the reader will remember, he was, on one memorable occasion, accosted somewhat abruptly by the adventurous Glenvarloch (see "*The Fortunes of Nigel*," c. 27), and put to grievous alarm. Sully had an audience of the pedant Tudor at Greenwich. "I was above a quarter of an hour," he says, "before I could get to the foot of his throne, occasioned both by the great numbers that were already there, and because I made all my household walk before me. The king no sooner perceived me than he descended two steps, and would have descended them all, so very desirous he appeared to receive and embrace me, had not one of his ministers (Sir Robert Cecil), who stood next him, whispered softly in his ear that he ought to go no further. 'If,' said he aloud, 'I shew this ambassador particular marks of honour, and such as are contrary to custom, I mean not thereby to give a precedent to others; I particularly love and esteem him for the affection which I know he has for me, for his firmness in our religion, and his fidelity to his master.'"—(*Sully's Memoirs*.)

James I. commenced a new building, "The Queen's House," for his consort, Anne of Denmark. It was finished by Inigo Jones for Henrietta Maria. A second palace was begun by Charles II., who pulled down the old Placentia, or Plaisance, of which Leland had sung—

"Happy the man whose lucky wit could frame—
 To suit this place—so elegant a name,
 Expressing all its beauties in the same ;"

and ordered the construction of a "very great house," but only finished that portion which is now the west wing of the Hospital. The design was made by Webb, Inigo Jones's son-in-law.

After the triumph at La Hogue (1691), it was found difficult to provide accommodation for the wounded seamen who had fought so bravely to secure the fruits of "the Glorious Revolution," and Queen Mary, ever melting with pity and compassion, determined upon devoting the new palace to its present noble purpose. She died (1692) before she could realize her philanthropic design; but her husband, William of Nassau, out of tender reverence for her memory and her virtues, determined it should be carried out, and entrusted its execution to Sir Christo-

pher Wren. The first stone of the new building was laid by John Evelyn, treasurer of the navy, on the 30th of June 1696, and the palace was formally appropriated "for the relieve and support of seamen serving on board the ships or vessells belonging to the navy royall, who by reason of age, wounds, or other disabilities, shall be incapable of further service at sea, and be unable to maintain themselves; and also for the sustentation of the widows, and maintenance and education of the children of seamen happening to be slaine or disabled in such sea-service." But the building, though opened for pensioners in 1705, was not finally completed until the reign of George II., when the money arising from the forfeited estates of the Earl of Derwentwater, who was out in "the '15," was applied for that purpose.

[The *Hospital* is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays *free*; at fourpence per head on other days. The *Painted Hall* and the *Chapel* are open from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. in the summer; from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. in the winter; and on Sundays after Divine service. Seamen and soldiers have at all times free admission.]

A river terrace, 860 feet in length, adorned with a granite obelisk in memory of the gallant Bellot, stretches in front of the Hospital, and offers a promenade of great animation and beauty. The ship-crowded river—the taper masts rising from the docks of Blackwall—the noble façade of the seamen's palace—and the ever-gleaming background of woody hills—form a rich and interesting picture, on which the eye cannot fail to rest with gratification. The HOSPITAL itself, as viewed from the terrace, has a grand and imposing aspect. The *first* wing on the right is King Charles's building, and illustrates the genius of Webb. Behind it stands King William's, with cupola and vestibule, characteristic in every detail of Wren's elevated conceptions; opposite to this, observe, is Queen Mary's building, containing the chapel; and to the left, facing the river, notice Queen Anne's. In the centre of the great square stands "the Queen's House," built for Henrietta Maria, and now occupied by the Royal Naval School.

[There are three separate schools—for the sons of officers (400), the sons of seamen and marines (400), and 200 girls, who are clothed, fed, and educated.]

In the quadrangle stands a statue of George II., fashioned out of a block of marble taken from the French by Sir George Rooke. Why the Hanoverian monarch should have assumed for the nonce the laurel and costume of a Roman emperor, the sculptor (Rysbrack) has neglected to inform us.

Crossing the quadrangle, we enter, first, the *Painted Hall*, 106 feet by 56, and 50 feet in height, the handiwork of Wren ; a noble gallery of sea-pictures, naval relics, and portraits of naval worthies. The emblematical ceiling and walls were painted by Sir James Thornhill between 1708-27, and cost £3 per yard for the ceiling, £1 per yard for the sides—in all £6685. The allegory on the ceiling is of a portentous character, and radiant with the signs of the Zodiac, “their attitudes and their draperies varied, and adapted to the seasons they possess ;” with King William and Queen Mary, enthroned amongst Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice ; with Concord, Cupid, the lamb and olive of Peace, and the Athenian cap of liberty ; with “Time bringing Truth to light ;” with Pallas and Hercules making quick work of all the Vices ; with Apollo in a resplendent chariot ; and with “all manner of maritime trophies, in mezzo-relievo, as anchors, rudders, masts, sails, sea-guns, boats, colours, bombs, mortars, small-arms, powder-barrels, quadrants, and compasses.” In the north end of the gallery observe “the famous Tycho Brahe, that noble Danish knight and great ornament of his profession and human nature,” and near him, Copernicus, with his theory of the heavens in his hand. At the south end of the gallery one is confronted by Mr. Flamstead, astronomer royal, and his ingenious disciple, Mr. Thomas Weston. The arts and sciences, and personifications of the principal English rivers, are noticeable at other points.

Upon the Nelson relics in the upper hall the visitor will gaze with a mournful interest. They are the coat worn by the great sea-chief at the Nile, and the coat and waistcoat in which he was killed at Trafalgar. “The coat is the undress uniform of a vice-admiral, lined with white silk, with lace on the cuffs, and epaulettes. Four stars—of the orders of the Bath, St. Ferdinand and Merit, the Crescent, and St. Joachim—are *sewn* on the left breast, as Nelson habitually wore them ; which disproves the story that he purposely adorned himself with his decorations on going into battle. The course of the fatal ball is shewn by a hole over the left shoulder, and part of the epaulette is torn away ; which agrees with Dr. Sir William Beattie’s account of Lord Nelson’s death, and with the fact that pieces of the bullion and pad of the epaulette adhered to the ball, which is now in her Majesty’s possession. The coat and waistcoat are stained in several places with the hero’s blood.”—(*Sir Harris Nicolas*). Observe, too, the

metal relics (in a glass case) which record the fate of the gallant Franklin and his followers; and the astrolabe presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake. In the vestibule lie other relics, scarcely less interesting—the flags, tattered and bullet-torn, won from England's enemies by Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson, casts of whose statues are placed beneath their fluttering folds. The originals, respectively sculptured by Flaxman, Baily, Westmacott, and Flaxman, are in St. Paul's Cathedral.

To enumerate all the pictures enshrined in this noble gallery is unnecessary, as their subjects are there indicated by appropriate labels, but the most interesting may be briefly alluded to:—

In the *Vestibule*—Vasco di Gama, the great Portuguese navigator, and Columbus, from a painting by *Parmegiano*, at Naples.

In the *Great Hall*—Lord Howard of Effingham, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, Elizabeth's Lord High Admiral, by *Vansomer*; Sir Christopher Myngs, Sir Thomas Tyddiman, Sir John Harman, the Earl of Sandwich, Sir Joseph Gordon, Sir William Berkeley, Sir Thomas Allen, Monk, Sir Jeremy Smith, Sir William Penn, and Sir George Ayscue, half-lengths, by *Sir Peter Lely*, of the principal admirals and vice-admirals engaged in the great fight with the Dutch fleet, June 1st, 1666.

[Mr. Pepys paid a visit to "Mr. Lilly's, the painter's," to see these heads—"some finished, and all begun"—and says they were done for the Duke of York to hang in his chamber, "and very finely they are done indeed." They were presented to the Hospital by George IV.]

Robert Blake, the great sea-chief of the Commonwealth, by *Briggs*; Russel, Earl of Orford, the victor at La Hogue, *Bockman*; Sir Cloudesley Shovel, lost off the Scilly Isles, in 1707, *Dahl*; Sir George Rooke, the hero of Gibraltar, *Dahl*; Admiral Benbow, in a complete suit of armour (!), *Kneller*; Alexander Hood, Lord Bridport, who defeated the French fleet in 1795, *Sir Joshua Reynolds*; Sir Charles Hardy, *Romney*; Sir Edward Hughes, an early patron of Nelson and Collingwood, *Reynolds*; Captain Cook, painted for Sir Joseph Banks, by *Dance*; King William IV., *Morton*; Sir John Munden, *Dahl*; Admiral Kempenfeldt, lost in the Royal George, in 1782, by *Keate*—

“ His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfeldt went down
 With twice four hundred men.”—(COWPER.)

Lord Exmouth, *Owen*; Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, *Evans*; and Lord Collingwood, *Howard*.

The principal historical pictures are—Defeat of the Invincible Armada, *Loutherberg*; George III. presenting a sword of honour to Earl Howe, on board the Queen Charlotte, at Spithead, after the victory of the 1st of June 1794, *Briggs*, R.A.; The Sea-fight of the 1st of June, *Loutherberg*; Admiral Duncan receiving the Dutch Admiral's (De Winter) sword, after the victory at Camperdown, 1797, *Drummond*; Death of Cook, *Zoffany*; Bombardment of Algiers, *Chambers*; Death of Nelson, *Devis*; the Battle of Trafalgar, *Turner*, presented in 1829 by George IV., a fine painting, but very inaccurate in its details; the Battle of the Nile, *Arnold*; the Battle off Cape St. Vincent—

“ When Jack the tawny whiskers singed
 Of the astonished Don.”—(DIBDIN)—

representing Nelson boarding the San Josef, *George Jones*; the Victory of Quiberon Bay, on the 20th of November 1759—“and Conflans run on a lee-shore by bold Hawke”—*Dominic Serres*.

The statues, erected by vote of Parliament at a cost of £4500, do honour to Sir Sidney Smith (by *Kirk*) Lord Exmouth (by *Macdowell*), and Lord de Saumarez (by *Steel*). In the UPPER HALL, the walls and ceiling are profuse of the allegorical breadths of Sir James Thornhill. The ceiling represents Queen Anne and her consort, the “*Est il possible?*” George of Denmark; and the walls, the landing of William of Nassau at Torbay (1688), and of George I. at Greenwich (1714). The models of “the Centurion”—Anson's ship in his circumnavigation of the globe—and of “the Royal George,” lost at Spithead in 1782, will interest the visitor. In the adjacent room, observe the pictorial illustrations of Nelson's career, chiefly by *Westall*, and a View of Greenwich Hospital as it was in 1690.

Our next point of interest is the CHAPEL, on the other side of the broad avenue, and in Queen Mary's portion of the buildings. The present richly decorated structure, built by “Athenian” Stuart (James Stuart, whose work on the Antiquities of Athens is

still an authority), in 1779-89, occupies the site of the original building destroyed in '79 by fire. It was repaired and restored in 1851; is of the same size as the Painted Hall; and has a rich and luxurious character about it, scarcely in accordance with its appropriation. The altar-piece, by *Benjamin West*, represents "the shipwreck of St. Paul," and by the same artist were furnished designs for the pulpit and reading-desk. The monuments to Admiral Sir Richard Keats (by *Chantrey*), and Sir Thomas Hardy (by *Behnes*), were given by William IV. Keats was that sovereign's "old shipmate and watchmate," on board the *Prince George*, 1779-1781. The chiaro-oscuros surmounting the lower windows, represent various passages in the history of our Saviour, and were executed by De Bruyn.

[Below the Chapel and the Painted Hall are the DINING HALLS, where the resident pensioners take their meals. The constitution of the Hospital is now greatly modified by a recent Act of Parliament: sinecures have been abolished; the number of out-pensioners increased; and only the infirm and sick are admitted inmates. In addition to lodging, clothing, and rations, the boatswains are allowed 2s. 6d. a-week, the mates 1s. 6d., and seamen 1s. for pocket-money. The income of the Hospital is above £130,000 a-year, and is thus derived:—Annual grant of £20,000 from Parliament; fines levied against smuggling, £19,500; effects of Captain Kidd, the pirate, granted by Queen Anne in 1705, £6472; a large sum granted in 1708, being forfeited and unclaimed shares of prize and bounty money; £6000 a-year, granted in 1710, out of the coal and culm tax; various private bequests, particularly one of £20,000 from Robert Osbaldeston; the valuable estates forfeited by the Earl of Derwentwater (1715), and from other minor sources.]

The DORMITORY usually shown to the public is in King Charles's wing, and was originally intended for the library of the palace. It is a long dull chamber, partitioned off into a number of little cabins, each of which is tenanted by a single pensioner, and fitted up and adorned as best he pleases.

In the COLONNADE the visitor will notice an alto-relievo commemoration of Nelson's one hundred and twenty-two battles. In this vicinity, too, may be examined the huge gun brought from the Dardanelles in 1801 by Admiral Duckworth, and its carriage, carved with the names and dates of various naval victories.*

Leaving the Hospital by the west gate, we pass quickly into GREENWICH PARK (188 acres), one of the most delightful "spots of greenery" in the neighbourhood of London. "Would you be

* In the cemetery attached to the Hospital lies *Nicholas Tinda* (d. 1774) formerly one of its chaplains, the translator of *Rapin's English History*, and rector of Alverstoke.

lieve," wrote Horace Walpole to Bentley, "I had never been in Greenwich Park! I never had; and am transported. Even the glories of Richmond and Twickenham hide their diminished heads." It was first surrounded with a wall of brick by James I., and was "tastefully laid out" by (it is said) Le Nôtre, in Charles II.'s reign. The elms and chesnuts were planted by Evelyn. The views from the higher ground—from "One Tree Hill" (on the east), and the ascent crowned by the Observatory (west), are very fine; the broad abundant river, with its goodly burthen of tall ships, lending a singular animation to the picture. The grounds are agreeably diversified with hill and dale; and from the walks, frequented by happy mothers and gambolling children, the tourist may readily withdraw to secluded bowers of leafiness—the same perhaps which afforded a pleasant shelter to brave old Samuel Johnson, when he lived in Church Street (in 1737), and, walking in the Park, composed a considerable portion of his tragedy of "Irene."

Many "eminent hands" have written of the humours of Greenwich Fair, formerly held amongst the verdurous alleys of the Park, and the great saturnalia of the lower orders of the metropolis; but it was "put down" in 1856, after having exhibited a gradual decline for many years. The Park, however, is still a favourite resort of the London millions; and the tourist should certainly contrive to visit it on a summer holiday, not only for its own beauty, but for the enjoyment to be derived by a pure mind in contemplating the happiness of others. Shopmen, in strange imitations of aristocratic attire; the London *gamin*, with the unwonted luxury of a cheap cigar or a penny pie; the well-to-do tradesman, with his wife in the gayest of shawls, and his daughters in the most modish of bonnets; coquettish nursemaids and trains of merry children, a limping pensioner or two, a soldier with his wife or sweetheart on his arm; the invariable Hindoo, with a tray of suspicious-looking comestibles; ginger-beer vendors, retailers of apples, oranges, and nuts; adventurous speculators, with "Aunt Sally" as their main attraction; foreign sailors, rolling out strange oaths; English seamen, jovial, good-tempered, and frolicsome; and the scientific *entrepreneurs*, who, affected by the *genius loci*, offer you the assistance of their telescopes at the moderate charge of one penny—such are a few among the myriad varieties of human character noticeable in Greenwich, and at the popular holidays.

Illinois State University Library

Normal, Illinois

Meanwhile we climb the gradual ascent, and reach the OBSERVATORY, the first stone of which was laid by the astronomer Flamsteed, August 10th, 1675—a quaint brick building, with two small domes and curious corner turrets, which occupies the site of a tower, called MIREFLEUR, raised by the good Duke Humphrey, and said (by Hentzner) to have suggested the tower of Miraflores, in the wonderful romance of “Amadis de Gaul.” Flamsteed was named by Charles II. the first astronomer-royal, and occupied his astronomical retreat for three and forty years. He was succeeded by Halley, Bradley, Nathaniel Bliss, Nevil Maskelyne and others. His present representative is Sir G. B. Airy, who receives a salary of £800 per annum ; and the whole yearly cost of the establishment does not exceed £7000.

It effects a vast amount of good for so small an expenditure ; and the observations therein recorded are of permanent advantage, not to savans only, but to all who “go down to the sea in ships.” The spire on the eastern turret indicates “Greenwich time” to the civilized world. Every day at 5 min. to 1, a large black wooden ball is raised half way up ; at 2 min. to 1 it is lifted quite to the top ; at 1 precisely it falls ; and the captains of the vessels which crowd the neighbouring river are thus enabled to correct their chronometers, while, by electric agency, “Greenwich time” is instantaneously communicated to the metropolis and various parts of England.

“The part of the Observatory so conspicuous from without is the portion least used within. When it was designed by Christopher Wren, the general belief was that such buildings should be lofty, that the observer might be raised towards the heavenly bodies whose motions he was to watch. More modern science has taught its disciples better ; and in Greenwich—which is an eminently practical Observatory—the working part of the building is found crouching behind the loftier towers. These are now occupied as subsidiary to the modern practical building. The ground floor is used as a residence by the chief astronomer ; above is the large hall originally built to contain huge moveable telescopes and quadrants, such as are not now employed. The turrets are the most useful portions of the old building. In one is placed the well-known contrivance for registering, hour after hour, and day after day, the force and direction of the wind. The wind turns a weathercock, and by aid of cog-wheels, the motion is transferred to a lead pencil fixed on a sheet of paper, and thus

the wind is made to write down the direction which itself is blowing. Not far distant is a piece of metal, the flat side of which is ever turned by the weathercock to meet the full force of the wind, which blowing upon it, drives it back against a spring. To this spring is affixed a chain passing over pullies towards another pencil, fixed above a sheet of paper, and moving faithfully, more or less, as the wind blows harder or softer. Close by is another contrivance for registering, in decimals of an inch, the quantity of rain that falls. The drops are caught, and passing down a tube, a permanent mark is made by which the quantity is determined.”—(*Household Words*.)

The more recent buildings are occupied with the most perfect instruments modern science can command, and here are the telescopes best adapted for watching the moon, whenever she is visible; the “clock-stars,” by which the true time is calculated more exactly than it could be from observations of the sun alone; and other planetary bodies as they pass the meridian of Greenwich. The library contains a valuable collection of astronomical works. The chronometer room receives, on the first three Mondays of the year, the choicest instruments of English makers for examination and trial. They remain there for several months, their rates being duly noted by two persons, and then the makers of the best receive prizes, and their instruments are purchased for the navy. Other competitors obtain certificates of excellence, which bring customers from the merchant service; whilst others pass unrewarded.

“The Royal Observatory, according to a superstition not wholly extinct, is the head-quarters, not only of astronomy, but of astrology. The structure is awfully regarded by a small section of the community which ignorance has still left amongst us, as a manufactory of horoscopes, and a repository for magic mirrors and divining-rods. On one occasion, a well-dressed woman called at the Observatory gate to request a hint as to the means of recovering a lost sum of money; and recently, somebody at Brighton dispatched the liberal sum of five shillings, in a post-office order, to the same place, with a request to have his nativity cast in return.”—(*Household Words*.)

The brick towers overhanging the east wall of the Park, indicate the locality of VANBRUGH HOUSE, or CASTLE, erected by Sir John Vanbrugh the dramatist, the great builder of Blenheim

"Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Returning into the town we visit, first, the PARISH-CHURCH, dedicated to St. Alphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was here imprisoned for seven months in the Danish camp (1012), and afterwards martyred. The old church fell into sad decay in 1710 ; the present building was raised in 1718, and contains the monument and dust of *General Wolfe*, the hero of Quebec, d. 1759. In the churchyard lie the remains of *Lavinia Fenton*, Duchess of Bolton, who bravely took the town by storm, and won her ducal coronet, through her admirable performance of "Polly Peachum" in the "Beggars' Opera." The old building contained memorials to *Thomas Tallis*, d. 1585, "esteemed the father of collegiate music"—

" . . . a worthy wight,
Who for long tyme in musick bore the bell ;"

to *Lambarde*, the topographer, now interred at Sevenoaks ; and Admiral *Sir Richard Stayner*, d. 1656, one of the naval worthies of the Commonwealth. The living is a vicarage, in the gift of the Crown, and valued at £1000.

[Other CHURCHES are dedicated to St. Mary, the Trinity, and the Saviour. There is also a modern church dedicated to St. John, at Blackheath. The principal SCHOOLS are, "the Green-Coat," founded in 1672, for sons of Greenwich watermen ; "the Blue-Coat," dating from 1752, which also receives girls ; and the "Grey-Coat," founded and endowed in 1643, by John Roan, for the sons of inhabitants of Greenwich. The JUBILEE ALMSHOUSES are 15 in number. Each almsman receives £10 per annum.]

South-west of the town stands QUEEN ELIZABETH'S COLLEGE, founded in 1576 by *Lambarde*, the author of the "Perambulation of Kent," and other topographical works, for twenty poor men and their wives. The trust is administered by the Mercers' Company, and now amounts to about £500 per annum.

NORFOLK COLLEGE, east of the Hospital, and easily distinguished by its square central tower, was founded, in 1603, by Henry, Earl of Southampton, grandson of the Duke of Norfolk. It supports a warden and twenty brethren ; and is also governed by the Mercers' Company. The decayed tomb of the founder, removed from the ancient church in Dover Castle (A.D. 1696), may still be seen in the collegiate chapel, consecrated in 1617.

Greenwich has a good market ; a tolerable literary institute ; a large number of excellent shops ; and numerous refreshment

houses, whose lower windows are decorated with bills, informing visitors that "tea and shrimps" may be had at 9d. per head. The railway terminus stands opposite the turning of the Lewisham Road. Trains leave for London every twenty-five minutes. Omnibuses to the city are also despatched at short intervals. Steamboats from the pier every twenty minutes.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. Through the Park to Blackheath, and thence to Lewisham—a pleasant breezy walk; and, by a delightful rural road, to Bromley; cross to Chiselhurst, and return, by way of Eltham and Lee, to Greenwich. Altogether, some 14 miles. 2. Through the Park to Charlton, and across the Common to Woolwich. Visit the arsenal. Take the steamer to Blackwall, and inspect the shipyards, docks, etc. Return by boat or steamer to Greenwich. 3. From Greenwich to Camberwell, and thence to Brixton. Continue by the high road to Streatham. Visit Norwood, and cross the country to Sydenham. Take the rail to New Cross, and walk from New Cross into Greenwich—about a 13 miles' walk. 4. From Greenwich, by Blackheath, to Lee, and thence to Eltham. Visit the Palace. Cross to Shooter's Hill (observe the noble view), and return either by Charlton or Woolwich—about 12 miles.]

Let us now resume our voyage down the river. Until we pass the extremity of the Isle of Dogs, on the east, and reach Blackwall, nothing on either shore calls for our notice. There we are tempted to land, to inspect the East India Docks, and partake of whitebait at Lovegrove's, the Plough, the Artichoke, or the Royal Brunswick Hotel.

The EAST INDIA DOCKS were constructed in 1805-6, and occupy an area of 32 acres. The Import Dock covers 19 acres; the Export, 10; and the basin, 3. Indian and Chinese traders, as large as 1400 tons, chiefly frequent them.

Whitebait was formerly supposed to be the young of some larger fish, but Mr. Yarrell has satisfactorily established it as a variety of the *clupeidæ*, or herring family. "It is a little fish, something like the young of the shad, varying from two to six inches in length. From the beginning of April to the end of September it is caught in the Thames, seldom higher than Woolwich or Blackwall, at flood-tide. The fishery is of rather a peculiar nature. The mouth of the net has about three square feet of area, with a very small mesh or bag-end. The boat is moored in the tide-way, where the water is from 20 to 30 feet deep, and the net, with its wooden framework is fixed to the side of the boat. The tail of the hose, swimming loose, is from time to time handed into the boat, the end untied, and its contents shaken out. The wooden frame forming the mouth of the net does not dip more than four feet below the surface of the water. The further the

fishermen go down towards the mouth of the river, the sooner they begin to catch whitebait after the flood-tide has commenced. When fishing as high as Woolwich, the tide must have flowed from three to four hours, and the water become sensibly brackish to the taste, before the whitebait make their appearance. They return down the river with the first of the ebb-tide; and all attempts to preserve them in well-boats, in pure fresh water, have failed. A few whitebait are caught near the Isle of Wight and in the Firth of Forth, but they are very little known except in the Thames."—(*Yarrell*.)

The visitor to Blackwall should not omit to see Messrs. Wigram's extensive shipyards, which boast of an ancient pedigree. In the days of the Protectorate they belonged to Sir Henry Johnson, and passed from him, in turn, to his son and grandson, Sir William Johnson the first, and Sir William the second, who, during the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III., built for the royal navy no less than fifteen men-of-war. A Mr. Perry next became proprietor, and founded the Brunswick Dock, now incorporated in the East India Docks; and he was succeeded by Messrs. Wigram and several others. The fine fleet of vessels belonging to this well-known shipyard cannot surely be matched by any others in the world.

At Blackwall the metropolis comes to its last legs. "Here is the end of all things—the 'Ultima Thule' is reached. Here is the tavern which forms the final stopping-place of the Blackwall omnibuses, after having worked their long and weary way from Knightsbridge. Here, or hereabouts, are the last shipyards on the north bank of the Thames. Here is the last of our docks, until the new Victoria Docks in the Essex marshes are formed.* Here is the last station of the Blackwall Railway. Here is the last struggle of Middlesex for existence, Bow Creek being the only barrier between it and Essex. Here is the last bend and quirk of the river Lea, before it adds its humble dribble of water to the Thames. And here is the last and final limit to the metropolis, beyond which, for some miles, we have little else than low-lying ground."

On the right bank of the river, but at some slight distance, lies the pleasant village of CHARLTON, which may be visited either from Woolwich or Greenwich, but whose description we shall reserve for our second section. Observe, against the blue

* They are now completed.

and shiny sky, the pleasant slopes of the far-famed Shooter's Hill. The long line of sheds, the slips supporting the huge skeletons of leviathan men-of-war, the clink of hammers, and the murmur of many voices, now indicate to us our arrival at

WOOLWICH.

[Population, 36,665. Hotels: King's Arms, Crown and Anchor, Mitre.]

"There are certain noticeable periods in the history of Woolwich which it is pleasant to look at for a moment in conjunction. The first carries us back to the time of the Conqueror, when Haimo, the sheriff, was the one great man of the neighbourhood; when there were but three cultivators of the soil rich enough to pay a yearly rent of 41d. each; and when the whole value of the manor was just three pounds. In the second, we behold Woolwich raised to the rank of a royal dockyard, and Henry VIII. is personally inspecting, with great and evident satisfaction, the new ship that had been built in it, and named after him, *Harry Grace à Dieu*, the largest ship ever built up to its time, 1515. This vessel had a peculiar and unfortunate destiny; she was burnt, at the mature age for ships of eight-and-thirty years, in the very dockyard where she had been reared. In the third period, we perceive that Woolwich, though possessing a royal dockyard, and which had become still more famous since Henry VIII.'s time for the excellence of its ship-architecture, as was proved by the vessels of Drake and Hawkins, Cavendish and Frobisher, remained in all other respects but a comparatively unimportant fishing-village. The three payers of rent of 41d. each had been replaced by but one hundred and twelve payers of rent."—(*Charles Knight*.)

The town of Woolwich now occupies a long tract of low and aguish ground, stretching two miles along the level bank of the Thames, and rising a little towards the south, where the ascent is crowned by the buildings of the Royal Artillery Barracks. Powis Street is a handsome thoroughfare, and among other good streets are Green's End, Wellington Street, and Vicarage Place. Lovelace, the cavalier-songster, was born here in 1618, at the house of his father Sir William Lovelace, the site of which has long been forgotten.

[The churches are uninteresting. The parish church, dedicated to **ST. MARY MAGDALENE**, was rebuilt in 1740. Schalech, of whom hereafter, lies in the churchyard. The rectory of Woolwich, in the gift of the Bishop of Rochester, is valued at £740. **ST. JOHN'S CHURCH** (perpetual curacy), erected in 1840, is a tolerable example of modern Early English. **ST. THOMAS'S**, near Charlton, was built in 1850. The perpetual curacy, in the gift of Sir T. Maryon Wilson, is worth £300. **TRINITY** (worth £300, also a perpetual curacy), is another recent erection.]

The two points of greatest interest in Woolwich are the Dockyard and the Arsenal.

The DOCKYARD is usually allowed the honour of being "The mother dock of England." [*Open daily from 9 to 5 : Admission free.*] Either here or at Erith,—but most probably *there*,—was built the "Henrye Grace de Dieu," described by the Venetian ambassador, Giustinian, as "a galeas of unusual magnitude," whose numerous heavy guns, he did not doubt, would overpower "any fortress, however strong." It cost £6478 : 8 : 0 $\frac{3}{4}$, and was launched at Erith in October 1515, in the presence of Henry and his Queen, and "well-nigh all the lords and prelates of the kingdom, who all dined on board at the king's charge." At Woolwich was built, in 1559, a large vessel of 900 tons, launched in the presence of, and named after, Queen Elizabeth. "The Sovereign of the Seas"—pronounced by Fuller, "a liegir-ship of state, the greatest ship our island ever saw"—was built here in 1637, by Mr. Peter Pett. She was afterwards named the Royal Sovereign, mounted 100 guns, had "three flush deckes, and a fore-castle, an halfe-decke, a quarter-decke, and a round-house." Her sides were elaborately carved with gilded emblems and mottoes, designed and selected by Thomas Heywood ; and for this reason, and because she had played a notable part in their great naval defeats, she was called by the Dutch, the "Golden Devil." At Woolwich was built the unfortunate "Royal George," lost at Spithead ; and of late years its dockyard has contributed to the British navy some of its finest ships—among others, the "Royal Albert" (1854).

The general features of a Royal Dockyard are doubtlessly familiar to the tourist. Ships in various stages of construction, and of vastly different proportions ; the busy workshops ; the shears, by which boilers are lowered into their places on board the huge screw or paddle-steamers, floating in the basins ; the Nasmyth steam-hammer, which cracks a nut, or snaps asunder a heavy bar of iron ; the grinding saw-mills ; the furnaces, kept alive by huge cylindrical bellows ; the gangs of sullen-looking

convicts, with their keeper and guard in attendance—these, as they are at Portsmouth and Plymouth, so may they be seen at Woolwich. The large iron shed over No. 5 slip should be observed: it was erected in 1857, and consists of a centre, 261 feet by 82, and two side-spans, each 232 feet by 32.

The dry docks are two in number, and of great size. The basin is 400 feet by 300, and can accommodate the largest ships in the Queen's service. The engine-factory will repay a visit.

Other features to be examined are—the Parade, where the Royal Dockyard battalion exercise; the Surgery; the Chapel; the Guard-house; the Dockyard-school; and the Reservoir, supplied with water from Shooter's Hill. These various buildings, slips, and basins extend a mile along the river-bank. In the stream are moored the convict-hulks—black, unwholesome-looking, and sombre.

We quit the Dockyard and proceed through the noisy streets to Woolwich Common—a fine and breezy tract of open ground—passing on our way the barracks appropriated to the Royal Marines. We enter upon the Common through a couple of iron gates, and see, to our right, one end of the splendid barracks of the Royal Artillery; before us, a noble expanse of green sward (crossed by a line of buildings which terminate in the Royal Military Academy, and rising in the distance to the well-wooded acclivity of Shooter's Hill); and, to our left, the tall tent-like form of the Rotunda, situated among richly undulating and broken grounds, diversified with glimpses of shining water and shadowy groups of noble trees. Let us first enter the ROTUNDA.

At every step some magnificent object greets us. Here a park of artillery point their “dumb, blank-looking, demure mouths” at us; there rises an earthwork, covered with green sods, and frowning with grim cannon. On each side of the gate is mounted a Cerberus gun, a piece of ordnance with three bores, captured from the French at Malplaquet by the great “Marlbrough.” In the centre of the repository-ground stands an obelisk, erected by the Royal Regiment of Artillery to their whilom colonel, the gallant Sir Alexander Dickson, and inscribed with the names of the seventeen battles wherein he fought for England. Yonder gun—named, with perhaps unintentional significance, “Voltaire”—was taken at Waterloo. Those pieces of ordnance, raised on a low platform, present a commentary on the history of improved means of human slaughter: they are specimens of

every kind of British cannon, from the culveryn and demi-saker, with which King Harry armed his round forts, to the splendid productions of modern science.

The ROTUNDA is thronged with curiosities. The bizarre Doric pillar in the centre is partly hidden by well-arranged military trophies, amongst which we observe, with interest, the complete armour of the chivalrous Bayard. A cinder, under a glass case, is the residuum of above 56,000,000 of one-pound notes destroyed by the Bank of England after they were called in. Every species of matchlock, arquebus, musket, and rifle—with models of every kind of cannon, mortar, and bomb—fire alarums, kettle-drums, models of quaint machines, and of celebrated fortresses and dockyards, are here to be met with.

Well pleased with our inspection of this military museum—the building itself, by the way, was once the banqueting-house of the Carlton Gardens, and received in 1815 the Allied Sovereigns and the Prince-Regent under its sloping roof—we cross to the ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, whose castellated mansion was designed by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville (1805), and cost £150,000. It generally contains 200 cadets, who are instructed by able professors in all that appertains to “the service of the Artillery, and the office of Engineers.” The expense is proportioned to the rank of the parents if they are in the army; if not, the annual payment is £125. Its mathematical masters have always been men of eminence; among whom we read of Simpson, Hutton, and Gregory.

“The hall of the academy looks like a piece of middle-age domestic architecture, though the whole pile was only erected in 1805 (the former academy being too small); it is in exquisite taste, of perfectly noble proportions, with richly-stained glass windows, has various suits of complete armour mounted high on the walls, and among the minor effects are some very pleasing and artistic ones, such as the continuous line of ornament along the walls, formed by the belts of the cadets hung closely together, and the lion-heads formed in the recesses on both sides the centre of the hall, by weapons of war. The origin of the academy may be said to be a small school which existed in the neighbouring village of Charlton before the year 1719, and which has gradually expanded into the institution we have described.”—(*Knight.*)

We recross the Common towards the east, and pass the long-

extended range of the ROYAL ARTILLERY BARRACKS (for horse and foot), capable of accommodating nearly 4000 men. The whole front is 1200 feet in length, but is relieved by the varying lines of roof, and the two central cupolas. The parade in front, nearly a mile long, presents a brilliant spectacle on a field-day. Five remarkable pieces of ordnance are stationed here ; the central piece, an immense brass gun, was taken at Bhurtpore.

Passing the Royal Ordnance Hospital and the Barracks of the Sappers and Miners, we come at length to the ARSENAL—the only one in Great Britain, until Cannock Chase shall be able to compete with it. It was established in 1716. Previous to that date a royal foundry, for casting brass cannon, had existed in Moorfields. In that year, some of the cannon captured from the French by Marlborough were ordered to be recast, and many officers and persons of distinction assembled to witness the process. Among the crowd was a young German gunmaker, named Andrew Schalch, travelling to improve himself in his craft, who noticed, what the artizans employed either neglected or overlooked, a moisture in the moulds, calculated to produce an instantaneous formation of steam, and as its consequence an explosion. He warned the bystanders of the danger, and sent a message to the Duke of Richmond, then Master-General of the Ordnance. As no attention was paid to his remonstrance, he immediately left the grounds with his friends ; and shortly afterwards, as he had foreseen, the explosion took place, killing many of the workmen, disabling others, and inflicting serious damage upon the building. The authorities, with unusual promptitude, advertised for “the young foreigner ;” found him ; offered him the superintendence of a new foundry, and desired him to select a suitable spot in the neighbourhood of London for its establishment. Schalch chose the Warren at Woolwich. It was not exposed to hostile attack ; enjoyed the advantages of river-communication ; was near, but not too near, the metropolis ; and surrounded by an open country. Vanbrugh designed the buildings, and Schalch, having given additional proofs of his skill by casting some excellent ordnance, was appointed Master-Founder. He held the office until his death, in 1776, aged 90.

The immense stores, and the vast quantity of *war-matériel* here accumulated, cannot fail to astonish and bewilder the visitor. Shot, shells, rockets, and fusees ; gun-carriages, guns, gun-powder ; cartridges, fireworks, and percussion-caps, are piled up

in such enormous quantities as almost to justify his suspicion that they can never be exhausted! There are three principal departments of the Arsenal—the *Foundry*, the *Carriage-factory*, and the *Laboratory*; to which, perhaps, should now be added the works devoted to the construction of the Armstrong guns.

[Into the *buildings*, however, visitors are *not permitted to enter*, unless provided with passes from the authorities at the War Office.]

The **FOUNDRY** was erected by Vanbrugh, and contains three furnaces; one of which will absorb nineteen tons of metal. Here are performed the operations of moulding, casting, boring, turning, and proving guns and howitzers. In the **LABORATORY**, shells are fitted for their fuzes, and percussion-caps are made by new and beautiful machinery. The preparation of shells, fuzes, seamless cartridges, and fireworks, is also carried on in this department; but the manufacture of ball cartridges and rockets takes place at the eastern extremity of the Arsenal, under such conditions as may prevent danger from explosion. In the **CARRIAGE-FACTORIES**, sawing, planing, turning, and dove-tailing, are done by machinery, and the whole are put together by hydraulic power. There are 3000 hands and 300 machines employed.

The **PRACTICE RANGE**, where new inventions are tested, and important experiments in the improvement of artillery carried on, under the supervision of a Select Committee, is an extensive piece of marshy ground, lying between Woolwich and Plumstead.

The **COMPASS OBSERVATORY**, a small but important building where the compasses to be used by Her Majesty's ships are examined and regulated, stands on the borders of the parish of Charlton, at an inconsiderable distance from the dockyard. It is noticeable that the only metal employed in its construction was copper.

[**HINTS FOR RAMBLES.**—1. To Erith, by way of Lesnes Abbey, and Abbey Wood. Cross the country southward, to Crayford, and return by Welling and Shooter's Hill, over Woolwich Common, to Woolwich, about thirteen miles. 2. To Charlton, and across Blackheath, to Lee. Then to Eltham. Cross the country to East Wickham, and return to Woolwich *via* Plumstead. 3. From Woolwich to Shooter's Hill, and thence, by way of Eltham, to Bexley. Through Crayford to Erith. Return by steamboat.—**SHOOTER'S HILL** has obtained its name from the shelter afforded by the neighbouring woods to "minions of the moon," in those "good old times" when a county constabulary was a thing unknown. The prospects from its summit are very grand, especially the view of the mighty London, which Don Juan paused to gaze upon—

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight, then lost amid the forestry
 Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
 A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head—and there is London town!
 Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill;
 Sunset the time, the place the same declivity
 Which looks along that vale of good and ill
 Where London streets ferment in full activity;
 While everything around was calm and still,
 Except the creak of wheels, which on their pivot he
 Heard,—and that bee-like, babbling, busy hum
 Of cities, that boil over with their scum."

(BYRON, *Don Juan*.)

[At the foot of Shooter's Hill lies the little but picturesque hamlet of *Welling*, or *Well-end*, remarkable for nothing but an extremely fanciful etymology, suggested by certain learned Thebans, *i.e.*, that travellers, who had escaped the freedoms of the robbers lurking in this vicinity, here exclaimed their journey was "well-at-an-end." To have done so would have been to "holla" before they "were out of the wood," as before they had proceeded much farther they would certainly have had to encounter fresh perils. Probably the name is a trace of a settlement of the Saxon *Wealingas*.

On the summit of the hill (482 feet) stands a triangular tower (45 feet), erected by the widow of Sir William James, to commemorate the capture of the fort of Severndroog, on the Malabar coast, in 1755.]

Once more we resume our river progress. On our left, BARKING CHURCH claims a word of notice, as, to a certain extent, a relic of the old monastic foundation, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and reputed to be the first nunnery established in England. Bishop Erconwald, of London, founded it about 670, and placed over it his sister Ethelberga, to be "a mother and nurse of devout women." Here she lived, "regularly, piously, and orderly, providing for those under her, as was also manifested by heavenly miracles;" and here, too she died, about 676. The abbey was burnt, and many of the nuns slain, in the Danish incursions, 870. King Edgar afterwards rebuilt it, and it flourished amazingly for centuries—to fall beneath the common doom in 1539. "There is scarcely a vestige remaining of the once magnificent pile, which a succession of sovereigns delighted to honour. But at the entrance of the churchyard stands an ancient gateway, over which is: 'The Chapel of the Holy Rood lofte alte gate, edified to the honour of Almighty God, and of the Holy Rood that is there, of right great devocion, as it sheweth by great indulgens graunted to the same chapel and place by divers of our holy faders, popes of Rome.' It is also known as the Curfew Tower; and from thence the bell rang out at morn-

ing and evening, sometimes to the great safety of travellers in winter nights. There are records of gifts to the monastery by many who were guided over the lonely marsh lands through the winter fogs, by the tolling of the curfew alone. In the old time, the roadway between this place and London was singularly disagreeable; the land was only partially drained; the pathways were bad, and they were constructed on raised embankments, which made them dangerous to travellers in dark nights. The parish church, dedicated to St. Margaret, contains many interesting and valuable monuments.—(*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*)

On the Kentish side of the river we next arrive at ERITH, whose leafy and undulating woodlands afford a pleasant contrast to the reed-fringed marshes of the Essex shore, and in whose neighbourhood are many joyous Kentish rambles which the tourist will do well to bring himself acquainted with.

ERITH

[Population, 9800. INNS:—The Pier Hotel, Railway Hotel, etc.]

Sheltered by a verdant hill, within hearing of the roll and rush of the river tide, its spire half hidden in luxuriant ivy, its grey walls mossed and dank with age—ERITH CHURCH is not unworthy of a place in the sketcher's note-book. It was probably founded in the thirteenth century, but received additions at later periods; and contains examples of Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular. The most ancient *brass* commemorates *John Aylmer*, d. 1405, and his wife. . . . A rich altar-tomb, finely carved, with a recumbent effigy, costumed, records the honours of *Elizabeth*, Countess of Shrewsbury and Pembroke, d. 1568. The monument to *Lord Eardley*, by Chantrey, cannot be considered a fair specimen of his genius. The Rood Screen is rather ancient, and of good workmanship. Several of the memorials are interesting. It is dedicated to St. John.

It was within this venerable fane, in the year following the signature of Magna Charta, that Hubert de Burgh, attended by several of King John's adherents, met certain leaders of the Barons' faction, to negotiate upon terms of peace. Weever, the pains-taking author of "*Monumenta Anglicana*," was its vicar, *temp.* James I. The living, in the gift of Lord Wynford, is valued at £600.

Erith lays claim to the honour of having been the birthplace

of the "Henry Grace de Dieu," which, according to Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, was launched there, in October 1515, and afterwards warped up the river to Barking. In earlier years it was a haven of considerable importance, and possessed quite a little flotilla of its own.

The geologist will find the neighbourhood full of interest. An enormous sand-pit, 40 feet deep, lies westward of the village, where ironstone mingled with clay may be detected beneath the sand, and resting on the chalk. Towards Dartford, the chalk quarries will repay a close examination. But the great charm of Erith is its scenery, which has a fresh and peculiar animation, and is especially rich in the characteristics of Kentish landscapes—long green lanes winding through banks of chalk, overtopped with brambles and pollards; broad green uplands; clumps of vigorous trees; and deep shadowy combs where wild flowers are prodigal of bloom.

Half-a-mile above Erith lies BELVIDERE (Sir Culling Eardley)—so with a reverential adaptation of Tennyson's ringing verse—

"We leave the dying ebb that faintly lips
The flat red granite; so, by many a sweep
Of meadow smooth from aftermath, we reach
The griffin-guarded gates, and pass thro' all
The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores;"

ascending through the leafy arcades of the park to the Prospect Tower, which, mounted on the crest of the hill, overlooks a very fine and ample range of river scenery.

The house is a large and venerable brick mansion, stately, massive, and old courtier-looking; richly furnished, and luxuriously fitted. Its fine gallery of paintings was sold by auction in June 1860.

[Erith has a steam-boat pier, and many of the Gravesend steamers stop there. Distance from London by water, $16\frac{1}{2}$ m.; by rail, 14 m. The railway station is south-west of the village, and at some distance from the river-bank. Public pleasure-grounds skirt the river; and in the summer the village is well frequented by visitors; but the threatened outpouring of the London sewage in its vicinity can exercise no beneficial influence on its rising fortunes.]

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. An inland walk—through Crayford and Bexley, to St Paul's and St. Mary's Cray. Keep eastward, through a sweep of hill and meadow, to Farningham; and then to the right, *vid* Sutton-at-Hone, to Dartford—about 15 m. Return by rail, or by boat, down the river Darent, and keep along the shore to Erith Peir. 2. To Woolwich, by way of Lesnes Abbey. "The variety of the scenery along this road is very great, alternating with the beauties of hills, flats, and water. Among the windings of the road, the foliage and uneven ground, with their grand and massive depths of colour, present you with a picture after the taste of Gaspar Poussin. In a few paces the view changes to an open reach of the Thames, all in breezy motion with vessels; and Vandevelde thrusts out Poussin; Vandevelde in his turn gives way to Cuyp, as you come upon the flat sprinkled with cattle, and lighted up with broad beams of sunshine."—(*Felix Summerley*.) Return across Woolwich Common to Eltham, and thence to Blenden. To Erith, by way of Perry Street and Belvidere—a long day's ramble. 3. Cross the river to Purfleet, and by rail to Tilbury Fort. By steam-ferry to Gravesend. Return by rail, or boat, or, if a stout pedestrian, *walk back to Erith*—a most enjoyable stroll—through Northfleet, Greenhithe, Dartford, and Crayford—about 10 m.]

As we continue our journey down the river we notice to our left, on the Essex shore, the cliffs (sand and chalk) and the lighthouse of PURFLEET (*Royal Hotel*), and their dull range of powder magazines, removed here from Greenwich, in 1759, as to a less dangerous *locale*. The roofs are groined; the doors and beams copper-fastened; and visitors on entering within these perilous store-houses have to assume list-shoes for the occasion. Purfleet derives its name from *fleet*, the trench or channel by which the marsh drainage is conveyed to the river. The village is a pleasant place, agreeably situate, and affords some fine views. In the season it is a good deal resorted to for fish-dinners.

Skirting the Dartford Marshes, we pass from Long Reach into St. Clement's Reach, where the shore hollows away among thick glossy foliage, and on the brink of a sloping lawn, encircled by a pleasant belt of ancient trees, stands INGRESS ABBEY, the residence of the late Alderman Harmer. The house is mainly built of stones removed from Old London Bridge, and has an agreeable aspect from the water. The grounds are finely varied. Ingress was a farm, or grange, belonging to the opulent priory of Dartford.

Noticeable as a landmark is STONE CHURCH, lying half a mile inland, upon an elevation which seems considerable when com-

pared with the low lands we have so recently quitted. The architect was the architect of Westminster Abbey. The details of Early English and Decorated are very beautiful and interesting. Observe the elaborate Early English doorway, quaint but effective, on the north side of the nave; and the marble-moulded pilasters which enrich the chancel. The north chapel (Perpendicular) contains the tomb of its founder, *Sir John Wiltshire*, d. 1526, and should be carefully examined. There are good *brasses* to *John Lambarde*, "rector hujus ecclesiæ," d. 1418; and another rector, *John Sorewell*, d. 1439. The stately embattled tower was formerly crowned with a lofty spire, which was crumbled into fragments by a storm of lightning, A.D. 1638.

GREENHITHE (or the green haven), is a picturesque assemblage of red brick cottages peeping out from an environment of foliage, and contrasting effectively with the neighbouring chalk cliffs. The main street opens out upon a small pier, where steamboat passengers land and embark, and where the lime manufactured from the adjacent chalk-quarries is shipped for London and elsewhere. Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier sailed from hence in the "Erebus" and "Terror," on their last and fatal expedition, June 19th, 1845. The leafy wood stretching far away inland is that of Swanscombe.

As we pass out of St. Clement's Reach into the North Hope, we observe, on the left bank, the straggling village of GRAY'S THURROCK, and its lonely church—standing close to the Thames. The marshes are protected from overflow by the embankments raised in "the old times" by the Romans, or the Britons under Roman direction. These fenny levels remind the spectator of Dutch landscapes; their ditches, their stunted pollards, their gloomy willows, and browsing cattle, seem to have been transported from the canvas of Cuyt or Hobbima.

The church is a moderately ancient building, with a square buttressed tower. It stands, surrounded by trees, at some distance from the village, which is mainly supported by the brick yards in its vicinity. Rearward rise the towers of the modern Gothic mansion of BELMONT CASTLE, the seat of R. Webb, Esq.

This part of the river is known as FIDDLER'S REACH. Tradition asserts that three fiddlers were once drowned here; but the name is probably due to that peculiar restlessness of the water which is nautically termed "fiddling." Both banks have now assumed an interesting character. On our right, we see the chalk quarries and

docks of NORTHFLEET, and the long range of almshouses known as HUGGINS' COLLEGE, founded by John Huggins, Esq., of Sittingbourne, for forty decayed tradesmen, each being provided with a separate dwelling.* The tall, slender spire of the College Chapel is noticeable from the river. "If we could envy any living man, it would be the founder of such a true, high, and holy charity. He did not wait, as many do, until he had 'shuffled off his mortal coil,' and then leave to his executors the task he has so happily accomplished; he felt it a privilege to do himself the work so emphatically 'his own,' and has thus raised a monument to his memory better than any ever built by human hands."—(*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*)

The position of Northfleet is very pleasant, and commands some extensive views of the Thames and the Essex shore. The village is now a populous one,—its inhabitants obtaining employment in the chalk quarries, or the large ship-building yard of the Messrs. Pitcher, whose dock will hold eight to ten ships of moderate tonnage. Flints, dug out of the chalk-pits, are in request for the potteries of Staffordshire, and even of China. The geologist will obtain numerous fossils in this neighbourhood; especially glosso-petræ, echinites, xanthidium, and belemnites. For the botanist, also, there is ample occupation.

NORTHFLEET CHURCH is one of the largest in the diocese of Rochester. The tower has been partly rebuilt; it was formerly so often attacked by sea-rovers and river-pirates that the priests strengthened it into a small fortress. A flight of steps leads from the basement to the first storey. The ancient oaken stalls and pulpit are curious, and the *brasses* to *Peter de Lacy*, rector, d. 1375, *William Lye*, d. 1391, *Thomas Brato*, d. 1511, and his wife, are very good. There are two other *brasses*, of which the inscriptions are illegible. In the churchyard a wonderful pyramidal mausoleum—with relievos, on two sides, of 'Huggins' College'—has been erected by Mr. Huggins, for himself and family. The vicarage of Northfleet (pop. 4130), in the gift of the crown, is valued at £400 yearly.

Between Gravesend and Northfleet lies the comparatively recent hamlet of ROSHERVILLE, owing its existence to the enterprise of G. Rosher, Esq., the lord of the manor. The church, a new and elegant building, is dedicated to St. Mark, and the perpetual

* The sum of £1 weekly is allowed to each resident, with the privilege of having, besides his wife, one female relative to live with him.

curacy is in the gift of Mr. Rosher. Many neat, and some handsome villas are here scattered about the cliffs, and in terraces along the wooded slopes. The Pier is really a goodly one, and the Hotel in size is worthy of Brighton or Hastings. Every Londoner, moreover, knows the merits of ROSHERVILLE GARDENS,—long the scene of Mr. Baron Nathan's glory,—and the cool shadowy retreats afforded by the leafy hollows and ferny basins in its cliffs, which in some places are 150 feet high. There are few pleasanter pleasure-grounds within an hour's ride of London.

GRAVESEND.

[*Population*, 23,302.—*Hotels*: Clarendon, Falcon, Old Falcon, Rosherville.]

From London, by road 24 m., by water 30 m., by rail 24 m. ; from Dartford, 7 m.

A range of houses and taverns along the river bank—a long dull line of shops and villas, chapels and churches, in continuation of the London and Rochester Road, and almost parallel with the river,—precipitous streets which rise from the river towards Windmill Hill, where they meet as at a central point—narrow alleys of wooden houses—clusters of glittering white pseudo-cottages, in little belts of garden—an atmosphere redolent of shrimps and sailors,—such is GRAVESEND, once the El Dorado of London cockneys, and still a popular place of resort in the summer season. Though, of late years, much improved,—though its streets are mostly clean and well lighted,—though there are some rows of goodly houses, some excellent shops, and a bountiful market, it presents little to interest the tourist. But the life and change of the abundant river, and the exquisite scenery which encircles the town, when taken in connection with the speed and cheapness of its metropolitan communications, will always ensure it a certain popularity.

There are four piers, the one belonging to the corporation, and called the TOWN PIER, is built upon cast-iron arches. It was designed by a Mr. Clark, and erected in 1834 at a cost of £25,000. The TERRACE PIER was built about 1840, for the Star Steam Packet Company, by Messrs. Fox and Henderson, but is now the property of the London and Southend Railway Company. The former is 127 feet long, and 48 feet wide, and its transverse head T 76 feet long by 30 feet wide. The latter, supported on

iron columns, is 190 feet in length, and 36 feet in width. Both are roofed over, and afford agreeable promenades.

Landing at the Town Pier we ascend the High Street, the principal commercial thoroughfare of the town. We pass on our right, a turning named West Street, which leads to the Clifton Baths, Rosherville, and Northfleet, and has been the locality of some extensive conflagrations. The street on our left is the nearest route to the Terrace Pier and Milton. About midway up the High Street, on our left, stands the TOWN HALL and MARKET, erected in 1836. Its massive Doric portico, with figures of Wisdom, Truth, and Justice, is too heavy for the narrow street which it overlooks.

We soon find ourselves in the London Main Road—once alive with stage-coaches and post-chaises, vans, waggons, and strollers, but now fallen from its high estate into a dull but well-kept highway—and turning to the right, onward to the more ancient portion of Gravesend, observe the PARISH CHURCH, erected on the site of an ancient edifice, destroyed by fire in 1727. It was one of the fifty churches founded by George II., and in compliment to its founder, is dedicated to St. George—a heavy, uninteresting building of brick, with stone dressings, which need not delay the tourist. The living is a rectory, in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, valued at £307 per annum.

The street in continuation of High Street runs up to Windmill Hill. A turning out of it, to the right, leads to the railway station of the North Kent line, and to a new neat church dedicated to *St. James*, built in 1852.

A short stroll brings us within the boundaries of the parish of Milton. Here, at the intersection of three roads, stands an elegant Early English Church, dedicated to the *Holy Trinity*, and built about fifteen years ago. The perpetual curacy is valued at £150, and alternately presented to by the Crown and the see of Rochester. If we were now to follow the high road, we should in due time arrive at Milton Church; or if we turned to our right, should climb by a once-pretty lane to Windmill Hill; but for the present we shall descend to the river-side, where the earthworks designed to assist Tilbury Fort in obstructing the passage of an enemy's force, attract our notice. They were constructed on Vauban's system, in the reign of Charles II. In a house adjoining them resided James II., while Duke of York and

Admiral of England. The gateway is still extant, but enclosed by a modern porch. It bears the date of 1665, an anchor, and over it a semi-sphere.

Leaving the Custom House in our rear, we proceed along the river-bank—pleasant enough at high water—to the basin of the Thames and Medway Canal, which was opened in 1814 as far as Rochester, but proving commercially unsuccessful, was purchased by the North Kent Railway Company. The railway now runs in a tunnel along a considerable portion of its bed. Crossing some fertile meadows, we regain the Great Dover Road at MILTON CHURCH, a fine old building, chiefly late Decorated in style, which is supposed to have been erected by the wife of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, *temp.* Edward II. The stone *sedilia* and the ancient *corbels* deserve examination. On the outer wall observe a curious dial. The living, a rectory, valued at £359 yearly, is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of Rochester, the latter having every *third* presentation.

Near the Parsonage House, a few ivy-covered walls indicate the site of a chantry, founded by Aymer de Valence, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary and Sts. Peter and Paul.

Again we cross some goodly corn-fields and smiling meadows, and gaining the higher ground, now pause to look upon the scene beneath us. To the right runs the broad stream of the Thames, gradually widening into a considerable estuary; its waters are busy with “things of life”—stately screw-steamers, gliding along with wonderful celerity and apparent ease—huge East Indiamen, their white canvas filled with the strong fresh breeze—black, brown, and many-coloured tugs, darting in and out of the shipping, as if bitten by some nautical tarantula—fishing-boats tacking across from bank to bank—and a bright yacht or two, sweeping up or down the river with graceful lightness. Just beneath us lies Milton and its gray old church. Farther eastward the high road winds past the little village and ancient fane of Chalk. In the distance, seemingly jutting out into the river, rises the glittering promontory of Cliffe. The level of Essex, dotted with churches and farmsteads, we survey as in a map, until our gaze rests upon the formidable bastions of Tilbury Fort. Here Gravesend straggles down the slopes towards the river, and there it stretches away to and mingles with Rosherville and Northfleet. On our left, and close at

hand, the summit of Windmill Hill peers, with difficulty, above the streets and terraces of houses with which its acclivity is covered. Thither we bend our steps, and as we gain the ridge, our eye, delighted, scans the landscape which spreads to the south—to Ifield, and Cobham, and Southfleet—gleaming with ample meadows, rich in bowery hollows, and crowned by many a pleasant farm and sequestered church.

We do not tarry long upon Windmill Hill, which has lost much of its glory since the builder loaded its sides with brick and mortar. The camera obscura, and the drinking-booth, and the swings, and the donkeys, and the new bazaar, and the target-shooting, have little attraction for us, and, when we have gazed enough upon the beautiful panorama which shines around, we descend the hill into Paddock Street, regain the Dover Road, and turn down the broad thoroughfare named after Alderman Harmer. At the bottom, on the right hand, stands an imposing and somewhat pretentious building, with an “elegant Ionic portico,” which is, we believe, at once the Assembly Room, Public Hall, Concert Room, and Literary Institute of Gravesend.

Let us go down to the Terrace Pier. From the proper official we there procure a day-ticket, price 2d., which admits us to the Royal Terrace Gardens. Their area is limited, but pleasantly laid out. Having admired their bright parterres of flowers and winding paths, we select a seat on the Esplanade, commanding a view of the river and the opposite shore, and amuse ourselves with recalling something of the history of this “ancient and most fish-like” town.

It is the first port on the river—on the mighty, world-famous Thames—and was a hythe or landing-place when the Norman commissioners wrote down its value and “belongings” in the Domesday roll. As English prosperity advanced, and the river-traffic increased, a town gradually clustered at the foot of the hill, and about the *hythe*, and waxed into some importance. It was burnt by the French in 1377, but soon sprung from its ashes, and in 1573 obtained a charter of incorporation from Queen Elizabeth, as well as her confirmation of the right, first conferred upon the town by Richard II., of regulating “the Long Ferry” (or passage to London), and exacting a fee from “the barges, tilt-boats, light-horsemen (hobellers), and wherries,” which formed this communication. Here the outward-bound

vessels took in their sea-stores. Here assembled the flotillas of the early adventurers—of Sebastian Cabot (1516), and Martin Frobisher (1576-7); and the ships equipped by the merchants of London, by many knights and many nobles, to contend with the Armada (1588). From Gravesend Baffin sailed, in 1616; Ross, in 1818; and Parry, in 1819, to explore the dreary wastes of ice and snow which surround the Pole. Here the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and the city guilds, were wont to greet all illustrious visitors who approached the metropolis by water, and accompany them thither with magnificent ceremonials, “scarcely rivalled in gorgeousness by the world-famous weddings of the Adriatic.” And here, at the present day, assemble fleet upon fleet of noble vessels, bound for every port, under every clime, where Commerce has hoisted her peaceful flag; and here, too, weeping relatives and sorrowful friends whisper their broken farewells to the adventurers who crowd the busy decks of the emigrant-ship.

The introduction of the river-steamers gave a rapid impetus to the prosperity of the town, and the development of railway communication still further increased its crowds of holiday visitors. They come now in thousands to enjoy “tea and shrimps at 9d. per head,” to stare through telescopes on Windmill Hill, to regale on strawberries and watercresses at Spring Head—“a pleasant place in a pleasant locality”—and finally, to participate in the amusements of Rosherville. A return-ticket from Fenchurch Street is but 1s. 6d.; from London Bridge, but 2s. 6d.; and the fares by boat are equally moderate. No wonder that a quarter of a million of pleasure-seekers have poured into Gravesend in a single summer month!

Here are its decennial statistics of population:—In 1801, 4539; in 1831, 9445; in 1841, 15,670; in 1851, 16,633.

The Thames at this point is nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ m. in width, and its depth at low water is about 48 feet. It broadens rapidly, however, below Higham—where certain wiseacres have placed the passage of the river by Aulus Plautius, A.D. 43—and forms the reach named “Lower Hope.” At Hope Point stands a small battery. Thames water is salt at Gravesend, but dark and turbid. It possesses a singular power of self-purification through its very foulness, which induces a fermentative action. Hence for long voyages it is preferred on board ships to pure spring water.

The jurisdiction, so to speak, of the river-pilots extends from

Gravesend to the Docks. There is always a large number of outward-bound and homeward-bound vessels assembled here, or getting under weigh, and the almost hourly passage of some huge steamer from or to France and Scotland renders the scene sufficiently animated and interesting.

To TILBURY FORT a steam-ferry has been established. The pier belongs to the London and Tilbury Railway, which has a station adjacent for the Gravesend traffic. The present fort is pentagonal in form, strengthened by outworks and ditches, and altogether a much more formidable stronghold than is generally imagined. The whole of the surrounding level can be laid under water. The bastions are, it is said, the largest in England, and the ramparts are mounted with very heavy guns. It was constructed in 1687, after the Dutch invasion of the Thames, from the designs of Sir Bernard de Gomme, the Engineer-General. A conspicuous feature is the great stone gateway, which originally cost £634.

A fort was first erected at this point after the country had been alarmed into a sense of its insecurity by the Spanish Armada. "As it was given out," says Hakluyt, "that the enemy meant to invade the Thames against Gravesend, a mighty army encamped there ; and on both sides of the river fortifications were erected, according to the prescription of Frederick Gerebelli, an Italian ; and there were certain ships brought to make a bridge, though it were very late first." The work, however, was but badly done, for when the Earl of Leicester visited the place, July 23d, 1588, he "did peruse the fort (at Gravesend), and find not one platform to bear any ordnance, neither on the ground nor aloft," and that at Tilbury was "farther out of order than the other." By great exertions the forts were put in order, and a chain of vessels disposed across the river. The army encamped near West Tilbury Church, and were reviewed by "great Gloriana" in splendid state.

Near East Tilbury,* in a chalk-pit, are some curious caverns (as at Dartford and other places), approached by narrow circular passages, and divided into numerous chambers. They are popularly called "Danes' Holes," and were constructed, perhaps, by Saxon peasants to shelter their families from the ravages of the dreaded Norsemen, whose fatal flags so often swept up the river.

* In this neighbourhood De Foe established a manufactory of pantiles, which was not successful in its results ; he lost £3000 by it.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLERS.—1. Cross the Salt Marshes by the narrow causeway to Cliffe. Hence to Cowling. Return to Higham, and *via* Upper Higham to Merston. Cross to Gad's Hill, and back to Gravesend, by way of Shorne and Chalk: about 15 miles. 2. By way of Mount Pleasant to Ifield, and continue, S.E., to Cobham Hall. "There can be no pleasanter ramble than the few miles down green lanes to Cobham Hall. The views of the Thames, and the variety of hill, dale, wood, and water, which meet the eye on all sides, make the road between Gravesend and Cobham one of the pleasantest in England."—(*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*) Proceed from Cobham, 5 miles, after refreshing one's self at Mr. Tupman's hostel, "The Leather Bottle," by way of Three Crouches, to Stroud, 3 miles, and so to Rochester, 1 mile. Visit the Castle and Cathedral, and the Lines at Chatham. Return by rail. 3. Take the south road to Nutsted and Meopham. Cross through Hanley to Longfield, and thence, *via* Southfleet and Perry Street, into Gravesend: about 11 miles. 4. To Northfleet and Greenhithe. Thence to Stone. Visit Dartford, and return by the old Roman road, through Swanscombe Wood, to Spring Head. Back to Gravesend. In all, 15 m.]

EXCURSION FROM GRAVESEND TO COBHAM HALL.

[From Gravesend, 5 m.; from Rochester, *via* Three Crouches, 4 m.]

"A Tudor-chimnied bulk

Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers."—TENNYSON.

ABOUT equidistant between Rochester and Gravesend, in the bosom of a venerable wood, and immediately in the centre of a noble park, stands Cobham Hall. You will wonder when you reach it that so picturesque an Elizabethan mansion—and you will marvel as you go—that such leafy lanes should be found in the vicinity of a town which is always dusty, and whose highways are eternally white with blinding chalk. There is something singularly calm, and cool, and silent, about Cobham Hall, perhaps from its contrast to the Gravesend inns and *pensions*. The foliage always, to our eyes at least, seems greener than in any other of the Cockneyfield localities. The birds are ever on the wing, ever pouring from their full hearts a throbbing tide of song. The very primroses acquire an additional charm; and the restless rooks, always a mystery to us with their endless gyrations and singular wheeling flight, are welcomed as the fitting guardians of the glorious scene.

The walk from Rochester to Cobham has been immortalized in the pages of the *Pickwick Papers*, as undertaken on a memorable occasion by Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass, and their "illustrious guide, philosopher, and friend." "A delightful walk it was," says

their historian, "for it was a pleasant afternoon in June, and their way lay through a deep and shady wood, cooled by the light wind which gently rustled the thick foliage, and enlivened by the songs of the birds that perched upon the boughs. The ivy and the moss crept in thick clusters over the old trees, and the soft green turf overspread the ground like a silken mat. They emerged upon an open park, with an ancient hall, displaying the quaint and picturesque architecture of Elizabeth's time. Long vistas of stately oaks and elm trees appeared on every side ; large herds of deer were cropping the fresh grass ; and occasionally a startled hare scoured along the ground with the speed of the shadows thrown by the light clouds which sweep across a sunny landscape, like a passing breath of summer."—(*Dickens.*)

A summer day in Cobham Park is, indeed, "a joy for ever,"—a day to be marked in the heart's calendar of happy days with a white stone—a day whereon the soul gathers all sweetest fancies and purest thoughts, to be its food in the dark hours that *must* come, when the eye shall grow dead to beauty, and the ear deaf to music—a day, when casting off our worldliness, we feel somewhat of the divinity within us, and recognize the golden chain that links us to the infinite—a day which is full of light, and love, and life, of the light of woodland and upland, of the love of poetry and truth, of the life of the unfading and unchanging nature ! Under an arching roof of frondent boughs, interlaced in rich luxuriant growth ; upon a turf of exquisite smoothness, dappled with many-coloured blossoms, and within hearing of a ceaseless hum of insects and song of birds ; surely you may wander for hours "in measureless content." Note, as you pass along, the dappled deer, and the swift herons, and the monarch trees. Here is a chestnut, 32 feet in girth, which flings out from its trunk four stalwart branches, and hence rejoices in the appellation of "The Four Sisters." Yonder stretches a four-fold avenue of fragrant lime-trees. All around you spring the noble cedar, the "silver birch," the mighty oak, the fresh young pine. And think not your walk will be along a monotonous level, for the park (7 miles in circumference, and covering an area of 1800 acres) includes in its ample circuit all the sweet variety of sloping lawn and undulating hill, of shadowy dell and dark cool copse. Here you are lost, as it were, in the darkness of the densest foliage ; there, a noble vista opens through the trees, bounded only by the blue and distant heaven.

The HALL stands almost in the centre of the Park, in a sequestered hollow, from which on every side ascend the wooded hills, and many a noble avenue radiates towards it ; so that the traveller, from whatever quarter he approaches, still finds in this picturesque mansion the termination of his road. Two extensive wings of red brick, with lofty turrets at their angles and in the centre, bearing the dates of the foundation, 1582 and 1594—with mulioned windows, ornamented doorways, and strangely covered cornices—represent in their picturesque lines and quaint details the later Tudor style. These are connected by a central Italian building, designed by Inigo Jones. Nevertheless, this inconsistency does not detract from the picturesque appearance of the Hall, but even heightens, perhaps increases it ; and the deep colouring of the red bricks, the bold outlines of the gables, the singularly-fashioned chimney-shafts, the shifting lights and shades of the numerous bay windows, produce a remarkable and fantastic effect.

The wings and the south front were built by Sir William Brooke, Lord Cobham ; the centre by the Earl of Lennox, towards the close of the reign of James I.

The stranger is ushered into Cobham Hall through a vaulted PASSAGE, designed after the monastic fashion by James Wyatt, and liberally adorned with the scutcheon of the Cobhams. Observe here a magnificent bath of red Egyptian granite. He next enters the DINING-HALL, or great dining-room, where the panelled walls and ceiling, and the grotesquely carved chimney-piece of black and white marble, will demand his admiring examination. The MUSIC-ROOM contains a chimney-piece of purest marble, with a fine imitation of Guido's Aurora, sculptured by the elder Westmacott ; a superbly gilded ceiling, designed by Inigo Jones ; and one picture, a matchless Vandyke, representing Lords John and Bernard Stuart, sons of the Duke of Lennox. Then there are the VESTIBULE, thronged with costly vases ; the LIBRARY, with portraits of English poets, statesmen, and philosophers, of which the most noticeable, and the only genuine one, is that of Sir Philip Sidney ; the PORTRAIT GALLERY, and chiefest and most beautiful, the PICTURE GALLERY (136 feet long and 24 feet wide)—a superb collection of veritable masterpieces. We class its most interesting ornaments under the names of the different artists whose genius they illustrate :—

J. I. ALBANO (1578-1600) :—Mercury and Apollo, with the flock of Admetus ; the gods looking down from above. The figure of Apollo especially good.

II. ANNIBALE CARACCI (1560-1609):—*Venus making her toilet (figures in a landscape).

III. N. CARAVAGGIO (1569-1609):—Esau selling his birthright.

IV. CARLO DOLCE:—The Virgin presenting the portrait of St Dominic to the Superiors of a Convent.

V. DOMINICO FETI:—A Family group—one making lace, another knitting. A good specimen of the Bolognese school.

VI. MARC ANTONIO FRANCESINI: The Magdalen reading from a Scroll. (Ascribed in the catalogue to Nicolo Regnari.)

VII. GIORGIONE (1478-1510):—Cæsar receiving the head of Pompey; and Milo thrown to the lions. The latter is certainly not a genuine Giorgione.

VIII. LUCA GIORDANO (1632-1705): Adoration of the Shepherds. Fine in colouring and conception.

IX. GAINSBOROUGH:—A fine portrait of a lady, name unknown, "of great clearness and delicacy of colouring;" and Miss M'Gill, daughter of the first Earl of Darnley, afterwards Countess of Clanwilliam. (Compare Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of the same lady.)

X. MARK GARRARD:—A curious whole length of Queen Elizabeth, richly dressed, and wearing a coronet and necklace of pearls.

XI. GUERCINO (1590-1666):—His own portrait; a Sibyl.

XII. JANET (16th century):—Mary Queen of Scots, dressed in a rich black velvet, with a crucifix in her right hand, and a book in her left. The words, "Aula Fodringhamy," and a sketch of her execution, are painted underneath; Duc d'Alençon, son of Henry II. of France, in a suit of white silks.

XIII. JORDAENS (1594-1678):—A girl feeding a parrot; an old man looking on.

XIV. SIR GODFREY KNELLER:—Queen Anne; Theodosia Hyde, Countess of Darnley, and daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Mary of Modena, Queen of James II.

XV. LEBRUN (1619-90):—The Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; an "excellent and remarkable picture."

XVI. SIR PETER LELY:—Dorothea Sidney, Countess of Sunderland—the Saccharissa of the poet Waller. [There are two portraits of this distinguished beauty (by Vandyke and Hoskins) at Penshurst.]

XVII. NICOLO POUSSIN (1594-1665):—The Flight of Pyrrhus; Bacchanalian Children, a sketch; Cupid kissing a Nymph, while Cupid brings fruit; a Nymph carried by a Satyr.

XVIII. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS:—Lady Frances Cole, with a dog—"one of his finest pictures. The landscape of the background is one of the finest specimens of his skill that I know"—(*Waagen*); Mrs. Monk, Countess of Clanwilliam, admirable in expression and colouring; and the Call of the Infant Samuel—the well-known picture, engraved as "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth!"

XIX. GUIDO RENI (1575-1642):—Massacre of the Innocents, a repetition of the famous picture painted for the church of St. Dominichino at Bologna; Liberality and Modesty, and between them Love or Cupid—"finely drawn and coloured;" Salome, the daughter of Herodias, carrying the head of John the Baptist; St. Francis; and Head of the Penitent Magdalen—very beautiful.

XX. SALVATOR ROSA (1615-73):—The Death of Regulus—a horrible subject, powerfully treated; Pythagoras addressing the fishes, "takes a distinguished position among the historical pictures by this master, for the happy arrangement and the characteristic nature of the heads. If the colouring of his figures be deficient in truth, as is usually the case, it is nevertheless of great power, and the execution particularly spirited"—(*Waagen*); Jason Charming the Dragon—a favourite subject of this master's; and the Birth of Orion.

XXI. PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640):—Queen Tomyris dipping the head of Cyrus into a vessel of human blood—"A splendid specimen of the peculiar manner in which Rubens treated such a subject"—(*Waagen*); Children blowing Soap-bubbles; A Wild Boar Hunt; Attack upon two lions by three hunters; Jupiter resigns the world to Venus and Cupid, a sketch; and Henri Quatre's triumphal entry after the victory of Ivry, a sketch, vigorous and animated.

XXII. FRANZ SNYDERS (1574-1671):—A Stag Hunt, "spirited and admirable"—(*Waagen*); The Hare and Tortoise in a landscape; and Heads of Stags.

XXIII. ANDREA SCHIAVONE:—A Flagellation. [Ascribed by some, but on insufficient grounds, to Titian.]

XXIV. GIOVANNI SASSOFERRATO:—The Madonna, praying—"of warm tone and careful finish"—(*Waagen*.)

XXV. BARTOLOMEO SCHIDONE:—The Transfiguration.

XXVI. TITTORETTO (1512-94):—*Juno and the Infant Hercules; and the Formation of the Milky Way.

XXVII. TITIAN (1480-1576):—*The Rape of Europa—"the equally spirited and broad treatment bespeaks the later time of the master, in which we detect, in some respects, the influence of Paul Veronese"—(*Waagen*); Venus and Adonis; A Christ, half-length—"of noble character"—(*Waagen*); Portrait of a Male; Portrait of Ariosto; Danaë and the Shower of Gold; *Venus and Cupid with a looking-glass; and Portraits of Don Francesco del Mosaico and the painter himself.

XXVIII. ALESSANDRO VERONESE:—Diana and Endymion.

XXIX. PAULO VERONESE (1528-1587):—Four Allegories, in which Cupid appears to be the principal character, entitled, *Le Respect*, *Le Dégout*, *L'Amour Heureux*, and *L'Infidélité*—pronounced by *Waagen* to belong to his best works "as respects keeping, drawing, and masterly painting."

XXX. Sir ANTHONY VANDYKE (1599-1641):—Full length of the Duke of Lennox, attired as a shepherd, and holding a crook. The words "Me firmior amor," on a rock. Another portrait of the Duke, his hand placed on the head of a large hound; Lord Bernard Stuart, d. 1644, and Lord John Stuart, d. 1645, both sons of Esmé, Duke of Lennox.

XXXI. ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN:—Portrait of a Lutheran in furred cap and robe.

The paintings thus distinguished * were purchased from the famous Orleans Gallery.]

Among the curiosities of Cobham is preserved a strange old chariot, popularly supposed to have carried Queen Elizabeth on her visit to Cobham in 1559; but its workmanship contradicts the tradition, and cannot, we fear, be ascribed to a remoter date than the reign of William III. The black leather panels are lined with green velvet.

Charles I. and his beautiful bride, Henrietta Maria, slept here on their way to London, after their gorgeous nuptials at Canterbury, and were received with joyous welcome by the villagers, who strewed the roads with "all manner of sweet flowers." A few years later, and fierce Roundhead troopers were lords of Cobham Hall (1643), which they so thoroughly despoiled that the booty they despatched to London loaded five huge waggons.

Of the history of the ancient lords of Cobham, and its present

owners, the Earls of Darnley, the tourist will not be displeased to gain a few particulars:—

The Cobhams were a family of very ancient origin; and its chiefs were men of mark and opulence, Sheriffs of Kent, and Constables of Rochester Castle. They derived their name from the village—"Cobeham, anciently Cope-ham;" that is, the settlement on the hill, from the Saxon *copt*, and *ham*. So that "this place," as an old writer says, "was the cradle or seminary of persons who, in elder ages, were invested in places of as signall and principall a trust or eminence as they could move in, in the narrow orbe of a particular country."—(*Philipott*.) One Henry de Cobeham held an office of repute in the reign of King John. Four gallant gentlemen of this family accompanied the first Edward on his expedition into Scotland, at the "successful and auspicious siege of Caerlaverock." Sir John de Cobham built Rochester Bridge, and founded Cobham College; was sent by Edward the Third ambassador to Rome; and served in the French war, in the first year of Richard II.'s reign, with 3 knights, 105 esquires, 110 men-at-arms, and 110 bowmen, under his banner. This worshipful banneret died in the ninth year of Henry IV., leaving all his fat manors and beeves to his grand-daughter, who is said to have had five husbands. One of them was no less a man than Sir John Oldcastle—honour the memory, reader, of this brave knight!—who joined the sect of the Lollards, or disciples of Wickliffe; was tried before the Archbishop of Canterbury, "on the Saturday of the feast of St. Matthew," 1413, for "the detestable crime of heresy," found guilty; and, by "the advice and consent of men famous for discretion and wisdom," condemned to die. They hanged him on "the new gallows" in St. Giles, and afterwards consigned his body to the flames, in order that posterity might reverence the memory of our first great Protestant martyr.

By her second husband, Sir Reginald Braybrooke, Lady Joan had issue a daughter, also named Joan, who bestowed herself and her estates upon Sir Thomas Brooke, of Somersetshire, and had ten sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Sir Edward Brooke, was created Baron Cobham, in the twenty-third of Henry VI. Then came Sir George Brooke, second Lord Cobham, a knight of the garter, and governor of Calais; and he was followed by Sir William, who entertained Queen Elizabeth, with admirable splendour, on her progress through Kent, in 1559. His son, Henry

Lord Cobham, the degenerate scion of a noble race, became implicated with Sir Walter Raleigh in the troubles which disturbed the early part of the reign of James I., and bore false witness against that heroic man at his trial in 1603. Raleigh branded him, and justly, as "a base, dishonourable, poor soul!" His treachery, however, availed him little; for his estates (valued at £7000 per annum) having been confiscated, he lived many years "in great misery and poverty," and was ultimately reduced to such keen need that often "he had starved, but for a trencher-scraper, sometime his servant at court, who relieved him with scraps." Unhappily for himself, he lived until January 1619.

"The manor and seat of Cobham Hall, and the rest of Lord Cobham's lands, were bestowed by James I. upon his kinsman, Ludovick Stuart, Duke of Lennox, whose successor in the title and estates—his brother Esme—received at Cobham Hall King Charles and his beautiful bride after their marriage at Canterbury. Duke Esme was succeeded by his eldest son James, Duke of Lennox, and afterwards of Richmond, who died in 1655. His heir, Esme, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, died in 1660, when only ten years old, and his titles and estates passed to his cousin-german, Charles Stuart, Earl of Litchfield, who, although he was thrice married, left no issue. His sister, the Lady Katherine, consequently became possessed of all the family estates,—except the manor of Cobham, which was sold to defray the debts of the said Charles, Duke of Richmond. Her noble inheritance she brought to her husband, Sir Joseph Williamson, who rendered it complete by purchasing Cobham Manor, and at Cobham Hall he resided until his death, in 1701. It then passed into his widow's possession, and from her devolved to her son by her first marriage, Edward, Lord Clifton and Cornbury, and on his death, without issue (in 1713), to his sister, Lady Theodosia Hyde. By her marriage with John Bligh, Esq., an Irish gentleman, it passed into the present line. Mr. Bligh, in 1721, was created Lord Clifton, and in 1725, Earl of Darnley. The fifth earl married, in 1825, Emma Jane, third daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, and had issue, the present and sixth earl, born in 1827, the hereditary High Steward of Gravesend and Milton. He (the fifth earl) died in 1835, through an injury inflicted by an axe with which he was trimming, we believe, some trees in his plantation. He was a man of cultivated mind and generous character.

What more shall we say of Cobham?—There are fine views

to be enjoyed from many points in the Park, especially from the Mausoleum on William's Hill, which was built by the second earl (in 1783) as a place of sepulture for the family, but has never been consecrated. The structure is octangular, and built of Portland stone ; in its general effect it is not peculiarly attractive. Along the north side of the Park runs the old Watling Street-way, or Romano-British Road, easily traceable between Shinglewell and Rochester, "with the hedges standing on it, sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left of the present road, and at other times falling in with it." Near this road, to the west of the Park, rises a pleasant crystal spring, which, from the use made of it by the pilgrims to Thomas à Becket's shrine at Canterbury, is called "St. Thomas's Well."

[The Park is always accessible to tourists, but the House and Picture Gallery are shewn only on Fridays, and only to visitors who have previously taken the precaution of procuring admission-tickets, price 1s. each, at the principal libraries in Gravesend and Rochester. The money produced by these tickets is appropriately applied to the benefit of the Cobham Parochial Schools.]

COBHAM CHURCH, a handsome building, seated upon a gentle ascent at the opening into Cobham village, is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, and boasts of a stately tower, a large chancel, and three commodious aisles. The porch-entrance is old and curious. The walls retain some traces of the singular frescoes with which they were once adorned, and the altar-steps are paved with encaustic tiles of great antiquity, and quaint design. The oak-raftered roof, the rich Early English arches, the piscina, the carved stone-sedilia, the numerous brasses, the many rusty helmets—all are objects which cannot fail to be suggestive to the spectator of historic fancies and poetical associations. The present building, which is partly Perpendicular and partly Decorated, was probably erected by Sir John de Cobham, *circa* 1360-70. The principal brasses, of unusual interest from the completeness of their chronological arrangement, are as follows :—

1. *John de Cobham*, Constable of Rochester, habited in a shirt of mail, and girt with a rich belt, which supports his sword. An inscription in French runs round the slab. Date, 1354.

2. *Sir Thomas de Cobham*, d. 1367.

3. *Maude de Cobham*, wife to Reginald, Lord Cobham, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, d. 1370. Observe the reticulated head-dress.

4. *Maude de Cobham*, date and inscription illegible.

5. *Margaret de Cobham*, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, and wife of John, Lord Cobham, d. 1395.

6. *John de Cobham*, founder of Cobham College and Church. He is dressed in armour, and holds a church in his hand. Date, 1395-1400.

7. *Joan de Cobham*, "probably mother of the founder." An inscription in French is cut round the edge of the stone.

8. *Sir Reginald Braybrooke*, d. 1405, at Middleburgh, in Flanders.

9. *Joan, Lady Cobham*, wife of the above, d. 1433.

10. *Sir John Broke*, d. 1506, and *Margaret*, his wife, d. 1500, lying under a richly ornamented canopy, whose triangular compartments contain circles with shields, one of which bears the Saviour's crown of thorns, and the other his "five wounds;" while between the pinnacles, in the centre, is a curious representation of the Trinity, wherein the Deity is delineated with a triple crown, and the Holy Spirit presents a human face. The figure of the knight is gone, but that of his lady remains, and beneath are groups of eight sons and ten daughters.

11. *Sir Thomas Broke*, d. 1529, with figures of one of his three wives, his seven sons, and five daughters.

12. *Sir Ralph* or *Rauf de Cobham*, commemorated by a bust, in a skull-cap and shirt of mail, d. 1402.

13. *Joan de Cobham*, with figures of her six sons and four daughters, d. 1433.

Observe also, the brasses to *William Tanner*, d. 1418, *John Gladwyn*, *William . . .*, and *John Sprotte*, d. 1498, formerly masters of Cobham College. A stately monument of white marble, in the chancel, commemorates *Sir George Broke*, Lord Cobham, Governor of Calais and K.G., d. 1558, and is ornamented with figures of his wife and himself, and their ten sons and four daughters.

The living is a vicarage, valued at £391 yearly, in the patronage of the Earl of Darnley.

COBHAM COLLEGE, of which a portion—an ancient gateway—still remains, was founded about 1342, by John, Lord Cobham, and dissolved by Henry VIII. It was rebuilt about 1597-8, as appears from a record preserved among the Cobham muniments, by Sir William Broke, Lord Cobham, who bestowed upon the resuscitated foundation "all those edifices, ruined buildings, soil and ground, with the appurtenances which sometime belonged to the

late college." The governors are the warders of Rochester Bridge. It now consists of a quadrangular building of stone, 60 feet by 50, divided into separate almshouses, each of which is occupied by an aged almsman or almswoman. The hall, with its coloured windows, its blackened roof, and oaken screen, is interesting.

Before the tourist quits this prettiest of Kentish villages, this leafy and sequestered Cobham, he will do well to "quaff" a glass of ale to the immortal memory of Mr. Tupman, at the "clean and commodious alehouse," which, according to his great biographer, Mr. Charles Dickens, he selected as a place of pleasant retirement from the noisy and unfeeling world. He who would know more of Mr. Tupman, and the reason which influenced him in withdrawing from public life—he who would learn the particulars of the famous archæological discovery made here by Mr. Pickwick, may consult, to his pleasure and profit, the immortal pages in which the adventures of those gentlemen are graphically recorded.

From LONDON to GRAVESEND.

☛ From CHARING CROSS, WATERLOO, CANNON STREET, or LONDON BRIDGE STATIONS.

[New Cross, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Lewisham, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. (*Loop line* here); Blackheath, 1 m.; Charlton, 2 m.; Woolwich Dockyard, 1 m.; Woolwich Arsenal, 1 m.; Abbey Wood, 2 m.; Erith, 2 m.; Dartford, 3 m.; Greenhithe, 3 m.; Northfleet, 2 m.; Gravesend, 2 m.; = 24 m. from London.]

[*Loop Line*.—The traveller by this route leaves the main line from London to Dartford, *via* Lewisham, on the left after passing St. John's Station, and at Hithe Green proceeds due east to LEE STATION; the trunk line to Dover, *via* Sevenoaks, running straight forward to Grove Park. The village of Lee (now rapidly becoming a town), with its four district churches, is situated on the left of the station. In the parish churchyard is buried Halley, the Astronomer Royal, who died in 1741. About a mile farther on is ELTHAM STATION, to the left of which stand the ruins of the old palace sometimes called "King John's Barn." POPE STREET, the next station, is situated just off the main road from London to Maidstone, by way of Farningham and Wrotham. This is the most convenient station for explorers of the places situated on or adjacent to the Cray river. SIDCUP STATION is next passed, near which is situated Ursula Lodge; and then BEXLEY. The church here has a brass and monument to Sir J. Champneys and wife, date 1556. Near Bexley Heath, on the left of the line, is Danson Park. The railway then crosses the Cray river to CRAYFORD STATION. In the Cray valley a good deal of labour is employed in calico printing, saw and paper mills. A little farther on this section of the line joins the old route, *via* Woolwich and Abbey Wood to Dartford and Maidstone.]

FOR the convenience of tourists we proceed to sketch the country traversed by the North Kent main line.

We are borne along upon an extensive viaduct, through the suburbs of London—squalid alleys and clamorous streets gradually giving place to large market gardens—a tall “forestry of masts,” conspicuous on our left, over houses and church-steeple; and to our right the Crystal Palace, raising its glittering walls against a background of glossy foliage. We pass the busy station of NEW CROSS, and shortly afterwards reach LEWISHAM* (5 m. from London), a long irregular village, which lines, for upwards of a mile, the high road to Bromley and Sevenoaks, and is watered by the small river Ravensbourne. It formerly possessed a cell or priory, connected with the Abbey of St. Peter’s at Ghent, to which foundation the manors of Lewisham, Greenwich, and Deptford were given by Eltruda, the fair niece of King Alfred, and the pious wife of Count Baldwin of Flanders.

LEWISHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, was rebuilt in the pseudo-classical style about 1774-7. Noticeable memorials are those to *Dr. Stanhope*, a former vicar, d. 1728, who is characterized as “a good Christian, a solid divine, and a fine gentleman;” and to *Mary Lushington*, d. 1797—the monument by Flaxman, the inscription by the poet Hayley. The living is a vicarage, valued at £1100, in the gift of the Earl of Dartmouth.

[At Southend, a small and pretty hamlet, 2 m. from Bromley (formerly famous for a steel-mill), was built a neat chapel in 1848-9. St. Bartholomew’s (Sydenham), valued at £248, and Christ Church (Forest Hill), valued at £150, are both in this parish, and in the gift of the Earl of Dartmouth. A chapel has been recently erected at Dartmouth Place.]

The FREE SCHOOL is situated on the ascent to Blackheath. It owes its foundation and endowment to the munificence of Abraham Colfe, d. 1657, vicar of Lewisham, who, “in the great rebellion was much revered by the orthodox party for his religion and learning.” The trust (including an almshouse), is now administered by the Leathersellers’ Company.

At Lewisham was born, in 1588, good Brian Duppa, one of King Charles’s chaplains, and successively Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester.

At 6 m. from London we reach the BLACKHEATH Station. To the right, and ascended to by a busy and respectable street, stretches the well-known Common—a dry, breezy, tract of open sward, surrounded by neat villas, and dotted with clumps of ancient trees.

* From *Lewes* (Saxon, pastures) and *ham*, (a home or settlement). Population of the parish, 15,064; of the town, 10,563.

A throng of interesting associations seems, spirit-like, to move across it, and before its old historic glories fades away that everyday life of nurses and children, cockney excursionists, and holiday-'prentices, to which it is commonly surrendered.

Let us shake our historical kaleidoscope, and note its changes.

Scene the first:—A dark expanse of wild furze-covered waste, surrounded by waters and streaming morasses, save where the firm causeway of the new-made Roman road (Watling Street) runs towards the great AUGUSTA, already a city of considerable repute. To its borders, at deep night, come the vanquished but now contented Britons; and here they bury their dead, and raise over them the memorial *barrow*. *Scene the second*:—(A.D. 1381).—The heath is alive with angry men, armed with clubs, and partisans, and pikes, who move swiftly to and fro, and mutter deep curses on their tyrant-rulers. As they sweep onward, like a rolling tide, you may hear them cheer lustily when their fellows raise the cry, “Wat Smith the Tyler, for ever!” And now, the Princess of Wales, known in the flush of her youthful beauty as the “Fair Maid of Kent,” widow of the Black Prince, and mother of Richard II., crosses the Common with her retinue. Our English insurgents gather round her. Shall they hold her as a hostage? Mark how her woman’s wit shall prevail over those rough spirits! She entertains them with gracious words; she bribes their leaders with a few pence; and then, through the surging multitudes, rides on triumphant! *Scene the third*:—(A.D. 1415).—A martial sound of elarions and trumpets, and a great noise of voices! London’s lord mayor and aldermen, and four hundred of its most distinguished citizens, clothed all in scarlet, with hoods of red and white, have assembled to greet a victorious monarch, Henry V., fresh from the red field of Agincourt.

“How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in!”

SHAKSPEARE.

Scene the fourth:—(A.D. 1450).—Again a rebel force assembles on Blackheath, and on yonder barrow is planted the banner of their chief, Jack Cade. Behold, they bring before him a miserable wight, his hands tied behind his back, and his head drooping low in mortal fear. “Who’s there?” demands their leader.

"The clerk of Chatham," replies Smith the weaver ; " he can write and read, and cast accompt."

" *Cade*.—O monstrous !

" *Smith*.—We took him a setting of boys' copies.

" *Cade*.—Here's a villain ! . . . Away with him, I say ; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck."—(*Shakspeare*, Henry VI.)

Again we shake the kaleidoscope. *Scene the fifth*.:—The heath bristles with armed men ; with 16,000 gallant Cornish miners, who, under Lord Audley, have risen against Henry VII., and here confront the royal forces, led by the Earl of Oxford, D'Aubigny the great chamberlain, and the king himself. The spot where Michael Joseph, the Bodmin farrier, pitched his tent, was long pointed out, and named by the peasantry, "The Smith's Forge." But neither Lord Audley's skill, nor the courage of farrier Joseph and lawyer Flammock, aided the unfortunate rebels. Two thousand perished on that bloody field, and fifteen hundred were taken prisoners. Again the scene changes :—(A. D. 1519.) A legate has arrived from the Pope of Rome—"a just and learned priest"—Cardinal Campeius ; and here, at Blackheath, he is welcomed by the Duke of Norfolk, and a great number of prelates, knights, and gentlemen, who conduct him to a "rich tent of cloth of gold," and wait upon him while he dons his cardinal's robes. *Scene the seventh*.:—A cold keen morning in January (the 3d January 1539), and at the foot of Shooter's Hill, are pitched numerous tents and pavilions, wherein blaze odoriferous fires, fed with perfumed woods. Around them, and across the heath, even to the gate of Greenwich Park, the furze and bushes have been cleared away, that the spectators may have a full view of the approaching spectacle. And against the park-palings stand the merchants of Spain, of Genoa, Florence, and Venice, in costly suits of velvet, while the road is lined with wealthy London traders and civic dignitaries, "wearing many chains of gold." About the tents have assembled the chivalry of England—knights and nobles, gorgeously apparelled ; and behind them, on stout horses, are mounted their retainers, "tall and comely personages, and clean of limb and body." The clocks of Greenwich chime twelve, as, escorted by a hundred horse, by peers and prelates, knights and squires, down from Shooter's Hill towards the tents, descends the queen-bride, Anne of Cleves. "When the king knew," says the old chronicler, "that she was arrived in her tent, he with all diligence set out through the park. He was mounted on a goodly

courser, trapped in rich cloth of gold, and apparelled in a coat of purple velvet, made somewhat like a frock, all over embroidered with flat gold of damask, with small lace mixed between, traverse-wise, so that little of the ground appeared ; about which garment was a rich guard, very curiously embroidered !” And so, with outward courtesy, but inward disgust, King Henry of England met his German bride.

One more scene, and we relinquish our kaleidoscope. London has sent forth her citizens to welcome the second Charles (May 29th, 1660). The army, headed by the astute Monk, is here drawn up in glittering array to greet the very king whom at Worcester it had so signally overthrown. Exultant cavaliers press forward to gaze upon the Stuart, and salute him with joyous shouts, with scattered flowers, with tears of gladness pouring down their cheeks. Amongst them, but scarcely of them, is a grey-haired knight whose loyalty has been severely tested in the furnace of persecution. His faithful hound crouches by his side. The king recognizes the gallant old cavalier, and addresses him in gracious language. Happy Sir Henry Lee ! He has lived to see the Stuart regain his throne, and now his work is done. Well may he be content to die. And the glittering pageant passes on, leaving the dead behind it !*

Adjoining Blackheath (S.) stands MORDEN COLLEGE, founded (about 1695) by Sir John Morden—a rich merchant-prince, who had accumulated a large fortune at Aleppo—for the support of twelve decayed Turkey merchants. Later benefactions have enabled the foundation to extend its advantages to upwards of seventy almsmen, chiefly persons who have been engaged in the Levant trade. The college is a considerable brick building, with two small wings, enclosing a quadrangle. Pleasant grounds encircle it, and there are a chapel and cemetery adjacent. Over the entrance, observe statues of Sir John, d. 1708, and his lady, d. 1721, who lie buried in a vault within the chapel. Their portraits may be seen in the hall. Each pensioner is allowed £20 per annum, and a convenient apartment, but takes his meals at the common table.

Near Trinity Church, a deep cavern, called the POINT, penetrates about 150 feet into the side of the hill. It is divided into four cells, or chambers, hollowed out of the chalk, and connected by narrow passages. A well of clear fresh water has been sunk

* Sir Walter Scott's "Woodstock."

in the farthest cell. Neither history nor tradition enlighten us upon the origin of this cavern, but it was probably constructed by the Saxon hinds as a hiding-place from their Danish foes.

In this neighbourhood the botanist will meet with *ornithopodium majus* (great bird's foot), *lunaria*, *cornu cervinum*, harebells, lady's mantle, and *asperula quinta*.

[LEE lies one mile south, on the road to Eltham, and is surrounded by many good houses and some pleasant country. The new Church, dedicated to the Saviour, is neat and unpretending. The old Church, dedicated to St. Margaret, is an ancient but dilapidated structure. Its graveyard contains the dust of *Dr. Edward Halley*, d. 1741, the famous astronomer, whose name is associated with the great historical comet. Here was buried *William Parsons*, the comedian, d. 1795 :—

“ Here Parsons lies ; oft on Life's busy stage
With Nature, reader, hast thou seen him vie ;
He science knew, knew manners, knew the age,
Respected knew to live—respected die.”

The living, a rectory, valued at £464, is in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor.]

The next station on the North Kent line is at

CHARLTON (population, 9547), “anciently written *Ceorl-tone*, i.e., the settlement of the ceorls, or husbandmen”—(*Hasted*). It is popularly divided into Old and New Charlton ; the former seated on the hills, and belted round with many leafy landscapes ; the latter lying in the vale which opens upon the river. CHARLTON CHURCH, dedicated to St. Luke, stands at the eastern extremity of the old town, rising clear and distinct against the rich deep background of the HANGING WOOD. It was rebuilt, about 1640, by the trustees of Sir Adam Newton, the prudent governor of Prince Henry ; and contains a monument to that worthy and his wife, d. 1629, executed, at a cost of £180, by Nicholas Stone ; an ostentatious memorial to Mr. Secretary *Craggs*, d. 1721, best remembered for his connection with “the South Sea Bubble ;” a figure of a man in complete armour, with the usual accessories, inscribed to Brigadier-General *Michael Richards*, d. 1721 ; and a tablet to *John Turnpenny*, Esq., who “by industry acquired, by economy improved, and with equity dispensed, a considerable fortune among his surviving friends, having *turned* many a *penny* into pounds.” A bust by Chantrey, with an inscription, commemorates the Right Hon. *Spencer Percival*, d. 1812, who, while Prime Minister, was assassinated by the madman Bellingham. By a somewhat singular coincidence, in a vault in the churchyard are interred the remains of the unfortunate *Edward Drummond*, the private secretary of Sir

Robert Peel, for whom he was mistaken by his murderer M'Naughten. He was a brother of the present rector, the Rev. Arthur Drummond, and a brother-in-law of the lord of Charlton, Sir T. Maryon Wilson. The rectory of Charlton, valued at £600, and the perpetual curacy of the New Church, dedicated to St. Thomas, are both in the patronage of the latter gentleman.

CHARLTON HORN FAIR is associated by some authorities with a royal intrigue already alluded to (p. 10), while others connect it with the winged ox—the well-known symbol of St. Luke, to whom the church is dedicated. Some small fragments of painted glass, which escaped the iconoclastic fury of the Puritans, and may still be examined in the church, would seem to confirm this supposition. They represent the evangelist's head and shoulders, and portions of his ox, "bearing goodly horns upon his head." A third suggestion is advanced by Philipot, who says it was named Horn Fair "by reason of all sorts of winding horns, and cups, and other vessels of horn, there brought to be sold."

"Horn Fair"—now a very sedate and orderly holiday, beginning on the festival of St. Luke (October 18), and continuing for three days—was formerly a riotous saturnalia, "infamous for rudeness and indecency," which brought together the rakes and thieves of London, and the rustic debauchees of the neighbouring villages. Nicholas Breton's "Pasquin's Nightcap; or an Antidote for the Headache," published in 1612, tells us that its frequenters

"In comely sorts their foreheads did adorne,
With goodly coronets of hardy horne;"

And he adds,—

"Long time this solemne custome was observed,
And Kentish men with others met to feast;
But latter times are from old fashions swerved,
And grown repugnant to this good behest;
For now ungrateful men these meetings scorn,
And thanklesse prove to Fortune and the Horn,
For onely now is kept a poor goose fair,
Where none but meaner people do repair."

For our own part, we think this "solemn custom" was "more honour'd in the breach than the observance."

[To CHARLTON HOUSE (Sir T. M. Wilson, Bart.) we shall hereafter introduce the tourist (see EXCURSUS II.); but there are other mansions of historic interest in the vicinity. CHERRY GARDEN FARM was built, it is said, by Inigo Jones, for his own residence. On Maze Hill, near Blackheath, two houses, euphoniously named

"the Bastile," and the "Minced Pie House," were erected by Sir John Vanbrugh. BRUNSWICK HOUSE, near Greenwich Park, was frequently the residence of Lord Chesterfield, and afterwards of the Duchess of Brunswick. At LYTTLETON VILLA resided the gallant Wolfe, the hero of Quebec.]

At 9 miles from London, after passing through a considerable tunnel, we reach the WOOLWICH DOCKYARD Station; and next, the ARSENAL Station. We then traverse the Plumstead Marshes, gradually approaching the river. On our right, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant, lies the village of PLUMSTEAD, upon the Woolwich road. (Population 24,502.)

At the east end of the village stands the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, an ancient but not particularly handsome structure. In the south wall observe the Early English windows. The graveyard contains numerous tombs to artillery officers; and a stone inscribed with the well-known epitaph:—

"Weep not for me, my parents dear,
There is no witness wanted here;
The hammer of Death was given to me
For eating the cherries off the tree."

The living, a vicarage, valued at £701, is in the gift of the incumbent, the Rev. W. Acworth.

The neighbourhood of Plumstead, especially Shooter's Hill and Erith, has been celebrated by the poet Bloomfield, who sometimes retired here for the benefit of his health, which, as he tells us, he was wont to seek—

———"Where, with all his might,
The joyous bird his rapture tells,
Amidst the half-excluded light
That gilds the foxglove's pendent bells;
Where, cheerly up this bold hill's side
The deep'ning groves triumphant climb;
In groves Delight and Peace abide,
And Wisdom marks the lapse of time.

"O'er eastward uplands, gay or rude,
Along to Erith's ivied spire,
I start, with strength and hope renew'd,
And cherish life's rekindling fire.
Now measure vales with straining eyes,
Now trace the churchyard's humble names,
Or climb brown heaths that abrupt rise,
And overlook the winding Thames."

ABBEY WOOD, 12 miles from London, derives its name from LESNES ABBEY, which lies south, on the edge of the wood, and about 2 miles from Erith. The word Lesnes (*pr.* Lesness) is traced by some to the Saxon *leswes*, pastures; by others, to the Old Kentish *lesnesse*, signifying forgiveness. Neither etymology seems satisfactory. It is the name of the hundred, and of the district attached to the Abbey, which stretched from woodland to water-side, and had its landing-place at Erith, *Ærre-hythe*, the old haven—(*Lāmbarde*).

The Abbey was founded and endowed for Augustinian canons in 1178, by Richard de Lucy, Chief Justiciary of England. In the following year, having retired from public life, he sought shelter within its walls. But he lived only a few months; and before the close of the year was interred in the choir of his new church, with this epitaph upon his stately tomb:—

“Rapitur in tenebras Ricardus Lux Luciorum,
Justicie pacis dilector, et urbis honorum.
Christe, sibi requies tecum sit sede tuorum;
Julia tunc orbi lux bis septena notebat,
Mille annos c. novem et septuaginta movebat.”

Both Abbey and Church were dedicated to St. Mary, and St. Thomas the Martyr—Archbishop à-Becket, who had formerly excommunicated De Lucy, and whose saintship the founder thus endeavoured to propitiate.

Various benefactors increased the Abbey's revenues; but it never ranked among the wealthier and more powerful of English monastic foundations. Thus it fell an easy prey to Wolsey's rapacity, in 1524, when he was solicitous to raise an ample endowment for his new college at Oxford. Its income, at that date, was returned at £186 : 9s. yearly. When the great cardinal was stricken from his “pride of place,” the abbey-estate reverted to the Crown, was granted to William Brereton, and afterwards to Sir Ralph Sadler. Through other changes it passed, until it devolved, *temp.* Charles I., upon Christ's Hospital, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

The ruins now extant are inconsiderable. The north wall of the refectory, and the boundary wall of the convent garden, may be examined, and the site of the cloister court detected by curious eyes. The present house, Abbey Farm, occupies the site of the ancient monastic grange.

At ERITH, 14 miles, there is a station. Erith, and its immediate neighbourhood, we have already described, pp. 36-38.

Traversing some pleasant country, with occasional glimpses of the river on our left, and many fat meadows and well-wooded hills to the right, we reach, 17 miles from London Bridge, the busy town of

DARTFORD.

[Population, 10,163. Hotels: The Bull, Victoria.]

Imagine two steep and abrupt hills, one, to the west, of chalk; the other, to the east, of a deep sandy loam; let a swift stream, coming up from the south, run between them, and widen, when beyond their slopes, into a broad tidal creek; see a firm and well-kept highway descending the western and climbing up the eastern height, skirted on either side by inns, and shops, and private houses, and crossing the stream by a substantial bridge, where, in the old days, existed a ford and ferry; between the hills and the noble river into which the creek we have spoken of empties its waters, place a wide expanse of marshland, while south of the town shall spread a breezy heath, and a changeful landscape of wood, and upland, and meadow—and you will have pictured to yourself the picturesque position of busy Dartford.

The Darent (*dwr*, Celtic, water; compare Dart, Douro, Adur, Dover, and Durovernum (Canterbury)

———“in whose waters clean

Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant stream,”

rises in Westerham Parish, near Squerries Park, ripples onward to Brasted, where it separates into two streams, which are reunited between Chipstead and Riverhead—runs northward by Otford, Shoreham, and Lullingstone, washes the base of Farningham Castle, and continues to South Darent; again flows in a two-fold course for about a mile, and receiving, below Dartford, the Cranford, and afterwards the Cray; broadens into Dartford Creek, and empties itself into the Thames. Its total length is 30 miles.

The main street of Dartford is a part of the famous old Dover road, and its numerous inns recall the life and bustle of the days of post-horses, postilions, and stage-coaches. From its right hand side branches off (S.) the road to Farningham, Otford, and Sevenoaks; on the left, a turning named Water Lane leads to the wharves and mills upon the Creek. The PLACE is situated

close to the waterside ; the CHURCH stands near the east end of the High Street, not far from the county bridge. The Darent was simply crossed by a ferry until the reign of Henry VI. ; and the fishery of Dartford Creek was at one time of considerable value. Now, the flourishing condition of the town is attributable to its paper and powder mills, which employ a large number of hands. The first paper mill was established by Queen Elizabeth's jeweller, Sir John Spielman, and was one of the earliest in England ; its site is occupied by a powder mill, while the paper mill near it stands in the place of a mill, founded, in 1590, by Geoffrey Box, of Liege, for cutting iron bars into rods. At that time Dartford contained 182 houses, 4 quays, and 7 ships and boats (three of 3 tons, one of 6, two of 10, and one of 15).

Wat Tyler, the hero of the people's revolt in Richard II.'s reign, was an inhabitant of Dartford ; and it was here that his daughter received the insult which fanned into a flame the smouldering embers of discontent. Hither, in Henry III.'s days, came the Archbishop of Cologne, on the part of Frederick, Emperor of Germany, to demand in marriage Isabella, the king's sister ; and the nuptials were solemnized by proxy in this town. A famous tournament was here celebrated by Edward III. in 1331. On Dartford Brent, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile east, Richard of York encamped his forces (A.D. 1452), while negotiating with Henry VI., whose army was then at Blackheath ; and, in 1648, it glittered with the pikes and morions of the Puritan soldiers of Fairfax.

The PRIORY of Dartford was founded, in 1355, by Edward III., for Augustinian nuns, and dedicated to the Virgin-Saints Mary and Margaret. It speedily received rich endowments, and rose into such repute, that its prioresses were usually ladies of high degree—among whom may be particularised the princess Bridget, youngest daughter of Edward IV. Much noble dust was interred within its sacred walls—the aforesaid princess-prioress ; Lady Joan Scrope, and Lady Margaret Beaumont, both prioresses ; and Catherine, the widow of Sir Maurice Berkeley. At its suppression, its yearly revenues amounted to £380 : 9 : 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ —(*Dugdale*).

Henry VIII. converted it into a royal residence for himself, but afterwards granted it to Anne of Cleves. It reverted, on her death, to the Crown, and was exchanged by James I., with Sir Robert Cecil, for his mansion and estate at Theobalds. The Cecils transferred it to Sir Edward Darcy, who died here in 1612

The mansion, then called "the Place," was a brick building of the date of Henry VII., and appears to have been established on a splendid scale; but its only remains are a large gate-house, and a south wing adjoining, which is now occupied as a farmhouse. Much of the ancient boundary-wall may still be traced.

On the east side of the town stood a CHANTRY, dedicated to St. Edmund the Martyr, which was at one time so highly esteemed that the Canterbury pilgrims turned aside to greet it: and the old Watling Street highroad was sometimes named "St. Edmund's Way." Edward III. bestowed it on the Priory, and not a stone of it is now discernible.

DARTFORD CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, a stately building, with a tower, three aisles, and north and south chancels. The chancel was restored in the year 1863. The Screen (Decorated) is worthy of careful examination. Observe the monument to *Sir John Spielman*, d. 1607, with figures of himself and lady kneeling before a desk; and the brasses to *Richard Martyn*, d. 14—, and his wife, d. 1402; Captain *Arthur Bostocke*, d. 1612, his wife and six children; *Agnes Molyngton*, d. 1454; *Thomas Rothele*, d. 1464, his wife and four children; and *William Death*, d. 1590, with figures of his wives Anne and Elizabeth, his ten sons and six daughters. The rectory of Dartford, valued at £534, is in the patronage of the Bishop of Rochester.

From an old local rhyme it would seem that Dartford formerly bore no enviable character. We were desired to repair to

"Sutton for mutton, Kirkby for beef,
South Darent for gingerbread, and Dartford for a thief."

Between Dartford and Dartford Brent may yet be observed indication of the ancient ROMAN ROAD. It turns south after crossing the heath, and proceeds by way of Stonewood and Shinglewell to Rochester. Three small barrows were formerly noticeable in this vicinity. In the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth public executions took place in a gravel pit on the Dartford border of the Brent.

The botanist will find in this neighbourhood, on the breezy chalk downs, which here overlook such pleasant landscapes, the swarthy clusters of the juniper, and various species of orchis—the butterfly satyrion, the bee orchis, and, more rarely, the lizard orchis. Both sketcher and geologist will do well to cross

Dartford Heath to WILMINGTON, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile—the latter a quiet and picturesque hamlet, which in the summer sunlight—

“Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.”

The views across the river are instinct with life and motion.

On the heath some curious hollows and caverns, descended to by deep narrow shafts, and spreading below into a very network of cells and galleries, may be examined. Some are 70 to 80 feet in depth. They were first dug, perhaps, for the sake of the chalk, which was employed in agricultural operations; and afterwards enlarged into hiding-places an invader was not likely to detect.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. By the Darent, through Wilmington, to Farningham, passing Darent, and its Norman church, Sutton-at-Hone, and Horton Kirkby.—A coach to Farningham leaves Dartford Station daily.—Continue south-east to Eynsford and Lullingston Park. Cross to Chelsfield, and turning northward, visit Orpington and St. Mary's Cray. Follow the course of the Cray through the villages of St. Paul's Cray, Foot's Cray and North Cray. Return to Dartford across Bexley Heath,—a day's tour, not far short of 20 miles. 2. Through Perry Street to Erith. Visit the Belvidere. Continue your route east to Lesnes Abbey; cross Plumstead Common to Shooter's Hill; descend into Eltham; and return by way of Blenden, Bexley, and Crayford,—about 19 miles. 3. Through Stone and Greenhithe to Gravesend. Keep south to Shinglewell. Pursue the course of the old Roman Road, through Southfleet and Stonewood (keeping Swanscombe Wood on your right) to Dartford—15 miles. 4. Through Darent Wood, and by Green Street Green, to Longfield; then south to Hartley; cross by way of Meopham, into Cobham, and through Shorne and Chalk into Gravesend. Or from Meopham to Gravesend by omnibus. Return by rail, or by boat, to Erith, and walk to Dartford.]

To resume our railway route. We pass, in due time, Erith, 14 miles, and Greenhithe, 20 miles—the scenery on either hand being of an interesting character—and through some chalk-cuttings, arrive at Northfleet, 21 miles, the last station on the North Kent Railway before Gravesend is gained. Of these localities, however, we have already spoken in the preceding route.

EXCURSION TO ELTHAM AND CHARLTON HOUSE.

[From Greenwich, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m.; from Blackheath, 4 m.; from Lewisham, *via* Lee, 3 m.; from Woolwich, *via* Shooter's Hill, 5 m.; also by rail direct, *via* Dartford loop line.]

“Pity the fall of such a goodly pile.”—SHIRLEY.

CROSSING a picturesque bridge of four arches, we find ourselves within the precincts of Eltham Palace—the ivy-shrouded ruins

of its ancient wall stretching around us. The moat which the bridge spans varies in breadth from 50 to 100 feet, and encloses an area of about an acre. On the west side it is at its broadest, as there its waters dimpled and sparkled before the principal front of the palace, whose windows looked out across a leafy park to the distant roofs and spires of the august London. The bridge was built by Edward IV., and took the place of an ancient wooden drawbridge.

Before us now stands the ruined mansion where, in its days of glory, our Plantagenet sovereigns were wont to hold high revel. The GREAT HALL, chequered with the shadows of an aged elm or two, is all that remains of the goodly pile, which once contained, besides the noble banquetting chamber, a fair chapel, and six-and-thirty rooms below stairs, eight-and-thirty above. There were thirty-five bays of buildings round the court-yard, divided into seventy-eight offices. The whole was disposed of by the Long Parliament to their soldier, Nathaniel Rich, for £2753.

By applying at the adjoining cottage, we obtain admission to the hall, which is now preserved by the owner of the adjoining property. The lofty groined roof is of timber, the interstices of the framing being filled with pierced panelling. Observe the interesting Screen, now black with the touch of centuries; and the high music-gallery, where skilful fingers were wont to bring forth marvellous harmonies—"in linked sweetness, long drawn out." The two magnificent and richly-decorated bays at the upper end, and the side windows, placed so far above the ground that rich hangings might be used to decorate the wall, next attract our attention; and the dais, or raised platform, where sat the king and his court in gorgeous state, and looked upon the gay "masques" or fair "disguising" enacted upon the rush-strown floor.

" There the raised platform, near the bay,
Served well for stage : that oriel gay
Rose with light leaves and columns tall,
Mid ' roial glass ' and fretwork small ;
While tripod lamps from the coved roof
Showed well each painted mask aloof.'

This splendid apartment is 100 feet in length, 36 feet in breadth, and 55 feet in height. It has five double windows on each side, and at the extremity of the hall on each side a fine oriel.

While standing within this hall, haunted by the memories of the immortal dead—knights, lords, and ladies, whose names are historic, and whose lives are still mingled with our national life—let us recall the principal incidents with which it is connected.

It is probable that our Saxon kings had a residence at Eltham (*eald-ham*, the old home or dwelling), but we first read of its palace in history as the scene of grand Christmas revels held by Henry III. and his Queen, in 1270, “and this belike,” says an old chronicle, “was the first warming of the house after that Bishop Beke had finished his worke.” This Anthony Beke or Beck, Bishop of Durham and Patriarch of Jerusalem, spent immense sums upon its “edification and adornment;” made it his favourite dwelling-place, and died under its roof in 1311. A strange warrior-priest was Bishop Beke! At the battle of Falkirk he led the English van; at Rome he opposed, single-handed, a body of robbers who had broken into his house. “So active was his mind, that he always rose when his first sleep was over, saying it was beneath a man to turn in his bed. He loved military parade, and had always knights and soldiers about him, and, through vanity, was prompted to spend immense sums; for forty fresh herrings he once gave a sum equal to £40 sterling; and a piece of cloth, which had proverbially been said to be too dear for the Bishop of Durham, he bought, and cut into horse-cloths.” —*Hutchinson*, Hist. Durham.) This bold prelate was the luxurious but splendid architect of Eltham Palace, which after his decease reverted to the Crown,* and became a well-loved residence of Edward II.’s. Here was born his son, John of Eltham,

* “Anthony Becke, Bishop of Durham and Patriarch of Jerusalem, built this (Eltham) in a manner new, and gave it unto Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., after he had craftily conveyed unto himself the inheritance of the Vescis, unto whom the place before belonged. For that Bishop, whom the last Baron de Vesci had made his feoffie for trust of all his inheritance to the use of William Vesci, his little base (bastard) son, dealt not so faithfully as he should with this orphan and ward of his, but despoiled him of Alnwick Castle, of this Eltham, and other fair lands.”—*Camden’s Britannia. Kent.*

afterwards Earl of Cornwall, and "custos of the citie of London." Here Edward III., greatest of the Plantagenets, held several Parliaments; and here, in 1364, he right royally entertained the prisoner of Poitiers, King John of France. Here, too, when his sun went down in cloud and shadow, he spent many a day of lingering sorrow—heavy in body and in spirit. Here Richard II. made the groined roof ring with shouts, and laughter, and brave music—"maintaining the most plentifulle house that ever anie kinge in England did, either before his daie or since, for there resorted daily to his court above 10,000 persons that had meate and drinke there allowed them. In his kitchen there were 300 servitors, and everie other office was furnished after the like rate; of ladies, chamberers, and larderers, there were about 300 at the least, and in precious and in costlie apparell they exceeded all measure. Yeomen and groomes were clothed in silkes, with cloth of graine and skarlet, over sumptuous, ye may be sure, for their estates."—(*Holinshed.*) Here he received Leo, King of Armenia, "a Christian prince, whom the Tartars had expelled out of his kingdom;" and here he held a great council and pronounces sentence of banishment on the Earl Marshal and the Earl of Derby, for having angered him. Henry IV. next comes upon the scene, and, with a gloomy brow and thoughtful eye, celebrates the Christmas feast of 1405; and here, at a later date, first feels the fatal malady of which he died. His grandson, the "faint-hearted and degenerate" Henry VI., was often a resident at Eltham; and his bold and large-minded successor, Edward of York, built the great hall, which is still its glory and its pride. Here was born his fourth daughter, Bridget, afterwards Prioress of Dartford. Henry VII. made some few additions to the palace, but better loved "the Pleasaunce" at Greenwich. All his children, however, were educated at Eltham, except Prince Arthur, and here Erasmus paid them a visit, accompanied by Thomas More, afterwards the famous Chancellor.

Henry VIII. spent two Christmasses in this stately palace, but it had few attractions for him, and by his successors was rarely selected as a residence.* During the Civil War it was occupied by Robert, Earl of Essex, and after his death here (1646), shamefully despoiled by the rude rough hands of the Parliament-

* King James was at Eltham in 1612, after which it does not seem to have been visited by any of the royal family—(*Hasted*). Queen Elizabeth, in her infancy, was often brought here for change of air.

arian soldiers. In 1650 it was sold, as we have already stated, to Major-General Rich. It again reverted to the Crown at the Restoration, and Charles II. presented it to Sir John Shaw. The trees were felled ; the old palace turned into a quarry ; and the great hall owed its preservation to the accident that it was considered likely to make a capital barn !

Before quitting this interesting locality, the tourist will wish to examine the curious subterraneous passages (*souterrains*) which were discovered, some years ago, beneath the site of the old palace. A trap door, in what is now an uncovered court, opens into an underground apartment, ten feet by five, from which a narrow passage leads into a series of other passages, shafts, stairs, cells, and decoys—some vertical, and some on an inclined plane—some intended to admit fresh air, and others to allow the discharge of missiles at an advancing enemy. “About 500 feet of these passages have been entered and passed through in a western direction towards Middle Park, and under the moat to the extent of 200 feet. The arch is broken down in the field leading from Eltham to Nottingham, but still the brick work can be traced further, and proceeding in the same direction. The remains of two iron gates, completely carbonized, were found in that part of the passage under the moat ; and large stalactites, formed of super-carbonate of lime, hung down from the roof of the arch, which sufficiently indicated the time that must have elapsed since these passages were last entered.”—(*Beattie*).

While at Eltham, the tourist will not fail to visit its CHURCH, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and situated at the west end of the village street, not, indeed, for its architectural merits, nor for its antiquity—only the north aisle and spire having any claims to a venerable old age (A.D. 1667)—but because in its vaults are interred *Dr. George Horne*, d. 1792, “the worthy and excellent” Bishop of Norwich, whose “Commentary on the Psalms” is still held in estimation ; and *Doggett*, d. 1721, the once popular comédian, and well-remembered donor of “the coat and badge,” emulously contended for every August by those Thames watermen who “feather their oars” with “such charming dexterity.” Here, too, lie interred *Sir William James*, d. 1783, the conqueror of Severndroog Castle (see p. 35), and his son, *Sir Edward William James*, d. 1792.

John and Thomas Philipot, authors of a “Survey of Kent,” published in 1659, were natives of Eltham. Vandyke had a

house here to which he resorted in the summer time ; and to its pleasant shades retired the erratic John Lilburne, after he had turned Quaker, and abandoned political strife—dying here in 1657. It was also the scene of Dr. James Sherard the botanist's avocations ; he formed a fine botanical garden, described by his protege Dillenius (Professor of Botany at Oxford), in his "*Hortus Elthamensis*," published in 1752. Dr. Sherard died at Eltham in 1739. His house, on the north side of the town, is still in existence.

Quitting Eltham and its many decent villas, we cross Shooter's Hill, admiring the noble landscape which it overlooks, and recognising that "*memorabilis amœnitas*" which the old topographer speaks of as "*penè citius animus quam oculus diffudit aspectu, non Britannia tantum, sed fortassè tota Europa pulcherrimo*,"—we descend into Old Charlton, keep towards the Church, and soon find ourselves in front of

CHARLTON HOUSE.

Evelyn speaks of the prospect from this point as "doubtless, for city, river, ships, meadows, hills, woods, and all other amenities, one of the most noble in the world ;" and certainly such a landscape spreads around as is not easily to be matched for variety, life, and splendour. The mansion is seated upon a fair hill, and embowered amid aged trees. It forms an oblong square, with slightly projecting wings, crowned by turrets, and ornamented along the entire front by an open stone balustrade. The arched entrance is flanked on both sides by two Corinthian columns, and above them are two grotesquely carved pillars. To Inigo Jones the design is generally attributed, and the house is said to have been built by Sir Adam Newton, between the years 1607 and 1612, for his pupil, Prince Henry.

Noticeable in the interior are the spacious oak-panelled hall ; the massive staircase, of chestnut wood ; the chapel, its doors exquisitely carved ; the saloon, with its arabesque ceiling and finely sculptured marble chimney-piece ; and the gallery, of oak, panelled, 70 feet in length. In the latter, the chimney-piece is beautifully wrought with the story of Medusa, the workmanship being of rare excellence. The drawing-room was formerly decorated with a marble chimney-piece "so highly polished," that, it is said, Lord Downe, while on one occasion sitting near it, saw

in its mirror-like surface the reflection of a robbery committed upon Shooter's Hill, and caused his servants to apprehend the thieves. There are many good family portraits scattered through the principal rooms, and in the north gallery hangs an excellent portrait of Prince Henry. After Prince Henry's death Sir Adam, though appointed treasurer to Prince Charles, spent the remainder of his days chiefly in study and retirement among the shades of Charlton. The estate next devolved upon his son, Sir Henry Newton, a gallant and devoted royalist, whose "good housekeeping and liberality to the poor gained him the general love and the esteem of his neighbours." In 1659 he disposed of it to Sir William Ducie, afterwards Lord Viscount Downe, whose representatives sold it to Sir William Langhorne, an East India merchant. Sir William's kinswoman, Mrs. Margaret Maryon, next inherited it, and her son, John Maryon, bequeathed it to his niece, who married Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, sixth baronet "of that ilk," and grandfather of the present lord of Charlton, Sir T. Maryon Wilson, Bart. The Natural History Museum, commenced by the late Lady Wilson, and augmented by the present baronet, is "curious and interesting."

The Park contains about 100 acres, beautifully diversified, and especially happy in the crowning glory of magnificent trees. The approach to the gardens, which contain some rare foreign plants, is through a fine avenue of yews. Of the ancient cypresses praised by Evelyn for their size and antiquity, a solitary tree remains, overshadowing a picturesque "drinking-house" in the grounds which front the mansion.

Whatever historical interest attaches to Charlton is connected with the residence, under its stately roof, of Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I. It was here he prosecuted his studies, carefully superintended by Sir Adam Newton. It was here he first displayed those graces of mind and disposition which made him the hope and darling of the nation. D'Israeli the elder has recorded some anecdotes of his early years in lively and polished language. He observes that Sir Adam filled his office of preceptor with no servility to the capricious fancies of the young prince, while, to encourage his generous spirit and playful humour, he allowed a freedom of jesting which sometimes provoked him to a momentary irritability. One day Newton, who wished to set an example to the prince in heroic exercises, was practising the pike, but tossed it with so little skill as

to fail in the attempt. The young prince telling him of his failure, Newton obviously lost his temper, observing, that "to find fault was an evil humour." "Master, I take the humour of you." "It becomes not a prince," replied Newton. "Then," retorted the young prince, "doth it worse become a prince's master." Newton was sometimes severe in his chastisement; for when the prince was playing at golf, and had warned his tutor, who was standing by in conversation, that he was going to strike the ball; on his lifting up the golf club, some one exclaimed, "Beware, sir, that you hit not Master Newton!" The young prince drew back his club, but observed, with a smile, "Had I done so, I had but paid my debts." King James once asked his noble son, of whom he was unnaturally jealous, and whose death he is accused of having foully procured, which were the best lines he had learned in the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*? Henry immediately replied:—

"Rex erat *Æneas* nobis, quo justior alter
Nec pietate fuit nec bello major in armis"—

Æneas was our king, than whom was never man more admirable for virtue, or more illustrious in arms. Had he lived, he might have realized for England this noble model, and Henry IX. have rivalled Henry V., whom, it is said, he strikingly resembled in person. So Ben Jonson tells us:—

"Yet rests that other thunderbolt of war,
Harry the Fifth; to whom in face you are
So like, as fate would have you so in war."

The brave young prince died in 1612, aged eighteen, and the great poets of his time flung *immortelles* upon his grave. Webster, Donne, Drummond, Chapman, and others of the Muses' brotherhood, mourned him in fitting verse.

From GRAVESEND, via ROCHESTER, to MAIDSTONE.

[By rail to Higham, 5 m. ; Strood (for Rochester), 2 m. ; or by road to Chalk, 2 m. ; Shorne, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Gad's Hill, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. ; Rochester, 2 m. ; Chatham, 1 m. ; from Strood, by rail, to Cuxton, 3 m. ; Snodland, 3 m. ; Aylesford, 2 m. ; Maidstone, 4 m.]

“ Sequestered leafy glades,
That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral fox-gloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat's-eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch-trees, or long grass which hems
A little brook. . .

A jutting point of land,
Whence may be seen the castle gloomy and grand.”—KEATS.

The North Kent Railway from Gravesend to Rochester passes through a country of little interest. Traversing the parish of Milton, it runs almost parallel to the course of the Thames and Medway Junction Canal, until it enters, beyond Higham Station, the long dreary tunnel once occupied by the canal waters. Glimpses of the sail-crowded river, of the Essex meadows beyond, and the churches of East and West Tilbury, seated at different points of a low range of hills, occasionally amuse the tourist, and to the right his eye roves over a fair expanse of wooded uplands and bowery hollows. At 5 miles from Gravesend he reaches

HIGHAM (population, 843), where a Benedictine nunnery was established in 1151, whose first prioress was King Stephen's pious daughter Mary. Near the east end of the church a farmhouse, with some Early English windows, has significant marks of antiquity, and was probably a part of the ancient monastic foundation. Observe, also, some remains of the old abbey wall, very richly adorned with luxuriant ivy.

About a mile from the church, near the road to Cliffe, a pleasant village on a considerable ascent, stands Lillechurch House, where the Priory, or Abbey of Higham, as it is now called, is supposed to have been first erected ; “ behind the garden of which, in a field called Church Place, many human bones have been found.”—(*Hasted*).

From Upper Higham, or Higham Ridgeway, an ancient Roman causeway, nearly 30 feet wide, traverses the marshes to a ferry on the Thames, which formerly communicated with East Tilbury (on the Essex shore). According to some authorities, Plautius led his legions across the river at this point (A.D. 43), in pursuit of the unhappy Britons.

HIGHAM CHURCH is dedicated to St. Mary, and consists of two chancels, north and south aisles, and low tower. *Memorials*:—To *Robert Hylton*, d. 1529, one of Henry the Eighth's yeomen of the guard; and *Elizabeth Bottler*, d. 1615. The living is a vicarage, valued at £518, in the gift of St. John's College, Cambridge, which was endowed with the church and the abbey estates by Henry VIII.

Two miles from Higham we reach STROOD (population, 5667), the station for Rochester and Chatham, and a suburb of Rochester. In fact, Chatham, Rochester, Brompton, and Strood, form one large and populous town, connected by a bridge across the Medway, which is, as the reader knows, a tidal river, rising as high as 18 feet in spring tides, and 12 feet in neap tides. The present structure illustrates the mechanical science of the age, and the skilful enterprise of Messrs. Fox and Henderson, its builders. It is the third bridge which, at this point, has spanned the Medway. The first, of wood, existed before the Conquest, and was 430 feet in length. It "was fyred by Symon, the Earl of Leycester, in the time of Harry the Third; and not full twentie years after, it was borne away with the ice, in the reign of King Edward, his sonne." A stately structure of stone was then erected by Sir John de Cobham and Sir Robert Knowles, at their joint expense. It consisted of eleven arches; was originally 460 feet long and 15 feet broad; but, in 1793, was widened to 27 feet, and its eleven arches reduced to ten. For upwards of four centuries and a half it was the pride and glory of Rochester.

The present iron bridge occupies the site of the wooden one, and when its foundations were laid, in 1850, many of the iron-shod oaken piles, used in the ancient structure, were recovered from the bed of the river. The four piers rest upon iron cylinders, which are sunk below the river-bed, and filled in with concrete. They rise as high as low-water mark, above which are carried the courses of masonry supporting the bridge itself

The centre arch has a span of 170 feet; the two side arches, 140 feet each. The swing-bridge, at the Rochester end, is moved by some peculiarly ingenious machinery, and though weighing 200 tons, is easily regulated by two men. The ship-canal afforded by its removal is about 50 feet in width.

A railway bridge, notable for its hideousness, crosses the river a few feet to the left of its magnificent neighbour, and carries the North Kent line towards Chatham.

STROOD CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was formerly annexed as a chapelry to the parish church of Frindsbury, but rendered independent by Gilbert, Bishop of Rochester, *temp.* Richard I. In the present structure, erected in 1812, only the ancient tower has been preserved. Remark the brass, with figures, to *Thomas Glover*, d. 1444, and his three wives. The other memorials, though numerous, are not interesting. The vicarage, valued at £238, is presented to by the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

On the north side of the High Street, near the churchyard, may be traced some fragments of the ancient NEWARK or STROOD HOSPITAL, founded, early in the reign of Richard I., by Gilbert de Glanville, bishop of Rochester, "for the receiving and cherishing therein the poor, weak, infirm, and impotent, as well neighbouring inhabitants as travellers from distant places, who should be suitably provided with beds, victuals, and drink, until their departure from thence." A chronic feud long subsisted between the Hospitallers and the monks of St. Andrew's, Rochester, which resulted at last in a desperate encounter in the orchard of the hospital. The Hospitallers triumphed, but the men of Strood and Frindsbury, their stalwart assistants, felt the vengeance of the monks, who ordered them to walk in penitential array to Rochester every Whit-Monday, carrying the "Frindsbury clubs," with which they had done such execution. The hospital was suppressed by the omnivorous Henry VIII.

Strood manor was bestowed by Henry II. upon the Knights Templars, who maintained here a Preceptory until the dissolution of this famous order. Some portions of it may be examined in the old manor-house, which occupies a pleasant site on sloping ground near the river bank.

The Roman population of DUROBRIVÆ (Rochester) had a cemetery on this bank of the Medway. On its site numerous relics have at different times been discovered.

Having thus conducted the railway traveller to the foot of

Rochester Bridge, we return to Gravesend for the sake of those wayfarers who, like ourselves, may prefer the high road, and that leisurely enjoyment of "fresh fields and pastures new" the pedestrian alone can command.

After quitting Milton, we proceed by a well-kept highway, and through a pleasant country-side, where waving corn fields and verdurous hop-grounds make up a pleasant picture, to

CHALK (population, 291), 2 miles from Gravesend,—a quiet hamlet with a quaint old church ; the latter standing in an angle of the road, on a considerable hill, and bearing on its gray walls and embattled tower "the characters" of antiquity. The few trees which are scattered around it seem also of a venerable age. Dedicated to St. Mary, it is chiefly noticeable for the quaint sculpture over the door, representing a grotesque figure, holding a jug with both hands, and looking upwards, laughingly, at an equally grotesque figure, a tumbler or morris-dancer, whose antics appear to have given him infinite satisfaction. Between these, in an Early English recess, formerly stood—in strange juxtaposition!—a statuette of the Virgin Mary. Two fantastic masks make up the sculpture. It is probably a memorial of those old village festivities known as "Church Ales"—annual feasts of bread and ale, due to the posthumous charity of benevolent parishioners. Thus, one William May of this parish bequeathed (A.D. 1512) "in bread six bushels of wheat, and in drink ten bushels of malt, and in cheese twenty pence, to give to poor people for the health of his soul" on each anniversary of his decease.

The Church of Chalk was appropriated to the Benedictine Priory of Norwich, in 1327, by the bishop and convent of Rochester. It afterwards belonged to Cobham College, and at the dissolution of religious houses passed to the Crown. The living, a vicarage, is valued at £200.

A short distance below the church, a turning on the right leads the wayfarer to the village of

SHORNE (population, 984), lying upon rather high ground, and girt about with clumps of elms and deep masses of orchard-bloom, out of the very heart of which rises the gray old church. Observe therein the altar-tomb, and effigies, in armour, of Sir *Henry de Cobham*, surnamed "Le Uncle," to distinguish him from his nephew, Sir Henry of Cobham Hall. This worthy was

five times Sheriff of Kent, and was knighted by King Edward I. for his valorous conduct at the siege of Caerlaverock. Notice, too, the curious octangular Decorated font, wrought with scriptural subjects from the history of the Saviour, and the following *brasses*:—*John Smyth*, d. 1437 ; *John Smith* and *Marian*, his wife, d. 1457 ; *William Pepys*, d. 1468, and *Thomas Ellys*, d. 1569, both vicars of Shorne ; *Edmund Page*, d. 1550 ; and *Elynor Allen*, d. 1583. The vicarage, worth £358, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

The sole celebrity of Shorne is a certain wonder-working philosopher, named “Maister John Shorne” or “Sir John Shorne”—

“ Maister John Shorne,
That blessed man born ”—

who cured agues, and confined the devil in a boot, and though never canonized, had shrines erected to his honour both here, at Marston, near Gravesend, and North Marston, Bucks. At Windsor, a chapel was devoted to him ; and at Cawston and Gateley, in Norfolk, he is pictured on the rood-screens with a glory about his head.

The tourist must now return into the Rochester Road, which he will regain at a point near the famous and picturesque locality of

GAD’S HILL, so called from the constant depredations committed upon unwary travellers by minions of the moon—*gads*, or rogues, as the vernacular termed them, from the heavy clubs which they made use of. In Shakspeare’s time, and for many a long year afterwards, this spot had a very unsavoury reputation. As early as 1588, the ballad of “Gadshill” (by Faire) celebrates its nocturnal pastimes. Clavell’s “Recantation,” published in 1634, speaks of

“ Gad’s Hill, and those
Red tops of mountains where good people lose
Their ill-kept purses.”

Clavell was a robber ; and Gad’s Hill was the scene of his first achievements. The Danish ambassador was here made “to stand and deliver” (A.D. 1656), and had the satisfaction of receiving on the following day a polite apology from his well-bred assailants, who protested that “the same necessity that enforce’t the Tartars to break ye wall of China, compelled them to wait on him at Gad’s Hill.” In 1676, a footpad, named Nicks, way-

laid a traveller on the hill at four in the morning, and, instantly taking to horse, rode across the country to York, where he ostentatiously played bowls at a quarter to eight the same evening. (Compare this incident with the tradition of Dick Turpin's ride.) The road then ran through a thick and leafy wood, which afforded convenient shelter to "Saint Nicholas' Clerks," while they lay in ambush for "a franklin" from "the weald of Kent," or "pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses." Its eternal association, however, will be with Shakspeare's Falstaff and his "men of buckram;" with Poins, Bardolph and "wild Prince Hal;" with that famous example of thief robbing thief which "is argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." No "true man" will pass the "Sir John Falstaff" Inn, on the summit of the hill, without drinking a glass of amber ale to the memory of William Shakspeare.

A few paces from the inn, on the opposite side of the road, stands, in a very pleasant situation, the country house of the late Charles Dickens. It is said that many years before he became proprietor, and when but in the promise of his fame, he selected this locality as the place of his future residence. The house—a neat red brick structure—stands in a large and agreeable garden, under the shadow of some noble trees, and commands some delightful landscapes.

On the left, the tourist will be unpleasantly confronted by an obelisk of stone, erected by the good people of Rochester to an heroic auctioneer, euphoniously named Larkins, whose special claims to immortality we have unhappily forgotten.

Passing Gad's Hill we may turn aside, on the left, to FRINDSBURY (population, 2208), a village which occupies high ground overlooking the Medway. Its CHURCH, a notable object when viewed from the streets of Rochester, consists of a chancel, north and south aisles, and steeple crowned by a spire; and has no marks of any considerable antiquity. It is dedicated to All Saints. The oldest memorials are those to *Thomas Butler*, d. 1621; *Henry Needler*, d. 1661; and *Robert Oliver*, d. 1666. The font is ancient and curious. The vicarage, valued at £449, is in the patronage of the Bishop of Rochester.

A road on the right leads (from Frindsbury) to UPNOR CASTLE, erected by Queen Elizabeth for the defence of the Medway, but now principally made use of as a powder magazine. The tourist will

remember that it is associated with the shameful shadow of a national disaster, and the glory of a deed of heroic patriotism. During our wars with the Dutch, in 1667, De Ruyter determined upon making an attack on the English dockyards, of whose unprepared state he was well aware ; and with seventy men-of-war, besides fire-ships, he anchored, on the 7th of June, at the mouth of the Thames, and made a descent upon Sheerness. Fifteen iron guns, and a large quantity of naval stores, repaid him for his daring. Sir Edward Spragge made what immediate preparation he could to retard his advance, and was assisted by the counsels of the Duke of Albemarle, whom the king sent down from London to take the chief command. Mr. Pepys tells us that he found him at Gravesend, on the 10th of June, just come to take order for the defence, "and a great many idle lords and gentlemen, with their pistols and fooleries, and the bulwark not able to have stood half an hour had the Dutch come up." Meanwhile all London was in a panic, "everybody was flying, none knew why or whither ;" and the wealthier citizens buried their gold and jewels.

The Dutch sailed up the Medway, broke the boom, and set fire to the guard-vessels moored behind it. The next day (June 13th) they sent six men-of-war and five fire-ships against Upnor Castle, but met with so vigorous a resistance that they were obliged to withdraw in disorder. As they returned, they burnt the "Loyal London," "Great James," and "the Royal Oak,"—a fine 80-gun ship, which was defended with brilliant valour by her commander, Captain Douglas.* Rather than desert his flag, the old sea-hero remained in the vessel, and perished with her, observing that a Douglas was never known to quit his post without orders. "Whether it be wise," says Sir William Temple, "for men to do such actions or no, I am sure it is so in states to honour them ;" and the English traveller, as he gazes on Upnor Castle, will not fail to recall the noble self-devotion of this heroic man.

The Dutch did no farther mischief. Twenty-two stately ships were lying at Chatham, but the check at Upnor Castle

* "Much him the honour of his ancient race
Inspired, nor would he his own deeds deface ;
And secret joy in his calm soul does rise,
That Monk looks on to see how Douglas dies."

ensured their safety ; and after a brief engagement between a portion of the Dutch fleet and a small English squadron under Sir Edward Spragge, in which the latter was victorious, the enemy retired from the Thames.

Descending Stroud Hill, we find ourselves at the foot of Rochester Bridge (p. 77), and see before us the glittering Medway, and beyond, the grim keep of the old fortress, and the tall tower of the Cathedral springing out of a mass of many-coloured roofs. The view from this point is very striking. "How solemn," says Mrs. Radcliffe, "the appearance of the Castle, with its square ghastly walls, and their hollow eyes rising over the right bank of the Medway, gray, and massive, and floorless—nothing remaining but the shell." The river runs clear and limpid, save where the shadows rest upon it of huge dismasted men-of-war, "laid up in ordinary," or stately screw steam-ships, which

" Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine."

A curious combination the twofold scene presents of rural landscapes "above bridge," and military pomp and pride below. Here the eye rests on smiling meadows and rich masses of foliage ; there, on the long lines of the buildings of the Arsenal, vast building-slips, and chalk-hills crowned with defensive works.

An eminent hand, one of "the celebrities" of Rochester, has transferred the picture before us to the immortal pages of "the Pickwick Papers," as it presented itself to the admiring gaze of Mr. Pickwick. "On the left of the spectator lay a ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some, overhanging the narrow beach below in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of sea-weed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind ; and the green ivy hung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of its old might and strength, as when, 700 years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side, the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a windmill, or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed

swiftly across it, as the thin and half-formed clouds skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on ; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound, as the heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream."

But let us cross the bridge, and enter

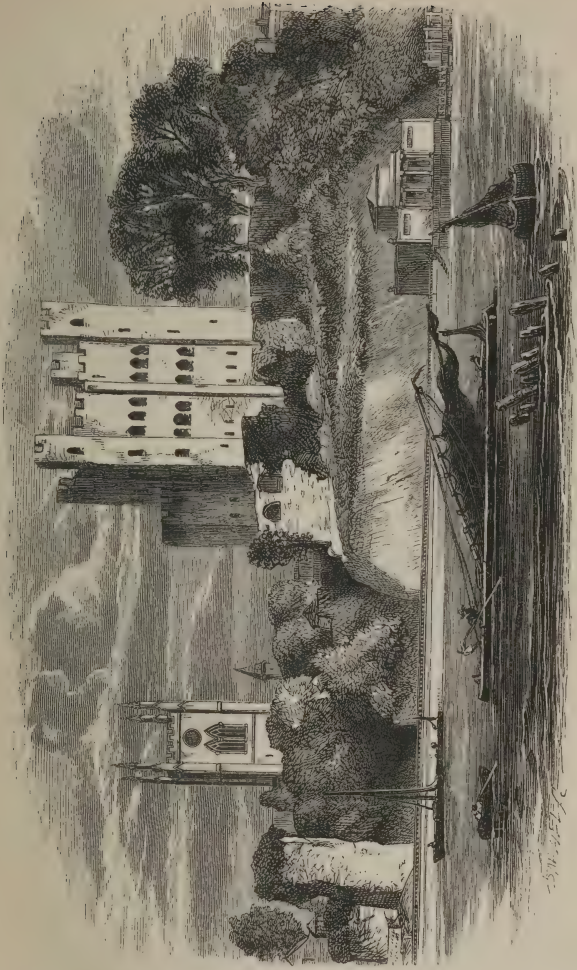
ROCHESTER.

[Population, 21,307. Hotels:—The Bull, King's Arms, Crown, Royal Victoria.]

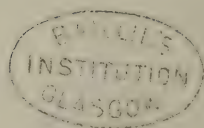
The town consists of one principal street—the High Street—from which, to the right and left, branch off smaller streets, each in its turn sending out narrow alleys and passages, either winding round the hill, or sloping towards the river. It is not a town of great business, and during the day has a very quiet and respectable appearance ; but towards the evening soldiers and seamen ramble in from Chatham, and enliven it in a manner which the tourist may not find so agreeable as it was considered by Mr. Pickwick. Its antiquity, however, is anything but despicable. It was the Romano-British *Durobrivæ* (compare the root *dwr*, water, as in Adur and Douro), and commanded the point where the Watling Street crossed the Medway. According to some authorities it was also named Roibis ; according to others, its first Saxon lord was called Hrof, whence came the Saxon *Hrofe-ceastre* ; and it was, at all events, a considerable military station, for Bede speaks of it as "the castle of the Kentish men." King Ethelbert built here, in 597, shortly after his conversion to Christianity, a church in honour of St. Andrew, and erected the city into a bishop's see. He also founded a monastery for secular priests, which fared but ill in the troublesome years previous to the Norman Conquest. Rochester, indeed, from its position, was exposed to the shocks of battle and the horrors of a siege whenever a hostile force landed in Kent.

It submitted to the Norman Duke, after the fatal field of Hastings, without resistance, and fell to the share of Odo of Bayeux, warrior and priest, who afterwards fortified it against William Rufus (A.D. 1088), and stoutly held it until he obtained favourable terms of capitulation. During the reign of the first and second Henrys it suffered severely from fire ; nor did it escape the sword and the torch during the Baron's War. Falling

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ROCHESTER CASTLE.



at length into the power of Henry III., he ordered a deep fosse to be dug around the city, and its walls to be repaired and restored.

Few of our English cities have been oftener favoured with royal visits. On their frequent passage from the seaside to London, our earlier sovereigns necessarily progressed through it,—through streets alive with banners and arches, with the gleam of spears and the noise of clarions. Here Henry the Eighth, on New Year's Day 1540, paid his first homage to Anne of Cleves, and was “marvellously astonished and abashed” at the plainness of her features. Here Henrietta Maria, a fairer but unhappier bride, paused with her loving consort King Charles, after their wedding at Canterbury. Here Queen Elizabeth took up her abode (1573) for five days, being well entertained on the fifth by Mr. Watts, “at his house on Bully Hill.” Here the pedantic James, in company with the King of Denmark, devoutly listened to a sermon delivered by the silver-tongued Dean of Chester, Dr. Parry (A.D. 1606). Through its bannered streets rode Charles II., in 1660, on “coming to his own again,” and was presented with a silver basin and ewer. His successor, James the luckless, came to Rochester after his abdication (December 19, 1688), and was received into the house of Sir Richard Head—stealing away, on the night of the 23d, with the Duke of Berwick and two attendants, on board a tender which lay in the Medway. It was also honoured—happy city!—by several visits from the Hanoverian sovereigns, and the good and gentle Victoria has several times passed through its streets on her way to the military hospital at Chatham, where it has been her noble pleasure to soothe and encourage her wounded Crimean heroes.

Rochester is a municipality and a parliamentary borough, “with everything handsome about it”—with a mayor, recorder, and twelve aldermen (incorporated by Charles I. in 1630)—with one representative in the House of Commons—with a Town Hall (erected in 1687) of the usual pseudo-classical character—a weekly market, and biennial fairs. Among its representatives have been several naval heroes—Sir Cloudesley Shovel (1695-1705), Sir John Leake (1708-13), Admiral Vernon (1741-7), Sir Chaloner Ogle (1747-54), Sir Richard Bickerton (1790-6), and Admiral Tufton (1796). Its present members are J. A. Kinglake, Esq., and P. W. Martin, Esq.

The two great objects of attraction to the tourist in this ancient city are, necessarily, the CASTLE and the CATHEDRAL, which, as well as St. Nicholas Church, stand very near one another on the south side of the High Street. Let us first visit the CASTLE.

Within its walls—on the spot where once assembled steel-clad knights and jerkined knaves—where once the seething torches shone round the heavily-laden board, and nimble feet footed it merrily upon the rush-strewn floor—are cultivated a small patch of flower-spangled sward and a modest kitchen-garden, belonging to the person who leases the castle from its proprietor, the Earl of Jersey. With these evidences of modern life and taste, the ruins contrast strangely but effectively, and the eye passes with delight from the dark, dense ivy, clustering over the gray old keep, to the radiant blossoms which bloom and brighten around it. The ruins are admirably kept, and round the interior wall of the keep runs a staircase, which is accessible even to ladies, and enables them to reach the summit without let or hindrance.

And when the summit is gained, what a landscape spreads around! Chiefest feature of all, runs and sparkles through all “the enchanted ground” the “Medway smooth,” its banks crowned with masses of foliage, its waters alive with shipping, and reflecting the deep shadow of Boley (*Beau lieu*?) Hill. You see the hill! It is partly artificial, and the mound on one side of it may have borne at one time the defensive works of Briton or Roman. On this ascent stands the house named SATIS, the successor of a mansion inhabited by Master Richard Watts (famous for his animosity to proctors), who here entertained Queen Elizabeth, and, when bewailing the unworthy reception he had given her, was gratified with the royal lady’s emphatic reply, “SATIS!” Roman relics have been excavated on this historic hill.

Turn to the right, and you see the river stretching far away to its point of junction with the “royal-towered Thames”—washing the suburbs of Brompton and Stroud, rippling past the “castled Upnor,” martial Chatham, and busy Gillingham. Nearer to you rises the sacred tower of the Cathedral, and beneath spread the dingy roofs of old Rochester town. The view is bounded in the distance by a chain of lofty hills.

Let us now examine the ruins more minutely. The keep is,

of course, the "lion." Its admirable position in a strategical point of view should be noticed, and the excessive strength of its masonry. The Medway defended it on one side, on the other sides, a deep fosse. Its outer walls were strengthened by square towers, placed at regular intervals. They are faced with Caen stone, the centre being filled up with a mixture of mortar, sand, flint, and pebbles, technically known as grout-work. Its form is quadrangular, and it is nearly 70 feet square at the base. At each of the four angles rises a turret, about twelve feet square. Adjoining the east angle is a small tower, about two-thirds of the former in height, and 28 feet square. Here was made the chief archway or *entrance*. Up a flight of steps, of unusual width, and through a richly decorated gateway, lords and ladies, knights, squires, and pages, with the clink of armour and the glimmer of snowy plumes, entered the principal apartments of the castle; while for men of low degree, soldiers, retainers, and servants, there was a common entrance to the lower chambers, store-rooms, dark and obscure, and the well, which, in the event of a siege, became of singular importance. A hollow tunnel or shaft connected with it, passed through the centre of the partition-wall from turret to foundation, so that water could easily be supplied to every floor. A small arched doorway on the north-east side of the Great Tower opens upon a flight of steps leading into a vaulted cell or *prison*, underneath the Small Tower, a low, damp, unwholesome dungeon, which the fancy may readily fill with "the ceaseless groans of pale despair."

Let us now ascend the winding staircase built within the walls of the keep, whose massive masonry has resisted all the attempts of unscrupulous Vandals, and the depredations of time. We reach, at about 14 feet from the ground, the first storey. Here the rooms were above 20 feet in height. The flooring has long ago disappeared, but we can mark its position by the holes in the walls where the huge oaken joists were placed for its support. "The apartment in the north-east side, in the Small Tower over the prison, and into which the outward door of the grand entrance opened, was on this floor, and was about 13 feet square, and richly ornamented with Norman chisel-work, in which the chevron moulding on the arches of the doors and windows is the characteristic feature. This room communicated with the state apartments in the Great Tower, by means of an archway, 6 feet by 10, and secured by means of a portcullis, the groove

for which is well worked in the main wall through to the next storey. The rooms also communicate with each other by means of arches in the partition ; and in the external walls are many holes, or œillets, for the admission of light, and the discharge of weapons in time of siege. In the north angle of this floor appears to have been a small room, with a fireplace in it, which antiquarians have described as the guard-room of certain officers of the garrison.”—(*Beattie.*)

On the second storey was situated the Baronial Hall or principal apartment, 32 feet high, a magnificent illustration of the grandeur and richness of Norman architecture.

“ Kings and heroes here were guests
In stately halls, at solemn feasts.
But now, nor dais nor halls remain ;
Nor fretted window’s gorgeous pane
Twilight illuminated throws
Where once the high-served banquet rose.”

The central partition is formed by three massive columns, each 18 feet in height, which form four noble and richly decorated arches. The interior arches, doorways, and windows, were also ornamented with chevron mouldings ; the chimneys were semicircular, and very capacious, and the smoke was carried off by apertures in the walls. A narrow arched passage is carried round the whole of the keep, about midway between this storey and the next.

On the upper floor, or third storey, may have been placed the Chapel. The apartments here were 16 feet in height. The roof was long ago removed, so that the eye of the spectator ranges from top to bottom over the bare discoloured walls. Ascending to the battlements (104 feet from the ground), he gazes around upon a landscape of infinite variety. The river winds through a smiling country side ; the busy town beneath lies in a purple atmosphere ; broad lights and shadows chase each other over the woodlands of the Weald of Kent ; here rises the tall tower of the Cathedral ; yonder stretch the grim fortifications of Chatham ; repose and action are noticeable in the closest juxtaposition.

Rochester Castle, then, as the tourist has now discovered, was “strongly fortified both by art and situation,” and before Roger Bacon’s explosive compound revolutionized the science of war, might

justly have been considered a stronghold of extraordinary security. Probably it occupies the very site of the ancient Romano-British or Saxon fortress, long known as "the castle of the Kentishmen." As the report goeth, says Camden, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux and Earl of Kent, built a portion of the present castle, and the manor of Rochester was conferred upon him by his half-brother, the Conqueror. When Odo joined the revolt against William Rufus (A.D. 1088), it was here he at first resolved to await the attack of the royal forces. Having, however, entrusted its defence to Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, he himself retired to Pevensey, when, after enduring a siege of seven weeks, he was obliged to capitulate. Pledging himself to surrender Rochester to the king, he obtained a speedy pardon, and was despatched by Rufus, with an escort of horse, to carry out his engagement. But there were then in the gray towers of Rochester the flower of the young nobility of Normandy and England, and these gallant youths, as they stood upon the castle ramparts, plainly discerning that the bishop's countenance contradicted the speech of his attendants ("vultum episcopi cum militum verbis non convenire percipientes,"—*Matthew Paris*), rushed through the gates, seized upon the bishop as if by force, and bore him and his guards triumphantly into the castle. The stratagem was ingenious, but did not long avail the crafty prelate. King William led a powerful army against him, and after a close siege, forced him to surrender. The terms which were granted the English considered much too favourable. William's Norman adherents, however, were unwilling to despoil and weaken their friends and kinsmen. "We pray thee," they exclaimed, "we, who have stood by thee in thy greatest peril as we stood by thy father, we pray thee to spare our fellow-countrymen." So King Rufus yielded, and granted the besieged permission to leave their stronghold with their arms and horses. Then Odo presumed yet further, and strove to obtain a promise that the victor's music should not ring out in triumph when he and his adherents yielded up the castle. The king, in great wrath, exclaimed,—"Nay, *this* favour I will not grant him for a thousand marks!" So that they were constrained to issue forth amid the blare of trumpets and the clash of clarions. When Odo appeared—with pale but haughty brow, and unfaltering step—the clamour rose more angrily. The Saxons cried out, "Ropes! bring ropes! Let us hang this traitor-bishop and his accomplices! Why dost thou suffer him

to go in safety? He ought not to be let live—the perjured murderer!”*

Nearly a century and a half elapsed before the Medway again re-echoed the noise of trumpets, and reflected the glitter of spears. The castle of Rochester was then defended by William de Albini, Earl of Arundel—one of the confederated barons who gained Magna Charta—against King John and his forces (A.D. 1217). A curious incident of the siege is told by Matthew Paris:—On one occasion while King John and his counsellor, Savaric de Mauleon, were reconnoitring the Castle, they were discerned by a bowman of great repute, who immediately addressed himself to William de Albini, and besought his permission to aim at the sanguinary tyrant. “Nay, nay,” exclaimed the baron; “far from me be the heavy guilt of compassing the death of the Lord’s anointed.” “He would not spare thee,” rejoined the archer, “if thou wert in like case.” Then rejoined the baron—“That would be as the Lord pleases; the Lord disposes, and not I.” In this did De Albini resemble David, who in similar manner spared Saul when he might have slain him.

At length, “they within, for want of vittels, were constrained to yield it up unto the king, after it had been besieged the space of threescore daies; during which time they had beaten back their enemies at sundrie assaults with great slaughter and losse. But the king having now got the possession of that hold, upon grief conceived for the losse of so manie men, and also because he had bien so long about it ere he could winne it, to his inestimable cost of charges, was determined to have put them all to death that had kept it. But Sauveric de Mauleon advised him otherwise, lest, by such crueltie, the barons in any like case should be occasioned to use the same extremitie toward such of his people as by chance might fall into their hands. Thus the king spared William de Albiney and the other nobles and gentlemen, and sent them to Corfe Castle, and other places, to be kept as prisoners.”—(*Holinshed.*)

A few months later and the castle was besieged by Louis of France, who had come to the aid of the confederated barons, but it had suffered so severely in its recent struggle, that it was unable to offer a prolonged resistance. A grand tournament took

* “Torques, torques, afferte, et traditorem episcopum patibulis suspendite! Cur sospitem pateris abire? Non debet vivere perjurus homicida!”—*Ordericus Vitalis*, book viii.

place in the adjoining fields on the 8th of December 1251—a sort of prelude, as it were, to the fierce strife between King and Commons—between Henry III. and the great Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester—which soon afterwards broke out. Earl de Warrenne and Roger de Leyborne, the Chief Constable, then held it for the king (A.D. 1264), and so stoutly discharged their duty, that Leicester, after making himself master of every part of the castle but the keep, was forced to raise the siege. In this desperate struggle a great part of the city, as well as the bridge and the priory, were burnt down.

This is the last historical association of the old castle. It was repaired by Edward IV., but soon afterwards suffered to fall into grievous decay. King James granted the site to scurrilous Sir Anthony Weldon, and through a succession of many owners it has passed to its present proprietor, the Earl of Jersey. The Archbishops of Canterbury were appointed its Constables by Henry I., but during the unquiet reign of Stephen, the Crown resumed the right of nomination, and never again surrendered it.

Quitting the castle with our fancy inspired by memories of the old chivalrous days, we pass, by an easy transition, to

The CATHEDRAL, dedicated to St. Andrew, and founded by Bishop Gundulf (1077-1107), who built the nave and north-east tower. It was consecrated to St. Andrew for this reason:—After Ethelbert, king of Kent, had adopted Christianity (A.D. 600), he built here, at the instigation of St. Augustine, a cathedral church, and the great missionary monk affectionately dedicated it to the patron saint of that rich monastery “upon the Cælian Mount at Rome,” where he and his fellow-adventurers had passed so many years of calm repose.

Rich endowments were bestowed upon the new cathedral by generous kings and devout thegns, but in the storms of battle which, during the Danish reign of terror, swept scathingly over the doomed city, it was grievously despoiled, and, despite its pious benefactors, fell into a state of terrible dilapidation. When Gundulf, the monk of Bec, succeeded to the see of Rochester, he set to work to raise a more splendid structure; and displacing the secular canons which he found here, appointed Benedictine monks to the number of sixty. The *nave* and *north-eastern tower*, the walls of which are ten feet thick, testify to the bold conceptions of Gundulf’s architectural genius.

His successor, Ernulf, abbot of Peterborough and prior of

Canterbury (1115-1124) erected a *dormitory, refectory, and chapter-house*, and bestowed lands and costly gifts both upon church and monastery. On the 7th of May 1130, the Cathedral was consecrated by Bishop John (1125-37), in the presence of King Henry and a goodly assemblage of priests, nobles, and knights; but unhappily a great fire broke out in the city during the festivities, and the church was severely damaged. During the time of Bishop John, of Seez in Normandy (1137-1142), the work of reparation went bravely on. In 1177, it was again terribly injured by fire, and Bishop Walter (1147-82), Gualeran (1182-84), and Glanville, severally superintended its re-construction. The new roofs were covered with lead by Richard de Ross, prior, in 1199, and his successor Helias.

With the erection of a new *Chancel and Choir Transepts* by William de Hoo, prior (1239), Early English architecture succeeded to the Norman style. The *South Aisle* was built, in 1240-45, by Richard the sacristan. The *North Aisle* was begun by Richard de Eastgate, and completed by William Akenham—both Benedictine monks—about the middle of the thirteenth century. The *South Wing* of the main transept was the work of Richard de Walldene; the *North Wing*, of Thomas de Meopham and Richard de Eastgate. Prior Haymo commenced the *Tower* (1317-20), placed a window in the south-west transept, and built a doorway; the tower was completed by John de Sheppy (1336-52), who hung in it four new bells, consecrated to Sts. Dunstan, Paulinus, Ythamar, and Lanfranc. In 1344, shrines were dedicated to St. Michael, St. Paulinus, and St. Ythamar, made of marble and alabaster, at a cost of 200 marks. A baker of Perth, who, on his pilgrimage towards Jerusalem, had been murdered on the highroad, just beyond the city walls (A.D. 1201), was canonized in 1256, and a gorgeous shrine erected to his memory, where so many miracles were accomplished that the fame of Paulinus, hitherto the popular Rochester saint, underwent a grievous declension. During the battle-strife of 1264, De Montfort's soldiers committed depredations within the sacred precincts, and turned the nave into a stable,—a bad example which was readily imitated, in 1642, by the Roundhead troopers under Colonel Sandys, who made “a tippling shop” of the Cathedral. Nine years previously, its decay had attracted the attention, and aroused the indignation of Archbishop Laud, who complained that the gates were down, and the windows shorn of glass. After

the withdrawal of the Puritan soldiers, the nave was used as a carpenter's shop and yard, "several saw-pits being dug, and frames for houses made by the city joiners in it." The brasses were removed, and broken up, and many of the monuments wofully mutilated. After the Restoration, great exertions were made to restore the Cathedral to its pristine beauty; the Dean (Hardy) and Chapter contributed £7000, and the gentry of the county large benefactions towards the expenses. Extensive repairs were accomplished in 1743; and in 1825-30, the chancel underwent a restoration at the hands of Mr. Cottingham, but with more zeal than taste.

The *West Front* is chiefly Norman in style; the great eight-light window—an indifferent copy of one originally placed there in Henry VII.'s time—being, however, a noticeable exception. Observe the noble doorway, with its semicircular arch, wrought in nine recesses, and enriched with fanciful sculpture of birds, leaves, and animals. The shafts at the angles are supposed to picture Henry I. and his queen Matilda. Their workmanship was commended by Flaxman. The tympanum bears figures of the Saviour supported by two angels, and the symbols of the four evangelists; underneath stand the twelve apostles.

Of the four octagonal towers which completed this noble front, only one is extant in tolerable preservation. A statue of Bishop Gundulf, in a niche, ornaments the turret at the north angle. The great central tower retains but little of its original character, having been deprived of its spire, repaired, and "restored" by Mr. Cottingham (1825-30)—and constituting, now, the "eyesore" of the Cathedral.

Entering under the great doorway we pass into the *Nave*, 150 feet in length, and 68 in breadth, and Norman in style, except the two last bays eastward, which were added to Gundulf's work by Bishop Ernulf, and rebuilt about 1240. The triforium, stretching along the six western bays, is richly decorated, and its arches open into the aisles. The diaper-work is curious and ingenious. The clerestory is lofty, and of the Perpendicular period. The open timber roof, with its corbels moulded into seraphs who bear ornamental scutcheons, is of the same date. The font is Norman, and worth examination. *Memorials* :—To Lady *Henniker*, d. 1792, and Lord *Henniker*, d. 1803, a formidable combination of allegorical personages.

On the south-east side, three bays are occupied by *St. Mary's*

Chapel (date, Henry VII.), once used as the chapel of the Infirmary, attached to the ancient priory.

The *Western* or *Nave Transepts* (north and south), are Early English—the north transept of a later and more Decorated character than the south. The wooden roof was erected in 1840, and seems to us in very questionable taste. The piers of the tower are ornamented with clustered marble shafts. The corbels, wrought into grim human heads, are finely done. Observe the memorial to *Richard Watts*, of Satis, d. 1579—a mural white tablet, with small coloured bust, given by one Joseph Broke—the monument erected by the mayor and citizens in 1736. A grave-slab covers the spot where his remains are interred.

Ascending a flight of ten steps, we reach the *Choir* (Early English), “restored” in 1825-30, under Mr. Cottingham’s direction. The triforium is composed of three lancets, divided by shafts of Petworth marble. The foliated brackets (Early English) which support the wall-arches should be noticed for their beauty. On the wall, near the pulpit, remain the traces of an ancient fresco, which, it is said, represented the Wheel of Fortune, bearing knight, and monk, and hind, and artizan, around in its giddy gyrations. The whole of the choir is enriched with shapely shafts of dark, gleaming Petworth marble.

The *Crypt* underneath was completed in 1227, and first used at the consecration of Bishop Henry de Sandford. Portions of it seem to have belonged to the original Saxon edifice; the remainder is Early English. It contains no less than three piscinas.

In the *North Wing* of the *West Transept* (or North Choir Aisle), we first pause at *St. William’s tomb* (date, 1206), of Purbeck stone, much defaced, but with indications of decorative frescoes, and a foliated urn, still remaining. A flat stone, marked with six crosses, points out the supposed site of St. Williams’ shrine. The steps leading from this point have been well worn by the frequent feet of pious pilgrims, whose munificent offerings greatly enriched the Priory of Rochester, and enabled Prior William to build the East Choir Transept. *Memorials*—Bishop *Walter de Merton* (1274-78), who was drowned while crossing the Medway, in an open boat, at night. His Decorated tomb, of red veined marble, with effigy, was originally made at Limoges, at a cost of £64 : 17 : 6, and erected by Merton College, Oxon, in 1598. Defaced during the civil war, it was repaired in 1662. It has been recently restored (1849) by Harvey, in

exquisite taste. The effigy lies in an adjacent recess. Bishop *John Warner* (1637-66), the munificent founder of Bromley College ; his nephew, *John de Warner*, archdeacon, d. 1679 ; Bishop *Lowe* (1644-67), a large, plain altar-tomb ; and Bishop *John de Sheppey* (1352-61), which had been bricked up within the pointed arch, where it now stands, until discovered in 1825. The effigy and canopy retain the original colouring in admirable preservation and singular beauty. At the feet of the bishop lies a dog, with a scarlet collar hung with bells around his neck. The prelatial robes are richly coloured, and the manciple folded over the left arm is adorned with crystals. The iron railing, initialled *J. S.*, and of the same date as the tomb, was removed here from another part of the Cathedral.

To the east of the transepts lies the *Presbytery*, restored between 1825 and 1830, under Mr. Cottingham's superintendence. The Decorated windows at the east end were then exposed and restored. The shrine of St. Paulinus stood here, about midway between the eastern walls of the transepts. *Memorials*—Bishop *Gundulf* (1077-1108), a plain marble cist, without inscription or effigy ; Bishop *Inglethorpe* (1283-91), effigy and canopy of Petworth marble ; Bishop *Laurence* (1251-74), effigy and canopy, the latter a fine specimen of Decorated. In the north wall notice Early English piscina, and in the south three stone Sedilia (Decorated), restored in 1825, which indicate the original position of the high altar.

The *Consistory Court* is placed on the west side of the south wing (Main Transept), and was formerly the "Lady Chapel." The *Muniment Room* is on the opposite side, and was anciently a chapel, dedicated to *St. Edmund*. Observe the defaced effigy of Bishop *John de Bradfield* (1278-83). The Episcopal throne was erected by Bishop Wilcocks (1731-56).

The visitor will examine with interest the *Chapter-House Door* (in the east wall of the south transept), which, as a fine illustration of late Decorated, should be carefully inspected. Built in 1352, by Bishop John de Sheppey. It was restored by Mr. Cottingham in 1830. The sculpture presents the Christian Church as a prelate, standing in power and authority, with his crozier in his hand ; the Jewish priesthood, as a woman blind-folded, leaning on a broken reed, her crown abased, and the table of the law, reversed, in her right hand. Above are figures of Sts. Augustine, Jerome, Cyprian, and Ambrose ; while

on either side spirits rise from the flames of purgatory, and pray for the purified human soul. The mouldings are very rich and fanciful. The Chapter-House, which is of recent date, is also the *Cathedral Library*, and enshrines a valuable collection of 1100 volumes, including the MS. of the *Textus Roffense*, or records, rights, and privileges of the Church of Rochester, begun by Bishop Ernulf; and the *Custumale Roffense* (A.D. 1320), an equally important treasury of MS. documents.

The principal dimensions of the Cathedral may thus be recorded:—

	Feet.		Feet.
Total length from W. to E.	310	Breadth of Eastern Transept	95
„ Choir . . .	156	Height of Nave . . .	53
„ Nave . . .	150	„ Tower . . .	156
„ Main Transept	122½	„ Gundulf's Tower	95
Breadth of Choir and Nave .	65½	Length of Lady Chapel .	44
„ Western Transept	123½	Breadth . . .	28½

[The Chapter is composed of a dean and five canons. There are four minor canons, four archdeacons, six lay-vicars, and eight choristers. Revenues about £10,500 yearly. The Episcopal palace is Selsdon Park, Croydon. Two choral services are daily celebrated, at 10½ A.M. and 3½ P.M.]

BISHOPS OF ROCHESTER.—*Justus*, 604-24, one of the forty monks who accompanied St. Augustine on his perilous mission; *Romanus*, 624-7, drowned on his way to Rome; *Paulinus*, 633-44, canonized in 1104; *Ithamar*, 644-55, whose relics were enshrined by Bishop Gundulf; *Damianus*, 654-64; *Putta*, resigned his see in 676, and travelled through Mercia, obtaining a scanty livelihood by teaching church music; *Gubelinus*, 676- . . who abandoned the bishopric on account of its poverty; *Gel-mund*, d. 692; *Tobias*, 692-726, an Englishman, and an admirable linguist; *Adulf*, 726-41; *Dun*, who presided at a council held at Cliffe in 747; *Eardulf*; *Dioran*; *Worre*, or *Werremund*, 788-802; *Beornmod*, 802-41; *Tadnoth* and *Bedenoth*; *Godwyn I.*, 851-68; *Cuthehwulf*, 868-80; *Swithulf*, died of the plague, 898; *Buiric*; *Cheolmund*; *Chineferth*; *Alfstane*; *Godwyn II.*; *Godwyn III.*; *Seward*, abbot of Chertsey, 1058-75; *Ernost*, a monk from Bec, in Normandy, 1076; *Gundulf*, from the same monastery, 1076-1107, a mighty builder and an able priest; *Ralph*, 1108-14, who earned the by no means flattering nickname of *Nugax*, or the Trifler; *Ernulf*, 1114-24, who formed the “*Textus Roffense*”; *John*, 1125-37; *John II.*, 1137-42;

Ascelin, 1142-7 ; *Walter*, 1147-82, a famous lover of the chase—excommunicated by Becket because he assisted at the coronation of Prince Henry, son of Henry II., and condemned by the monks because he surrendered the independence of his see to the church of Canterbury ; *Gualeran*, 1182-84 ; *Gilbert de Glanville*, 1184-1214, who plunged his monks into such expensive litigation that they were compelled to coin the silver shrine of St. Paulinus into money ; *Benedict*, 1214-26 ; *Henry de Sandford*, 1226-35 ; *Richard Wendover*, 1235-50 ; *Lawrence de St. Martin*, 1250-74, who obtained the canonization of the pious baker, William of Perth ; *Walter de Merton*, 1274-77, the great Lord Chancellor and famous founder of Merton College, Oxon, drowned while crossing the Medway in a boat at night ; *John de Bradfield*, 1277-83 ; *Thomas de Inglethorpe*, 1283-91 ; *Thomas de Woldham*, 1291-1316 ; *Hamo de Hethe*, 1319-*, who repaired, enlarged, and enriched the Episcopal palaces ; *John de Shepey*, 13*-60, a man well skilled in the literature and science of his time ; *William Wittlesey*, 1360-3 ; *Thomas Trellick*, 1363-72 ; *Thomas de Brindon*, 1372-89, confessor to Richard II. ; *William de Bottlesham*, 1389-1400 ; *John de Bottlesham*, 1400-4 ; *Richard Yong*, 1404-18 ; *John Kemp*, 1419-21 ; *John Langdon*, 1421-35 ; *Thomas Brown*, 1435-6 ; *William Wells*, 1436-44 ; *John Lowe*, 1444-67, a learned man, and a great patron of literature ; *Thomas Scott*, 1467-71 ; *John Alcock*, 1471-6 ; *John Russel*, 1476-80 ; *Edmund Audley*, 1480-92 ; *Thomas Savage*, 1492-6 ; *Richard Fitz-James*, 1496-1504 ; *John Fisher*, 1504-35, a man of great ability and erudition, who strenuously opposed Henry VIII.'s divorce from Queen Katherine, countenanced the imposture of Elizabeth Barton, "the holy maid of Kent," and by his hostility to Lutheranism, gained the honour of a cardinal's hat, and lost his head, June 22, 1535 ; *John Hilsey*, 1535-8 ; *Nicholas Heath*, 1538-43 ; *Henry Holbeach*, 1543-7 ; *Nicholas Ridley*, 1547-49, burnt at Oxford for his "heretical opinions ;" *John Poynt*, 1549-51 ; *John Story*, 1551-2 ; *Maurice Griffith*, 1554-9, one of thirteen English bishops who died within a twelvemonth ; *Edmund Allen*, 1559 ; *Edmund Guest*, 1559-71 ; *Edmund Freake*, 1571-6 ; *John Piers*, 1576-7 ; *John Yonge*, 1577-1605 ; *William Barlow*, 1605-8 ; *Richard Neile*, 1608-10, the sycophantic courtier of James the First's ; *John Buckeridge*, 1610-28 ; *Walter Curle*, 1628-9 ; *John Bowle*, 1629-37 ; *John Warner*, 1637-

66, the benevolent founder of Bromley College, and benefactor of Magdalen and Baliol Colleges, Oxon ; *John Dolben*, 1666-83, who, at the battle of Marston Moor, served as an ensign in the royal army ; *Francis Turner*, 1683-4 ; *Thomas Spratt*, 1684-1713, a sort of Episcopal "Vicar of Bray," but a writer of considerable excellence ; *Lewis Atterbury*, 1713-23, eloquent, able, and ambitious—the friend of Pope, Bolingbroke, and Swift, and the zealous Jacobite adherent of Harley ; *Samuel Bradford*, 1723-31 ; *Joseph Wilcocks*, 1731-56, who refused the archbishopric of York, because "this church," he said, "is my wife, and I will not part with her because she is poor ;" *Zachary Pearce*, 1756-74, who warmly entreated permission to surrender his mitre, because every wise man would wish for an interval of repose as a preparation for death ; *John Thomas*, 1774-93 ; *Samuel Horsley*, 1793-1802, celebrated for his Version of the Psalms, and Commentaries on Isaiah and Hosea ; *George Murray*, D.D., 1827-60 ; *John Cotton Wigram*, 1860 ; *Thomas Legh Cloughton*, 1867 ; and *Anthony Wilson Thorold*, 1877.

The *Priory* of St. Andrews was established contemporaneously with the Cathedral, about A.D. 600, and was originally a chapter for six secular canons. Bishop Gundulf remodelled it in 1089, and placed in it twenty Benedictine monks, whose successors, in 1520, found it advisable "deliberately, voluntarily, and freely," to surrender up their house and its appurtenances to King Henry VIII. The only remains are a portion of wall in the Deanery Garden, supporting some arched windows of the ancient Chapter-house. The lower arches, now closed, opened into a place of sepulture beneath the Chapter-house, reserved for distinguished personages. The central arch is adorned with the signs of the Zodiac, and on a small adjacent arch may be traced the words "Aries per cornua," in Saxon capitals. The Almonry of the old priory was converted into one of the prebendal houses, but at a later period was demolished.

Three *Gates* are still extant—the Prior's, the Deanery or Sacristy, adjoining the north transept, and the College Yard or Cemetery Gate, leading from the market cross to the west door. St. William's Gate, which led to the right door, has been destroyed. The site is occupied by a passage called Black Boy Alley.

The ancient *Episcopal Palace* stood at the south-east corner of the precincts, in a position which appears to have been con-

sidered very unhealthy. In 1524, Erasmus wrote of it to Bishop Fisher, who had complained to him of illness—"I shrewdly suspect that the state of your health depends in a great measure upon your situation. The near approach of the tide, as well as the mud which is left exposed at each reflux of the waters, renders the air harsh and unwholesome. For my own part, I would not live in such a place three hours without being sick." Bishop Fisher was the last prelate who lived at Rochester; by his successors the pleasantly-situated mansion of Bromley Park was wisely preferred, until the see was enlarged, and the more suitable establishment at Danbury purchased.

We return to the High Street, where the TOWN HALL (date, 1687) attracts our attention, from the heaviness of its brick front, and the splendour of its gilt clock—the gift, in 1706, of brave Sir Cloudesley Shovel—which conspicuously projects itself into our range of vision, "as if Time carried on business there, and had hung out his sign." On the same side of the street, a short distance below the Town Hall, stands the house which sheltered the fugitive James II., in 1688, and from which he escaped through the garden to the river side, and thence on board the tender waiting for him. But more interesting to the tourist than Town Hall or king's residence is

RICHARD WATTS' HOSPITAL, so famously celebrated by Dickens in his stories of the "Seven Poor Travellers." It was founded in 1579, in pursuance of directions contained in the will of one Master Richard Watts of Satis, that an alms-house should be established containing "six rooms, with a chimney in each, for the comfort and abiding of the poor within the city," and "six good mattresses or flock beds, and other good and sufficient furniture, for poor travellers or wayfaring men to lodge in, being *no common rogues nor proctors*," for no longer time than one night—each of whom should have 4d., and "should warm themselves at the fire of the poor dwelling in the said house, if need be." The cause of Master Watts' animosity to proctors has not been ascertained. "About a thirtieth part of the annual revenue is now expended on the purposes commemorated in the inscription over the door; the rest being handsomely laid out in Chancery, law expenses, collectorship, receivership, poundage, and other appendages of management, highly complimentary to the importance of six poor travellers. In short, I made the not entirely new discovery, that it may be said of an establishment

like this, in dear old England, as of the fat oyster in the American story, that it takes a good many men to swallow it whole. . . I had been a little startled in the Cathedral by the emphasis with which the effigy of Master Richard Watts was bursting out of his tomb ; but I began to think, now, that it might be expected to come across the High Street some stormy night, and make a disturbance here.”—(*Dickens, Household Words*, vol. x.) The prescribed number of poor travellers are forthcoming every night, and they are now lodged, but not entertained, in “two little outer galleries at the back.”

A few paces below Master Watts’ anti-proctorial charity, may be observed a note-worthy house of ancient date, and under the Crown and George Inns are some vaulted cellars, with groined roofs, of the Early English period. ST. CATHARINE’S HOSPITAL, originally founded (in 1316) for lepers, and situated in Eastgate, now occupies a pleasant site on the north side of the Canterbury Road, where twelve poor people are lodged and supported in a plain but convenient house. The FREE SCHOOL, in the High Street, was established by Sir Joseph Williamson, and has always been held in good repute. David Garrick was at one time a scholar here under Mr. Colson, the once-distinguished mathematician.

ST. NICHOLAS’ CHURCH, adjoining the cathedral precincts, occupies the site of the ancient structure, completed about 1421. It was rebuilt in 1624 in the late Gothic style, and is not remarkable for its architectural beauty. The font is ancient, but there are no memorials of any interest. The living, a vicarge, valued at £150, is in the gift of the Bishop of Rochester.

ST. MARGARET’S CHURCH was granted by Bishop Gundulf to his new Hospital at Strood, but in due time transferred to the priory of St. Andrew. After the dissolution of the religious houses, it was bestowed upon the dean and chapter, the present patrons of the vicarage (£389). For many years the church consisted of a nave, 44 feet by 26 ; chancel, 33 feet by 23 ; and two small south chancels—one of which was pulled down when the church was rebuilt, enlarged, and repaired in 1824. A brass, with half-length figure, to *Thomas Codd*, d. 1464, is the only noticeable memorial in the interior.

Notwithstanding the eligible position of Rochester upon a navigable river, it boasts of neither trades nor manufactures of its own, and flourishes mainly from its connection with Chatham.

Its corporation and a "company of free dredgers" enjoy the control of an extensive oyster-fishery in the creeks and inlets of the Medway, and administer an annual revenue of £50,000. The castle and cathedral are objects of attraction during the summer months to thousands of excursionists, who help to support the credit of "the ancient city."

Rochester's literary celebrity is connected with Charles Dickens, who passed here his early years, and who, in several of his works—especially in the "Pickwick Papers" and the "Seven Poor Travellers"—has thrown over its interesting localities the charm of his playful, but always English humour.

The diocese of Rochester formerly extended across the Thames, and included the counties of Essex and Herts; but in 1877 these counties were disjoined and formed into the separate diocese of St. Albans. Rochester includes at present the county of Kent, and the eastern half of Surrey; the most populous portion of the diocese being that part of the metropolitan district south of the Thames.

We now proceed by the new road, which affords us some striking views of the Medway and its busy banks, to

CHATHAM.

[Population, 26,424. Hotels:—The Sun, adjoining the Railway Pier, Mitre.]

The main interest attaching to Chatham arises from its naval and military importance. Its streets are narrow and squalid; and its only productions are soldiers, sailors, marines, and shell-fish. The shops are filled with those commodities peculiarly favoured by seafaring people; and "the children of Israel" are here established in the various capacities of "salesmen, outfitters, tailors, old clothesmen, army and navy accoutrement makers, and bill-discounters." One long street, running parallel with the river bank, and contradictorily called the *High Street*, has numerous alleys, passages, and *cul-de-sacs* branching off from it landward; and all around and about it, on the neighbouring hills, on odd points of the river bank, at the most unexpected corners, spring up forts and defensive works—citadels, mounds of earth, trenches, counterscarps, and heaven knows what besides—forming the famous Chatham lines.



The building on the elevated ground to the river, rising so threateningly above the town, is FORT PITT, constructed in 1779-80, and now mainly occupied as a general military hospital. Here Her Majesty visited the invalid soldiers returned from the disastrous Crimea. The MUSEUM, formed both by the naval and military services, and to which admission may easily be procured, contains some interesting curiosities—a fine collection of the natural products of Jamaica, modelled in wax; specimens of rare fish and strange reptiles; an extensive series of human skulls, from various nations; and one of the old Peninsular *ambulances* for the conveyance of the wounded, so framed that it might be pulled to pieces, and borne upon the back of a horse or mule. The Fort is now surrounded by pleasant gardens, and commands a good prospect of the Medway and its landscapes.

Higher up the river, beyond Rochester Bridge, and also upon a considerable hill, stands FORT CLARENCE, now used as a military prison, and one of “a series of fortified positions which command the river, and extend from hence to Gillingham Fort.” The LINES, as we have indicated, are a series of important and admirably constructed defensive works intended for the defence of the dockyard and barracks. They start from the bank of the Medway eastward, surround Chatham and Brompton, and, on the west, descend again to the river bank. Within their circuit lie the Royal Naval Hospital; the Melville Hospital, for marines and dockyard artizans; the Brompton Barracks (Royal Engineers), where the troops are almost daily exercised in mining, pontooning, and sapping; the Hospital and Barracks for the Line, accommodating 5000 men; the Royal Marine Barracks; and the Museum, with its models of famous fortresses, pontoons, and battle-fields, its relics of “the Royal George,” and its souvenirs of our great wars. The Lines were begun in 1758, and completed in 1807.

CHATHAM DOCKYARD was commenced in the reign of Elizabeth, and originally occupied the site of the present “Ordnance Wharf.” In its present position it was established by Charles I., who constructed new docks to enable ships to float in with the tide. It was still further improved by Charles II., in whose reign occurred the shameful event already alluded to under the head of Upnor Castle, and not too bitterly recorded by Sir John Denham in his vigorous “Directions to a Painter.” “Here,” he exclaims,—

“ Here, painter, let thine art describe a story.
Shaming our warlike island's ancient glory ;
A scene which never on our seas appeared,
Since first our ships were on the ocean steered ;
Make the Dutch fleet, while we supinely sleep,
Without opposers, masters of the deep ;
Make them securely the Thames' mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that and trade ;
Draw thunder from their floating castles sent
Against our forts—weak as our Government !
Draw Woolwich, Deptford, London, and the Tower,
Meanly abandoned to a foreign power ;
Yet turn their first attempt another way,
And let their cannon upon Sheerness play,
Which soon destroyed, their lofty vessels ride,
Big with the hope of the approaching tide ;
Make them more help from our remissness find,
Than from the tide or from the eastern wind ;
Their canvas swelling with a prosperous gale,
Swift as our fears, make them to Chatham sail ;
Through our weak chains their fireships break their way,
And our great ships, unmanned, become their prey.
Then draw the fruit of our ill-managed coast,
At once our honour and our safety lost ;
Bury those bulwarks of our isle in smoke,
While their thick flames the neighbouring country choke.”

Admission to the dockyard is daily obtainable, without ticket, at ten A.M., and two P.M. The visitor, passing the private chapel for the dockyard offices, may first examine the SLIPS and DOCKS, where vessels of different sizes are in different stages of construction. There are four wet docks—one, a tidal basin, 400 feet by 96 feet, is the largest of the kind in England. The ROPE HOUSE is 1140 feet in length, by 50 feet in width, and under its capacious roof are manufactured enormous cables, two feet in girth, and some 700 or 800 feet in length—all distinguished by the coloured thread which indicates the national property. The SAW MILLS are well worth a careful inspection. They were erected by the elder Brunel, and are worked by steam machinery of unusual power. Let us suppose that a huge tree-trunk from the forests of Norway has been conveyed within their reach. “ It is placed in front of the fierce-looking teeth of three

great saws, all standing bolt upright, hungry but passive ; a workman makes a sign to them (by touching a handle), and the three fierce saws instantly commence a dance. It is a grim and grotesque *pas de trois* to their own hoarse music of a smothered scream, and the 'drum' accompaniment of buzzing wheels which have set them in motion. The saws advance from one end of the trunk, and two of them, dancing three inches apart, cut a solid plank of this thickness out of the solid centre of the trunk ; while the third saw, performing its dance at ten or twelve inches distance from its sisters, cuts out a solid beam from the solid trunk—and all this with the ease, not exactly of a Taglioni, but with the same amount of facility and rapidity which characterise a sailor's hornpipe. In another department of these mills, called the 'Mill wrights,' there is a circular-saw, the upper shoulder of whose bright-toothed disk rises through the horizontal plane of a long work-bench. The saw is made to revolve, quicker and quicker it spins ! You cannot see it move, so shade-like it appears from its velocity ; and a thick plank of hard-grained and knotty wood being gently pushed against its now invisible edge, the gray shadowy disk runs clean through it in a trice, or rather the plank runs on each side of the gray shade, having unconsciously divided itself in the middle as it ran by"—(*H. Words*). There are here at work eight saw-frames, which can each carry from one to thirty saws ; and two circular-saw benches, with the necessary capstans and windlasses, impelled by an engine producing eighty revolutions or strokes of the saws in a minute. The timber is conveyed by a canal into a broad, deep, elliptical basin, and thence raised for the purposes of the saw-mills by ingenious machinery.

The SMITHS' SHOP, where the anchors are made, contains forty forges. A number of small iron bars are tied together, brought to a welding heat, and then fashioned into the shank of an anchor, which is raised out of the seething fires by the agency of appropriate forge-tackle, and removed to the anvil to be submitted to the blows of a powerful steam-hammer.

" And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
 All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare ;
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there—
 As quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
 Sinks on the anvil ; all about the faces fiery grow—

'Hurrah!' they shout, 'leap out, leap out;' bang, bang the sledges go; Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low!

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last—

A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast."

(SCHILLER, *translated by Bulwer Lytton.*)

The MAST HOUSE is 240 feet long, by 120 feet wide. Here are stored the masts of many "a tall amiral," of different dimensions, and designed for vessels of different rates. All are appropriately labelled. Fortunate that they are so, as in almost every case a landsman's conjecture of their destination is wide of the mark. You look at a huge mast, which seems about the diameter of the monument or the Nelson column, and pronounce it the mainmast of a 90-gun ship. Nothing of the sort; a painted board informs you it is the "fore-top-mast of a frigate of the fourth class." After a few such blunders, you give up guessing, and contentedly refer to the information afforded by the official labels.

The block manufactory, the rolling mills, the machinery for making copper bolts, the engine-house, the huge half-built men-of-war, whose stupendous framework looks like the skeleton of some antediluvian monster, will all be severally and duly inspected by the visitor, under the guidance of a police-officer, and may help to produce upon his mind a powerful impression. "Take this Chatham 'yard,'" exclaims a clever writer—"take Woolwich, take Portsmouth, take Plymouth, each with many features in common, and some very different;—what wonderful places they all are! The results accomplished in their substantial magnitude and completeness are scarcely more surprising and admirable than the means by which they have been realized—commencing with the 'dreamy abstraction' of a variety of mathematical calculations, progressing through a multiplicity of operations upon solid materials, and ending in a stupendous ship, ready to be launched, like a wooden citadel, as it is, into the proud but yielding bosom of the ocean." And the Englishman may here be forgiven for remembering that to individual energy, harmoniously controlled by national feeling, is due the rapid and unequalled growth of his country's empire, and the swift accumulation of those material resources of which Chatham Dockyard may fairly be taken as a splendid type.

Having thus "done the lions" of Chatham, we may speedily

prepare to resume our onward journey. There is little that is interesting in CHATHAM CHURCH (dedicated to the Virgin Mary), standing on the ridge of the chalk-cliffs, nearly half a mile north-west of the High Street. The present ugly building dates from 1788, and contains a *brass* to brave old *Stephen Borough*, d. 1584, one of the bold west-country mariners of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the discoverer of Muscovia "by the Northern Sea passage to St. Nicholas;" and a memorial to *Sir John Cox*, d. 1672, a gallant sea captain, who fell in the great fight with the Dutch off Solebay. The living, a perpetual curacy, valued at £565, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

In a narrow lane, turning out of the High Street, stands all that remains of the HOSPITAL FOR LEPERS, founded in 1078 by Bishop Gundulf, and dedicated to St. Bartholomew. It had fallen into grievous decay in the reign of Elizabeth—Lambarde calls it "a poor show of a decayed hospital"—and soon afterwards died away altogether, its estates falling into the hands of the Deans of Rochester, who support four pensioners yearly out of their proceeds. Only the east end of the ancient chapel, dating from the days of Henry I., is now extant. Observe the three Norman windows of the apse.

Nearly opposite stands the HOSPITAL, or rather Almshouse, for "poor decayed mariners and shipwrights," founded in 1592-94, by Sir John Hawkins, the famous navigator, and one of the heroes of the defeat of the Armada. It was rebuilt about thirty years since, and now accommodates twelve pensioners, each enjoying a separate residence and small weekly allowance. Sir John Hawkins was also the founder, in conjunction with Sir Francis Drake, of the famous "CHATHAM CHEST"—a fund established after the repulse of the Armada for the relief of wounded seamen by small contributions from their pay. Since 1802 it has been under the control of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital.

The cluster of decent-looking houses and shops lying on the hills east of Chatham, but forming a portion of the great *congeries* of Stroud, Rochester, and Chatham, and enclosed within the Chatham Lines, is called BROMPTON (population, 5448). It has a small church, which the tourist need not turn aside to visit. In this neighbourhood have been discovered traces of a Roman cemetery, and some important Roman villas.

About one mile east of Brompton, on the bank of the Med-

way, lies the hamlet of GILLINGHAM (population, 3722), supposed by Mr. Kemble to have been a "mark" or settlement of the Saxon "Gillingas," who were also stationed at Gilling in Yorkshire, and Gillingham in Norfolk and Dorset. The FORT was erected in Charles the First's reign, and is the extreme of the series of military positions which defend Chatham and Brompton.

A severe engagement took place at Gillingham between Edmund Ironside and the Dane-king Knut. *William of Gillingham*, temp. Richard II., was a Benedictine monk of unusual erudition, who wrote some chronicles, not much considered by his posterity. *William Adams*, the first Englishman who effectually discovered Japan, was born here. "Twelve years," says Fuller quaintly, "he lived at home with his parents; twelve years he was apprentice and servant to Nicholas Diggins, a brave seaman; for some time he was master of one of the queen's ships; ten years he served the English company of Barbary merchants; fourteen years (as I collect it) he was employed by the Dutch in India—for he began his voyage, 1598, pilot to their fleet of five sail, to conduct them to Japan, and, in order to the settlement of trade, endured many miseries. He who reads them will concur with Cato, and repent that ever he went thither by sea, whither one might go by land. But Japan being an island, and inaccessible save by sea, our Adams's discretion was not to be blamed, but industry to be commended in his adventures. He died at Firando, in Japan, about 1612."

The manor of Gillingham was part of the ancient possessions of the church of Canterbury long before the Norman Conquest, and the archbishop had a *Palace* here, of which the only remains are a stone building, 110 feet by 30 feet, now used as a barn. The windows were apparently Decorated. Remains of a chimney were at one time discernible at each end of the hall or kitchen (?).

GILLINGHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, consists of three spacious aisles and chancels, with a stately west tower, mainly Perpendicular in style. In a niche over the Early English porch formerly stood a statue of "Our Lady of Gillingham," whose celebrity almost rivalled that of the patroness of Walsingham. The *brasses* chiefly commemorate members of the Beaufitz family. The font is Norman, and worth inspection. An ancient chapel adjoining the chancel has been recently cleared out. Gillingham is a vicarage, valued at £643, and in the patronage of Brasenose College, Oxon.

The GRANGE, or GRENCH, is a manor in this parish which was anciently a member of the Cinque port of Hastings, and was bound to contribute toward Edward the Third's navy one ship and two able and well-armed men. A chapel was built here, *temp.* Richard II., by Alderman John Philipott of London, knighted for the assistance he rendered Sir William Walworth in "putting down" Wat Tyler. This wealthy and high-spirited merchant prince afterwards maintained, at his own cost, one thousand soldiers during the French war. A portion of the chapel is still standing, and used as an outhouse.

The legend of "Our Lady of Gillingham," as related by Charles Mackay, will probably amuse the reader:—"The dead body of a man floating in the Medway was cast ashore in the parish of Chatham, where it was buried, after due inquiry, by the churchwardens. The parish clerk, who officiated at the funeral, retired home to rest; but a sense of oppression was upon him, and his sleep was disturbed and broken. About midnight, however, he fell into a more refreshing slumber, from which he was awakened by a loud knocking at his window. Still, more inclined to sleep than to get up, he turned on his side, after asking in his roughest voice, 'Who was there?' The answer sent a cold shudder through his frame. Being a holy man, he knew the solemn voice of Our Lady of Chatham, who commanded him to arise and follow her. He arose immediately, and came down into the street, where she awaited his coming, sitting on the steps of the door. A halo of glory was around her head, and he bent before her in reverential awe. 'Follow me, O clerk,' said she, 'for this day ye have buried beside my grave the corpse of a sinful man. He so offends my eyes by his ghastly grinning that unless he be removed I can do no more miraculous workings in your town. That so great a calamity should not befall the poor people, take thou mattocks and pike, and come with me; take up the body, and cast it again into the river.'

"Though the night was cold and wet, and he was not accustomed to such labour, he procured mattocks, and followed her in silence. That he might not doubt her divine power, he noticed that wherever she placed her foot the grass immediately grew, and the flowers began to blossom, and at one place where she rested for awhile a whole garden of verdure and beauty started up around her. At last they arrived at the churchyard, which was a good distance from the clerk's house, where our Lady

pointed out the spot of her own sepulture, and then that of the drowned man, telling the clerk to set to work immediately, and relieve her sainted ashes from the ghastly presence of that sinful neighbour. The big drops of perspiration stood on the brow of the clerk. He could not speak to the being of another world, but he did her bidding in solemn silence. He dug for many hours, until he arrived at the coffin, our Lady looking on with a melancholy and dignified smile. She motioned him to open it, and take the body on his back, and cast it into the Medway. He did so. The corpse grinned horribly upon him, but he had no power to let it fall, and he walked away to the river's brink. He had the curiosity to look back, when he saw the figure of our Lady melting gradually away into the thin air, and seeming no more than the light silver mist that floats upon the mountain. With a violent effort he threw the corpse into the river; the water bubbled furiously; a ray of light danced cheerily above the grave of our Lady, and the clerk feeling his mind relieved from a load of sorrow, walked back to his own home, and slept comfortably till the morning. Anxious to know whether this occurrence were not a dream, he arose early and walked forth to the churchyard. He was convinced that it was no night vision, that he had indeed seen the virgin of Chatham, long before he arrived at that place; for, from his own door, all the way they had passed, he noticed the track of verdure where the unearthly feet had trodden, and the little parterre of flowers that still grew on the place where they had rested. From that day forth he was a calmer and a better man, and the townspeople long pointed with reverence to the little tufts of grass, the earthly witnesses of the miracle. But, alas! for Gillingham, it suffered by the good fortune of Chatham. The body of the drowned man was wafted down by the stream, and found by a fisherman of that village. He took it ashore, and it was decently buried in the churchyard. The Lady of Gillingham was wroth at the pollution, but caring less for the good people in whose parish she wrought miracles, or not having the good sense of the Lady of Chatham to apply for mortal aid in the removal of the nuisance, she withdrew her favour from the place for ever, her shrine lost its healing virtues, and the prayers of the faithful were of no avail."

The antiquarian will remember the quaint version of this extraordinary legend, detailed by Lambarde, in his "Perambulation of Kent"

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES :—1. By steamer from the Chatham pier to Sheerness ; visit Queenborough, and thence proceed to Minster, 3 miles ; return to Iwade, crossing the Swale at the King's Ferry, and return to Rochester *via* Milton, Newington, and Rainham, or to rail from Milton. 2. Through Frindsbury to Upnor Castle and Hoo ; thence to Stoke and Allhallows ; cross the Marshes to St. Mary's ; visit Halstow, Cowling Castle, and the picturesque hamlet of Cliffe ; then, southward, to Higham and Marston, and homeward by way of Godshill and Stroud—a long day's ramble of not less, we fancy (from our own experience), than 25 miles. 3. To Cobham and its Park ; thence to Meopham, and homeward through Luddesdown and Cuxton. 4. To Aylesford, through Wouldham, Lower Halling, Snodland, and New Hythe, returning through Malling and Horsted Woods, crossing the chalk ridge about one mile from Aylesford—altogether, about 15 miles.]

The tourist may now continue his route to Maidstone by the turnpike road, which passes through much upland and woodland scenery, or by railway, following with little variation the course of the Medway. Adopting the latter course, he first pauses at (3 miles from Rochester)

CUXTON (population, 374), lying on the slope of the chalk-hills which extend from this point south-westward into Surrey, and south-eastward almost to the Kentish coast. Here the Medway rolls its waters through a sort of gap or defile, continuing navigable as high as Maidstone, and by the assistance of locks, even to Tunbridge. The whole valley of the Medway is remarkable for its fertility, as well as for the soft rich scenery unfolded on either hand ; and there is scarcely a field throughout its whole extent, especially as we approach the river banks, wherein “some traces of Roman buildings or Roman burial-places” will not reward the well-directed labours of the archæologist.

Cuxton (*Coclestane*, in Domesday book) parish is about four miles square, with the Medway for its east, and the woods of Cobham for its west boundaries. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, stands near the river, and contains an altar-tomb and brass (under a pointed arch) to *Master John Bultyll*, d. 1568, formerly rector of this parish, and chaplain to Prince Edward (afterwards Edward VI.) The living, valued at £346, is in the patronage of the Bishop of Rochester. Laud, the famous Archbishop of Canterbury, was rector here from May to November 1610.

WHORNE'S or HORNE'S PLACE is the principal seat in this parish, which includes much agreeable and diversified scenery.

We now pass on our left the village of

WOULDHAM (population, 343)—*i.e.*, *Wold*, an open plain, and *ham*, a settlement—picturesquely placed on the bank of the river, with the verdurous acclivities of the chalk-range in its rear. The principal seat is WOULDHAM HOUSE, adjoining the village, while a mile northward lies the old manorial house of STARKEYS, built by one Humphrey Starkey, *temp.* Henry VII. The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is a small building, with a low square tower, situated at the south-west extremity of the village, and contains every style but Norman. Hasted ascribes its erection to Stephen Slegge of this parish, sheriff of Kent in the reign of Henry VI. It contains no memorials of interest. The rectory, valued at £300, was attached to the see of Rochester by Bishop Glanville.

About one mile further south, we reach

HALLING (population, 350), a settlement of the Saxon Halingas, occupying the low grounds on each side of the river. The village near the railway is known as Lower Halling, and it is here that the church and the ruins of the Episcopal palace are situated. Upper Halling struggles up the slope of the chalk-ridge, almost to the very skirts of Halling Wood—through whose dense shadows ran “the Pilgrim’s Way” in the days of the glory of the ancient creed.

The manor has long been annexed to the see of Rochester, having been first bestowed by Egbert, Regulus of Kent, upon Bishop Dioran, about 780-790 A.D. William the Conqueror, with his usual freedom, handed it over to his half-brother, Odo of Bayeux, the warrior-priest, but at a solemn assembly of nobles, knights, and ecclesiastics, held at Penenden Heath in 1076, Archbishop Lanfranc succeeded in recovering it for the Church, and restored it to the Bishop of Rochester. Gundulf, or his successor, pleased with its convenient and agreeable position, erected here an Episcopal Palace, which, in 1185, was rebuilt by Bishop Gilbert de Glanville. Archbishop Richard (of Canterbury) had deceased in the old mansion, in the previous year, having been seized with a sudden illness on his way from Wrotham to Canterbury. It was a favourite residence with Bishop Hamo de Hethe, who repaired it, and enlarged it, and cultivated a vineyard in connection with it, from which he sent a gift of ruddy wine and purple grapes to King Henry III. The Bishops, however, abandoned it in due time for their retreat at Bromley, a

more picturesque and healthier locality, and it rapidly decayed at "the corroding touch of Time." There is little left to interest the tourist now, but within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, there were remaining portions of the chapel, of an ancient ivy-shrouded gateway, and the hall or refectory.

LANGRIDGE or DAVENTS, from a family named Davents, stands near the chalk heights. The only relics of the old house is a group of Elizabethan chimneys. The views in the neighbouring woods are full of beauty.

HALLING CHURCH, a small low building, with an insignificant spire and large Early English chancel—dedicated to St. John the Baptist—contains a brass to *John Collard*, without date or inscription, and another to *Silvester Lambarde*, d. 1587. The living is a vicarage, valued at £214, in the gift of the Bishop of Rochester.

Passing through Halling parish, we soon arrive at Snodland station, six miles from Rochester, and a short walk from

SNODLAND (population, 625), a village lying upon the high road to Tunbridge, in the valley of the Medway, but in a country of no peculiar interest. About a mile to the north-west, however, the little hamlet of HOLBOROUGH (*Holan-beorg*, the camp with or near the hollow) deserves a visit from the tourist. The hill which rises above it, abrupt and bold, appears to have been occupied by a Celtico-Roman encampment, and just beneath its crest lies a large *tumulus* or barrow, opened by Mr. Wright in August 1844, and found to contain some interesting relics. "From the discoveries made in the excavation, it appeared that the barrow had been raised over the ashes of a funeral pile. A horizontal platform had first been cut in the chalk of the hill, and on this a very smooth artificial floor of fine earth, about four inches deep, had been made, on which the pile had been raised, and which we found covered with a thin coating of wood-ashes. The surface of ashes was not less than 20 feet in diameter. The barrow was 20 feet high from this floor of ashes." Its circumference was about 200 feet. A considerable number of very long nails, a few pieces of broken pottery, and part of a Roman fibula were here discovered. "Our impression was that this mound had been the monument of some person of rank, whose body, like that of the Emperor Severus, was burnt on the funeral pile, and his ashes carried home perhaps to Italy."—(*Wanderings*

of an *Antiquary*.) From this point a noble landscape spreads around.

In a meadow, whose sedge is made musical by the waters of the Medway, and which lies in the very shadow of Snodland Church, are distinct marks of the former existence of an extensive Roman villa. It bears the name of "Church Field," and an adjacent mead the significant one of "Stone Grove Field." The walls of the church itself contain materials taken from those of the Roman buildings, and the careful eye will here discern other relics of the mighty colonists sent forth by the "Mistress of the World" to subdue and civilize the unknown isles of Britain.

HOLBOROUGH HOUSE (W. Lee, Esq.) is a pleasant seat in a pleasant country-side.

SNODLAND CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is mainly Early English, but has some important traces of Perpendicular. The principal *Memorials* are those of the Palmer and Leeds families. An epitaph, recorded by Weever on a member of the former family, is not now extant :—

" *Palmers* al our faders were :
 I, a Palmer, livyd here
 And travyllèd till worne wythe age
 I endyd this world's pylgramage
 On the blyst Assention day,
 In the cherful month of May,
 A thowsand wyth foure hundryd seven,
 And took my jorney hense to Heven."

In the windows observe some ancient fragments of coloured glass ; the east chancel window, by Nixon, is meritorious in design and execution, representing whole-length figures of the four Protestant martyrs—Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and Anne Askew.

The living, a rectory, valued at £297, is in the gift of the Bishop of Rochester.

On the other bank of the Medway, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Snodland station, lies, at the base of the eastern chalk hills,

BURHAM (population, 518)—the church occupying a site near the river. At Haly (*Halig*, holy) Garden, in this parish, was anciently a well which had acquired a peculiar odour of sanctity, and was the resort of pilgrims from many parts of Kent.

The interesting quarry in the vicinity of the village should be sought out and examined by the tourist, who will obtain a ready permission from its owner. It abounds in the fossil remains of the lower chalk, and rivals in this respect, according to Dr. Mantell, the quarries near Arundel, Woking, and Lewes. Here some important relics of antediluvian birds, portions of a *Raphiosaurus*, and a fine fossil turtle (*Chelonia benstedii*) were discovered.

BURHAM CHURCH is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was anciently held by the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. There is some admirable stained glass in the windows, and the tower is tall and stately.

The living, a vicarage, valued at £191, is in the patronage of C. Milner, Esq.

Resuming our journey by rail, we next arrive at AYLESFORD, 8 miles from Rochester, 39 miles from London. The view here is full of depth and "colour:" the chalk hills, which wall in the valley of the Maidstone, effectively contrast with the masses of foliage encircling the gray church and quaint roofs of the ancient town, and shadow and sunlight over the waters of the Medway pass in fantastic change.

AYLESFORD (population, 2757), called *Egelesford* in the Saxon Chronicle, *Episford* by Nennius, and *Elesford* in the Domesday Book. The name is probably derived from the Latin-Welsh *Eglwys*, a church—*Eglwys-ford*, the church-ford; and "Aylesford Church," says Dr. Guest, "which probably occupies the same site as the Welsh *Eglwys*, is situated on the top of the bank overhanging the village, and its remarkable position explains the propriety of the name." But, on the other hand, Aylesford is compounded in exactly the same way as Aylesbury, Ayles-thorpe, and Ayles-worth. Ayles-bury was written Elesbury in the Domesday Book. Aylesford is said by the Saxon Chronicle to have witnessed the great fight between the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa, and the British led by their Basileus, Vortigern, A.D. 455, in which Horsa was slain. Tradition asserts that the Saxon leader was buried at HORSTED, *i.e.*, the place of Horsa (about 3 miles north of Aylesford), and a heap of flint stones has been pointed out as his memorial. But similar cairns are shewn at Horsted and Hors-ham in Sussex, and it is still very doubtful whether the tradition

recorded in the Saxon Chronicle should be accepted as historical, or as a fiction suggested to a later age by the numerous sepulchral remains which occupy this neighbourhood. Dr. Guest accepts the former interpretation; Mr. Wright rejects it. "It is by no means improbable," he says, "that this battle is a mere legend founded upon the number of sepulchral monuments scattered around."

On a hill one mile north of the town, to which you ascend through a pleasant rural lane, stands the remarkable cromlech known as KITS COTY HOUSE (perhaps from *ked*, Celtic, a hollow, and *coit*, the wood—the hollow cromlech in the wood, which anciently overspread the whole of this country side with its primeval shadows). Notwithstanding the fancies of daring theorists, increased knowledge has left no room for doubt that these cromlechs are nothing more than funeral vaults or mausoleums. "The ashes of the dead—for in most of these interments we find that the bodies of the deceased had been burned—were collected into an urn of rude pottery, and placed, with a few other articles, within the chamber, and the whole was then covered with a mound." Accident or design has, in most cases, removed this mound, and exposed the massive stones which supported the cromlech. At Kits Coty House, the two stones which form the sides measure 7 feet by $7\frac{1}{2}$, and 8 feet by $8\frac{1}{2}$. The former weighs $8\frac{1}{2}$ tons, the latter 8. The capstone or roof is 12 feet by $9\frac{1}{4}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, and $10\frac{1}{2}$ tons in weight.* Tradition pretends that this venerable cairn covers the dust of the British chief Catigern, the brother of Vortigern, who fell in a hand-to-hand fight with Horsa at Aylesford.

In the centre of a field below this sepulchral hill the tourist will observe a large group of colossal stones, which the peasants, from a belief that they cannot be numbered correctly, call the Countless Stones. The legend is not an uncommon one; but they are really the remains of "one of those more complicated cromlechs, consisting of more than one sepulchral chamber, with an alley of approach, which in Brittany and the Channel Islands are popularly known by the title of Fairies' Alleys. Another large stone in the bottom is called the Coffin-stone, probably from its shape. If, instead of descending the hill, we proceed upwards

* These stones are "the sandstones of the tertiary period, and are to be found *in situ* at Herne Bay. In the red loam or drift on the top of the chalk hills, enormous boulders of Druid and ferruginous sandstone are very common."

from Kits Coty House, we shall find the brow of the hill covered with smaller monuments of the same description, consisting generally of groups of stones buried partly in the ridge of the hill, but evidently forming, or having formed, small sepulchral chambers. Each group is generally surrounded by a circle of stones. At the bottom of the bank near the road, a little distance behind Kits Coty House, is a hollow in the chalk, with the heads of large stones of the same description projecting out at each side, as though they had formed an avenue leading to an entrance in the side of the hill. All this group of monuments deserves further examination, combined with extensive excavations. They appear to have formed a British cemetery—the necropolis of the tribe.”—(*Wright.*)

In the ground behind Kits Coty House have been found deep pits or excavations, circular in shape, and descending into square chambers, apparently intended for sepulchral purposes. These pits have been filled up with flints, and covered with enormous capstones to mark their sites. Similar tombs have been remarked in Etruria and the East, and probably, if these excavations were thoroughly examined, the remains would be discovered of these early rulers of Celtic Britain, long ago interred within them.

But we are not only treading now in the footprints of the Celt; on the hill-side beneath us lie the relics of his master—the time-shattered ruins of Roman villas, and, in their neighbourhood, the traces of a Roman burial-ground. The cottagers, or squatters on the hill, told Mr. Wright that they had found coins and pottery over a large extent of surface round this spot, which was then covered with low brushwood, and had never been disturbed by the plough. He uncovered a few square yards of a floor of large bricks, which had evidently been broken up, and were mixed with roof-tiles, and others which appeared like cornice mouldings. They were literally covered with broken pottery of every description, among which were several fragments of fine Samian ware, mixed with a few human bones, some small nails, and traces of burnt wood, which seemed to indicate that the buildings had been destroyed by fire, perhaps in the wars which followed the departure of the Roman legions from the island. The floor lay at a depth of from a foot to a foot and a half below the present surface of the ground, and only two or three inches above the surface of the chalk.

From this haunted ground, lonesome, silent, and solemn, which

fancy may represent to us as guarded by the spirits of those dead, whose graves, through long years of change, have here remained unnoticed and unknown, we look afar upon the rich valley of modern Maidstone, upon the winding river once alive with the coracles of the Celt and the galleys of the Roman, upon broad fields of waving grass, upon the green crests of the neighbouring hills, where, in the old times, the beacon shot up its warning flames. Even to the dullest a scene like this must suggest some pregnant reflections, and carry the memory on rapid wing through the wonderful phases of Old England's history. Does it not bring around us "the dimly-gleaming shadows" of the past, like—to use the fine image of the poet—

"Like to the magic horn, in faerie halls,
Of blast resistless; thrice blown, every gate
Of every palace opens like a flower."—(*P. J. Bailey.*)

The TOWN OF AYLESFORD—neat, quiet, orderly, as are most Kentish towns—clusters upon the north bank of the Medway, against the slopes of a sudden ascent. Above its tiled roofs the church stands out, a notable and conspicuous object. A fine old bridge spans the river, and conducts the tourist into the long climbing High Street—the principal thoroughfare—where the shops look their best, and the private houses put on their most respectable appearance. The men of Aylesford are chiefly employed in the stoneware-pottery, and the large paper-mill, whose tall columns and clouds of smoke are visible enough down the river. Observe, in the High Street, John Sedley's HOSPITAL for six almsmen, built in Elizabeth's reign.

A short distance from the town, on the river-bank, stands THE FRIARY (Earl of Aylesford), retaining many portions of the ancient building. Much of the modern house is due to the taste of Sir John Banks, who resided here from about 1661 to 1669, and effected many alterations. The chapel was that part of the present house which stands east and west, and the refectory stood on the left hand of the great in-court.—(*Hasted.*)

The Friary was founded for Carmelite monks, in 1240, by Richard Lord Grey of Codnor, and was perhaps the first of the kind established in England. Their coming was foretold, it is said, by one Simon Stock, a Kentish hermit, afterwards General of the order, who, on their arrival, quitting the hollow oak wherein he had dwelt for sixty-eight years, and where "he had

water for his nectar, and wild fruits for his ambrosia," advanced to greet them.—(*Fuller*.) In 1265 the Carmelites held here their first general chapter; and here, 1396, died Richard of Maidstone, author of several musty theological treatises, and a member of this fraternity.

The Friary fell beneath the heavy hand of Henry VIII., and its lands and gardens were then bestowed on the poet-knight, Anne Boleyn's lover, Sir Thomas Wyatt of Allington; whose son lost them, and all his estates, as well as his head, after his unsuccessful rebellion in favour of Lady Jane Grey. Queen Elizabeth granted them to John Sedley, of Southfleet, who bequeathed them on his death to his brother William, one of king James's hundred knights. Sir William made "The Friars" his residence, and here, in 1639, was born his grandson, Sir Charles Sedley, the brightest wit and most graceful poet in Charles II.'s brilliantly dissolute court. Meanwhile, Sir William had conveyed the estate to Sir Peter Ricaut, whose honour it was to beget Sir Paul Ricaut (the youngest of ten sons), a famous traveller in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and one of the earliest authorities on the condition of the Ottoman empire. From the Ricauts it passed to the Bankses, and thence by marriage to Heneage Finch, son of the well-known Lord Chancellor, and himself created, "in consideration of his merits and great abilities," Baron Southampton, and afterwards Earl of Aylesford. In the hands of his representatives the Friary still remains.

On the opposite bank of the river—circled with ancient trees, and at the head of a noble lawn—while, from the breath of blossoms all about, one knows that rich and ample gardens must be close at hand—rises the picturesque Elizabethan pile of *Preston Hall* (Edward Ladd Betts, Esq.) The ancient house belonged to the Colepepers, or Culpepers, who, from a very early period, possessed the manor. A large and venerable barn, in good repair, retains its original character—the date 1582 (erroneously supposed by some authorities to be 1102)—and the initials and arms of its builder, Thomas Colepeper, who died 1587.

The present mansion is as elegant in its internal arrangements as it is picturesque in its exterior architecture; and contains a peculiarly choice collection of pictures and articles of *vertu*. Among the former we may particularise,—The wrestling scene, from "As you Like it," introducing the park front of Preston Hall, *Maclise*—a well-known work of the master's best period;

Michael Angelo, in water-colours, and An Interior, *Haghe*; Mavournen, and Cushla Machree, two Irish subjects, *Topham*; Murillo, *Wenhert*; Flowers, *Bartholomew*; A Fruit Piece, in oil, *Lance*; An Interior, with boors drinking, *Ostade*; Travellers Attacked, and a Landscape, *Wynart*; Cavaliers, and Houses, etc., *Cuyp*; A Drinking and Singing Party, *Teniers*; Obelisk, *Teniers*; Rochelle, Fort and Harbour, *Stanfield*; Marriage of Griselda, *Cope*; A Morning on Braemar, *Sir E. Landseer*. There is some good statuary by *Spence* and *Thomas*.

AYLESFORD CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, a noticeable building of considerable antiquity (mainly Norman), stands on the hill in the rear of the town. Besides a brass to *John Cosynton*, d. 1426, and his wife *Sarah*, there are memorials to various members of the Colepepers of Preston Hall, especially *Sir Thomas Colepeper*, d. 1723; the Sedleys and Ricauts, of the Friary; *Sir Peter Ricaut*, and *Sir Paul*, the traveller, d. 1700; and a stately monument, with recumbent effigies, in marble, to *Sir John Banks*, d. 1699, and his wife *Elizabeth*.

The living, a vicarage, valued at £531, is in the patronage of the dean and chapter of Rochester.

[In the neighbourhood of Aylesford lies *Cosenton*, or *Cosynton*, a farmstead on the hill, which belonged to a family of the same name from *temp.* John to *temp.* Henry VIII. Some springs near the woods of Boxley, and 2 miles from the house, stain of a carmine colour any substance immersed in them. "The water is very chilly, has a rough taste, and has no chalybeate qualities belonging to it."

In the deep shadow of perennial foliage, and upon a bold abrupt knoll near Barming heath, are some remains of the ancient free chapel of *Longsole*, now used as a barn, and from its solitary situation appropriately called "the Hermitage."

About 1 mile N.W. of the Hermitage, and 1½ mile S.W. of Aylesford, on the W. bank of the river, which here takes a bold and sudden curve, stands *Allington*,—dark hills, crowned with fine old trees, rising in its rear. Nearly opposite to it, at 1 mile distant, may be seen the evergreen box-studded pastures of *Boxley*, and beyond them the glittering crests of the chalk-range. Both these places may best be visited from *Maidstone*, the next point at which we arrive, 4 miles from Aylesford, 12 miles from Rochester, and 43 miles from London.]

MAIDSTONE.

[Population, 29,623. Hotels:—Mitre, Royal, Star, Bell, Queen's Head.]

The position of Maidstone, the county town of Kent, is one of the most pleasurable that can be imagined. It occupies the sloping sides of a considerable hill which rises out of the valley of the Medway, and beyond which rise other and loftier hills,

until a table-land is reached of singular openness and beauty. There, to the N.E., spreads the breezy tract of Penenden Heath, where the men of Kent, from the days of the Conquest, have been wont to hold their principal gatherings. Bersted Green lies to the E. ; to the S., Broomfield and Langley ; to the S.W., Cox Heath ; to the W., Malling and Canon Heaths. The town consists of four main streets, fed by several smaller ones, and meeting at the market-cross. The High Street, a broad and handsome thoroughfare, ascends the hill from the bridge, and opens upon the breezy country towards Milton. The road from Rochester to Tenterden crosses it at right angles, running from N. to S. Stone Street leads to Staplehurst and Marsden and the woodlands of south Kent. The roads from Tunbridge and Seven Oaks meet at or near the bridge.

The river at this point varies from 12 to 15 feet in depth, and is navigable for heavy barges. It narrows considerably below the town, but retains its depth almost as far as Tunbridge. The tolls taken at Allington Lock amount in the year to about £27,500, upon tonnage to the extent of 125,000 tons ; for Maidstone lies in the heart of the wealth of Kent, in the centre of its hop grounds and corn fields, and upon the skirts of its rich forest growth. The river banks are studded with mills,—principally Balston's large paper-mills, some good flour-mills, and an extensive oil-mill. The market day is Thursday, when the tourist should make a point of mixing in the crowd, and observing the Kentish wives and lasses, who, with their husbands, fathers, and swains, come out upon this occasion, and the dragoons from the neighbouring cavalry barracks.

There is little doubt but that Maidstone was occupied by the Romans, as coins and urns have been found in the neighbourhood. Among the notable events which distinguish the place in history may be mentioned the famous meeting held on Penenden Heath, about 1 mile N.E. of the town, between Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Odo, Earl of Kent, brother of William the Conqueror, to adjust the differences between them, in consequence of the latter's appropriation of various lands and privileges formerly enjoyed by the primate, and which this assembly declared should be restored. It is called in Domesday, Meddestane, and in the time of Henry the Third, Maydenestane, and Furley (Weald of Kent) explains it as Medway's Town.

The Saxons called it *Medwegston*, and the river, *Medway*—evidently from its mid-course through the Kentish shore. Modern tongues have softened the *Medwegston* into “*Medston*,” and modern scribes have abbreviated it into “*Maidstone*.”

The manor was annexed at an early date to the see of Canterbury, whose possessors had a palace at Maidstone from the reign of John. Archbishop Courtenay (1381-96) built the church, and *re-built* the College of All Saints. Edward VI. incorporated the town under the title of “The Mayor, jurats, and commonalty of the town of Maidstone, in the county of Kent,” a privilege which it forfeited on the occasion of Sir Thomas Wyatt’s rebellion against Queen Mary (1554). His first proclamation was published here on “market-day,” and his principal supporters were landowners from this part of Kent. Of these, Sir Harry Isley, Thomas his brother, and Walter Mantle, were beheaded in the market-place, upon the unsuccessful issue of the revolt.

Queen Elizabeth renewed its incorporation in the year after her accession to the throne. Six years later, the town included 294 inhabited houses, and possessed five ships and hoys—two of 30 tons, one of 32, one of 40, and one of 50. The Walloons settled here, in the eleventh of the same reign, fleeing from the fierce persecution of the Duke d’Alva, and established manufactories of linen thread. So the town continued to thrive until it possessed, in 1798, a population of 6000 inhabitants—now increased to 22,000. The only historical event which has marked its later career was its siege by Fairfax and his roundheads, in 1648, when he was opposed by 2000 royalist horse and foot, under Sir John Mayney; and pike and morion shimmered in each torch-lit street. “About seven in the evening (June 1st) orders were given for storming the place, which the soldiers began to do with much violence; and though they found a resolute opposition, yet after a small dispute they forced in, and thought the difficulty of this service over, when the royalists had drawn 800 more to their assistance under Sir William Buchanan, which made ’em compleat 2000; and had so lin’d the streets that the business was very disputable until almost 12 at night”—(*Rushworth*). The fight was one of the severest in the whole course of the civil war. “Though I have bin in the army from the first,” says Rushworth’s informant, “I have not sen the like; for every street in the town was got by inches.” And Clarendon says:—“It was a sharp encounter, very bravely fought with the

general's whole strength ; and the veteran soldiers confessed that they had never met with the like desperate service during the war." The parliament estimated the victory so highly, that they ordered a Thanksgiving for it "in all the parish churches of London and Westminster."

Maidstone has had its celebrities, though their names—with one exception—will scarcely be familiar to the reader:—Ralph of Maydenstan, bishop of Hereford, d. 1245, commended as "*vir magnæ literaturæ et in theologia nominatissimus*;" John de Maidistan, dean of Lincoln, 1275 ; Walter de Maydenstan, bishop of Worcester, 1313 ; William Newton, the historian of his native town, d. 1744 ; and William Woollett, the eminent engraver, b. 1735.

The principal points in the town to be examined by the tourist, are—the College of All Saints, the old Archbishopal Palace, the Chapel of St. Faith, and the interesting Church.

THE COLLEGE OF ALL SAINTS.—An hospital, or college for poor travellers, was founded on the river bank, at the west entrance to the town, by Archbishop Boniface, about 1260, and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. In a few years this obtained the not uncommon name of the New Work, or Newark, and in 1395 was assigned to the collegiate church of St. Mary of Maidstone. Archbishop Courtenay then incorporated it with a college of secular priests (a master and six chaplains) which he had established on the south side of the cemetery of the parish church. Both church and college he dedicated anew to All Saints. His foundation flourished until suppressed, with all similar institutions, by Act of Parliament in the 1st of Edward VI. (A.D. 1546). Of its masters, William Grocyn alone deserves a word of notice. This "famous learned man," professor of Greek "on a new method" at Oxon, the tutor and friend of Erasmus, died full of years and commendation in 1522.

The remains of this once flourishing Hospital (now belonging to Lord Romney) are of considerable interest. Remark the gateway tower, whose gray walls are richly adorned with the perennial ivy, and from whose summit a good view of winding river and distant hills may be obtained ; the long range of buildings leading hence to the river bank, and terminated by another but a smaller tower, whose upper apartment is called the "Treasury ;" the mouldering tower adjoining the master's house ; the back gateway, placed between two barns, and opening upon the fair

country side ; and the master's house, on the river side of the court, modernized in part (in 1845), but still interesting. There is a fine chamber above the gateway, in the principal tower. To the right formerly extended the refectory and kitchen, with dormitories on the upper storey, while the priests' cells occupied the range to the left. On the other side of the gateway stood the large and convenient bake-house, where, from its size, we may suppose that other meals were prepared than those simply intended for the poor hospital brotherhood.

Crossing the churchyard, to the right, we reach the ARCH-BISHOP'S PALACE, in excellent preservation, but now occupied as two private dwelling-houses. Brave Stephen Langton was the first prelate who resided in it. The palace was rebuilt, or rather, its rebuilding was begun by Archbishop Ufford, in 1348 ; was considerably advanced by Archbishop Simon Islip, who employed in its works the materials of the ruined mansion at Wrotham ; was largely added to by Archbishop Courtenay, 1381-96 ; "augmented and beautified" by Archbishop Morton, in 1486. King Henry VI. visited it in 1438, and with the great primates of England it continued a favoured residence, until Cranmer, in 1538, surrendered it to Henry VIII. Edward VI. granted it to Sir Thomas Wyatt, on whose attainder it reverted to the Crown. Queen Elizabeth bestowed it upon Sir John Astley, d. 1637 from whom it passed to his son, the famous cavalier, Sir Jacob Astley (created by a grateful sovereign Baron Astley, of Reading), and was alienated by his representative, in 1720, to the first Lord Romney, whose successor is the present proprietor.

A long range of out-buildings, now used as stores and stables, appears to have been a portion of the original offices. The stone staircase on the outside, common to late Decorated houses, the pointed doorways, and the moulded windows, will attract the visitor's attention. At the end of Mill Street stands a small but curious house, dating from the close of the thirteenth to the commencement of the fourteenth century, which, assuredly, will not pass unnoticed.

With something of melancholy interest we gaze upon the remains of the CHAPEL OF ST. FAITH, in St. Faith's Street, where the priests and professors of the ancient creed worshipped, in far-distant days, before any other church was erected in Maidstone ; which for many years was given up to the Walloon refugees, until Archbishop Laud dispersed their devout brother-

hood; sheltered a Presbyterian congregation until about 1735; was afterwards made use of as "an assembly room," and is now inhabited by a private individual. Little of the ancient fane exists, but what there is will be curiously examined by the ecclesiologist.

[At a short distance from the whilom Chapel, and near the whilom St. Faith's Green, stands CHILLINGTON HOUSE—originally the court-house of Chillington Manor, which passed from the Cobhams to the Maplesdens, and was forfeited by the latter for their share in Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection. Here is situated the PUBLIC MUSEUM, containing some good specimens of the birds and fossils of the neighbourhood and a fine collection of Roman relics (the donation of the late Thomas Charles, Esq.), chiefly discovered in Maidstone.]

The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, stands near the river marge, and occupies the site of an earlier building, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was rebuilt by Archbishop Courtenay, about 1390, and still contains twenty-eight stalls of finely carved oak (for the members of his College of All Saints), presenting his armorial bearings among their decorations.

In the centre of the chancel a raised slab has been despoiled of its brasses, but their matrices plainly shew that they portrayed a bishop, with his mitre and crozier. This is supposed to have been a memorial of Archbishop *Courtenay*, who died at his Maidstone palace in 1396, and willed that his body should be interred here in the churchyard; but which, according to the Leiger book of Christchurch, Canterbury, was, by Richard II.'s command, buried in his cathedral church, where still exists his "fair monument of alabaster," at the feet of the Black Prince. Excavations were made beneath the slab in 1794, and at the depth of six feet a skeleton was discovered, but without any of the archiepiscopal insignia, and apparently of a younger man than the prelate. We incline, therefore, to believe with Sumner, that the Archbishop sleeps at Canterbury.

Many of the memorials in this fine church have been of no ordinary interest, but their brasses are wanting, and their inscriptions mainly illegible. Yonder slab once covered the stately altar-tomb of *Lord Rivers*, the father of Queen Elizabeth Woodville. The tomb under the Decorated canopy in the south chancel contains the dust of *John Wootton*, d. 1417, the first master of All Saints' College, and a canon of Chichester Cathedral. Its brass has long been wanting, but there still exists, in the arch above, a mural painting—the Archangel Gabriel presenting the deceased to the Virgin Mary, who stands between St. Catherine

and St. Mary Magdalene, while, in the distance, the canon's patron saints—each wearing his pall, and crowned with a luminous glory—Archbishop Becket, and Bishop Richard de la Wych, of Chichester, look on approvingly.

Among the not undistinguished dead who lie here may also be mentioned *William Grocyn*, d. 1522, the learned master of All Saints' College, already mentioned by us; *Griffith Hatley*, M.D., d. 1710, of the manor of Bigons; the cavalier-chief, *Sir Jacob Astley*, d. 1651; *Isaac, Lord Astley*, d. 1662; *Jacob, Lord Astley*, d. 1688; certain members of the *Beale* family, recorded by a curious brass; and *Richard Beeston*, who, with his wife and children, are also commemorated by a brass.

The chancel-screen, the font, and the sedilia, and the vestry library, including a folio bible and missal of the date of 1400 should be carefully examined.

The perpetual curacy of ALL SAINTS is valued at £720, and presented to by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The perpetual curacy of HOLY TRINITY is also in the gift of the Archbishop; valued at £435. The church, a plain but commodious structure, was erected in 1819. ST. PETER'S contains some portions of the old chapel of NEWARK HOSPITAL, founded by Archbishop Boniface in 1260. The perpetual curacy is in the patronage of Mrs. T. T. Baker. At TOVIL, a pleasant hop-garlanded village, about a mile above the town, a pretty church, Early English, dedicated to St. Stephen, was erected, a few years ago, from the designs of Whichcord. Value of the perpetual curacy, £100; alternately presented to by the Archbishop of Canterbury and J. Charlton, Esq.

At the upper end of the High Street stands the TOWN HALL, a convenient building, where the county assizes were formerly held, and the general quarter sessions; the CAVALRY BARRACKS lie on comparatively low ground near the river bank, and can accommodate 400 troopers; the COUNTY GAOL is situated on the road to Rochester. It was built in 1818, at a cost of £180,000, and can contain 450 prisoners.

The tourist will do well to survey the town and surroundings from the bridge that spans the river. From this point the gray old walls of palace, hospital, and church; the broad verdant sweep of the park meadows—so named from an ancient park or pleasaunce which stretched before the palace in the spring-time of its history—and the picturesque grouping of roof and spire upon the neighbouring hill, will be accepted as composing a quaint and

original picture. And if it be "hopping-time," he will be sensible of "a rich, balmy, healthful, bitter smell," that arises from many a barge slow dropping down the stream, laden with "precious pockets" of Kentish hops. For this is the great centre of the hop district. Hops climb up the hill sides; rich clusters clothe the river banks; the tall poles are set in every available place of vantage. From Maidstone to Sundridge—locally known as the "Garden of Eden"—you shall walk through nothing but hops, which stretch around and about you

———"in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk,
Hung with black clusters."—(ROGERS.)

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. Cross the river, and walk through the hop-grounds to East Farleigh; recross the river at Barming to West Farleigh, and thence over the hills to Yalding. Turn eastward to Hunton, and proceed, directly south, to Marden. Continue through Staplehurst to Headeorn (at these three villages there are railway stations), and return through Sutton-Valence and Langley, entering the Maidstone Road past THE MOTE—About 18 miles. 2. To Allington, and thence through West Malling, Offham, and Addington, to Wrotham. Cross the country to Ightham. Return to Wrotham Heath, and back across Offham Green and East Malling Heath—keeping the Mereworth Woods to your right—to Teston; through Barming into Maidstone. A long day's journey (21 miles). 3. Leave Maidstone by the Mote, and keep southward to Leeds Castle. [Otham lies to the right, and Burstled to the left.] Thence to Harrietsham, and Boughton Malherbe. Keep along the chalk hills to Chart-Sutton, and return through Langley. 4. To Boxley Abbey, and continue to Boxley village. Cross the Downs to Bredhurst, and thence, by way of Hill Green, to Stockbury. Return to Maidstone through Detting.]

A WALK ROUND MAIDSTONE.

O'er many a heath, through many a woodland dun,
Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer-time away.

KEATS.

EAST FARLEIGH—ALLINGTON CASTLE—BOXLEY— PENENDEN HEATH—THE MOTE.

WINDING through brown and yellow woods, almost in a line with the bright and yet shadowy Medway—so bright upon the ripple, so deep with shadow in its bosom—we reach, at about one mile south-west of Maidstone, the pleasant countryside of

EAST FARLEIGH (population, 1665). "There are not five parishes in Kent," says Mr. Dickens, "large or small, that have so many acres of hops as this little parish. There is no place in all England whose hops will fetch a better price—not excepting Farnham in Hampshire, whose patch of hop plantation, standing almost alone in the county, has slightly lost its reputation as the queen of hop-gardens, since its limits have been extended into a less favourable soil. At East Farleigh dwelt the Rothschild of hop-growers (Mr. James Ellis), whose hop-poles alone were said to be worth £70,000; and there dwell his descendants still, though their grounds are little more than a tithe of his. The luxuriance of hops about here is a puzzle to theoretical agriculturists. 'Though rich mould,' says Bannister 'generally produces a larger growth of hops than other soils, there is *one* exception to this rule, where the growth is frequently eighteen or twenty hundred per acre. This is the neighbourhood of Maidstone, a kind of slaty ground with an understratum of stone. There the vines run up to the top of the longest poles, and the increase is equal to the most fertile soil of any kind'"—(*Household Words*, vi. 3).

Here a stone bridge, with four pointed arches, crosses the river, and a few yards above it, struggling for a place among the hop-grounds, stands the old church of East Farleigh, "like three barns with a pointed spire." And far away into the heavy hop-groves rolls on the gleaming current of the Medway. A pleasant village this, where the brain, weary with the gladiatorial strife of the world, may well obtain the sweet repose it needs. And so the amiable Wilberforce found it—spending in this delectable retreat many happy days of honourable leisure in the latter years of his life, when his son held the vicarage of East Farleigh.

But in the hopping season its repose is rudely disturbed by an incursion of nearly 3000 hop-pickers, who violently besiege "the solitary butcher's shop up the lane, with the trees in front"—the lonely grocer's—the single beer-shop—and in an incredibly short space of time consume the bread and the bacon, the tea and the sugar, the ale and the porter hoarded up for the two or three months' provisions of the inhabitants of East Farleigh. "At the bridge some are washing clothes: women, and girls, and boys, wild, ragged, uncouth wretches, most of them standing bare-legged in the water, rinsing shirts in saucepans, and dabbing them against the smutty edges as fast as they are cleaned;

boiling other clothes in cauldrons ; and hanging garments that have more superficies of hole than cotton, upon the hedges. There, too, are hideous old Sycoraxes smoking and crouching over fires this warm day, and shouting unintelligible sounds to fat children, sprawling in the mud upon the shelving bank of the river." In fact, hop-picking is the rural Saturnalia.

East Farleigh derives its name, we doubt not, from the Saxon *fare* and *ley*, "the passage through the pastures." From an early period it belonged to the priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, but at the Dissolution reverted to the Crown, and was bestowed upon Sir Thomas Wyatt of Allington.

The CHURCH, a fine old building, chiefly Decorated, stands on a hill above the river, rising out of a bed of foliage. There is some stained glass in the windows, and an arched tomb in the chancel, supposed to belong to a member of the famous Colepeper family—perhaps, Sir Thomas Colepeper, who is reputed to have been the founder of the church, *temp.* Edward III.

[About one mile distant, on the slopes of a gentle hill, clusters the village of WEST FARLEIGH (population, 426), overlooking a noble breadth of meadow-ground, adorned with venerable oaks, and girdled with waving cornfields and luxuriant hop-gardens. The church stands upon the declivity, on the marge of the river plain—a small Early English edifice, dedicated to All Saints, and containing numerous but uninteresting memorials. In an arched recess stands an ancient tomb, without brass or inscription, but probably enshrining the dust of one of the old knightly family of De Brewer. The vicarage, valued at £459, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

Descending the hill, and crossing the bridge, we reach, after a ten minutes' walk, the village of BARMING (population, 583), occupying so picturesque and romantic a position that even Dryasdust, when speaking of it, warms into something like poetical feeling. Hear him, O reader ! "The soil," he says, "is a fertile loam, slightly covering the quarry rock, from under which several small springs gush out, and run precipitately in tinkling rills into the Medway ; it is enriched too with frequent hop and fruit plantations ; the fields are in general large, and surrounded with continued rows of lofty elms and spreading oaks, which contribute greatly to the pleasantness of the place. The situation of it, as well as of the neighbouring parishes, from Maidstone as far as Mereworth, is exceedingly beautiful, the river Medway meandering its silver stream in the valley beneath, throughout the greatest part of the extent of them ; the fertility of soil, the healthiness of air, the rich variety of prospect, adorned by a continued range of capital seats, with their parks and plantations, form altogether an assemblage of objects, in which nature and art appear to have lavished their choicest endeavours to form a scene teeming with whatever can make it desirable both for pleasure and profit"—(*Hasted*). The scene has not changed in its principal features since Hasted's days, and has an almost Arcadian loveliness peculiar to the valley of the Medway.

We love a Kentish cottage ! Look at yonder modest dwelling—with its neatly thatched roof—its white-washed walls—its quaint diamonded lattices—its strip of garden in front, all blooming with pinks and roses carnations, fuchsias, and Vir-

ginia stocks—a rose-tree in full bearing climbing over the window—a woodbine trailing its graceful tendrils above the doorway. In the garden behind, the cottager rears such sturdy broad beans, and such tall, full-flowered peas, as might vie with the best growth of a professed market gardener, and he cultivates a patch or two of potatoes, and a few hops—the latter more for grace than use, we fancy. Enter the cottage, and, in most cases, you shall find the red brick flooring exquisitely clean, the pots and pannikins of a mirror-like brightness, the white-washed walls adorned with a few prints, including, you may be sure, portraits of the Queen and Prince-Consort, and perhaps of the royal children. Such is a Kentish cottage; as it nestles under a fine old tree, or forms one of a long neat row climbing up a pleasant Kentish hill.

BARMING CHURCH lifts its tall spire out of a thick grove of elms, on an elevated ridge near the great Tunbridge Road. Behind it the grounds rise considerably, and are richly clothed with vigorous trees. The adjacent village wanders down the declivity almost to the brink of the river, where a neat rustic bridge affords a communication with the opposite bank. The church is dedicated to St. Margaret, and should be visited by the tourist. The rectory, worth £598, is in the Lord Chancellor's patronage. The curacy of WEST BARMING is attached to the rectory of Nettlestead.

Barming, quiet and sequestered as it may be, has its interesting associations. Here was born, in 1722, the poet Christopher Smart—son of Mr. Peter Smart, of Hall Place—whose “*Hilliad*” is still read by industrious students, and whose translation of “*Horace*” is still “cribbed” from by doubtful school-boys. Here, too, near Farleigh Bridge, took place a brisk skirmish between Cavaliers and Roundheads in 1648; and here were formerly dug up some important Roman relics.]

The tourist will have no difficulty in finding his way from Barming, through the woods, to

ALLINGTON (population, 80), one of the smallest, quietest, and most picturesque of Kentish villages, lying on the western bank of the Medway, at an inconsiderable distance from the Wrotham Road, and about two miles from Maidstone. The meadows are half surrounded by the boldly-curving river. On the opposite bank rises a well-wooded ridge, out of whose green depths throbs the unceasing melody of birds. In the distance, the thick clusters of the hop-bines form a seemingly impenetrable mass of heavy shadows.

ALLINGTON derives its name, according to Mr. Kemble, from the Saxon *Ælingas*, who had also settlements at the Allingtons of Lincolnshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire, and who may have built here some sort of stronghold. After the Conquest it formed a fraction of Odo of Bayeux's enormous estates, and was one of the forty-four “dens” or “forest-clearings” which studded the Kentish Weald, and owned the jurisdiction of the “Courts of Dens” at Aldington, near Hythe. On Odo of Bayeux's disgrace, this pleasant woodland was granted to the great baron, William

de Warrenne, who built or rebuilt the castle or fort which at that time existed here. It afterwards passed into the hands of the famous Sir Stephen de Pencestre of Penshurst, constable of Dover Castle, and warden of the Cinque Ports. This knight obtained King Edward's permission "to erect a castle, and to fortify and embattle it, by which it should seem that he either rebuilt the castle here, or that it was before only some small building or fort not esteemed of sufficient size to be called a castle ; by which means this place came to be called, in several records of that time, Allington Pencestre." After being occupied for a few years by the Cobhams of Roundall, it passed through the Brents to Sir Harry Wyatt, privy councillor to Henry VII., who, it is said, was imprisoned by Richard III. in the Tower, and whose life was there preserved by a favourite cat—the faithful animal bringing him a pigeon daily from a neighbouring dovecote. "Sir Harry, in his prosperity, for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of spaniels or hounds ; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him"—(*Wyatt MSS.*, quoted by *Mr. Robert Bell, Life of Wyatt*). This estimable knight died at Allington, *temp.* Henry VII. His wife was a lady of no ordinary spirit. On one occasion during Sir Henry's absence at Court, reports reached her ears that "the neighbouring abbot of Boxley was in the habit of privately visiting her establishment for purposes not very creditable to his sanctity," and accordingly "she placed some of her retainers on the watch." Proofs being forthcoming of his transgressions, "she ordered him to be seized, carried through the gate-house, and put into the stocks in front of the castle. This indignity inflicted on a priest was not to be quietly endured at a time when the spiritual license was supposed to cover all scandals ; and the abbot accordingly appealed for redress to the Privy Council. Sir Harry's answer to the charge shews of what metal the Wyatts were formed. He turned the whole affair into a jest, and frankly told the Council that if any of their lordships had angered his wife in her own house as the abbot had done, he verily believed she would have served them in the same manner"—(*Bell*).

Sir Thomas Wiat or Wyatt, the poet—a man "of admirable ingenuity," who, says Fuller, "truly answered his anagram, *Wiat*, or a wit"—was born of this excellent lady and reputable knight in 1503. An anecdote of his earlier years, related by Mr. Bell, in-

dicates him as not unworthy of so honourable a parentage. He brought up "a lion's whelp and an Irish greyhound at the castle, and made playmates of them, so that they used to wait at the gate or hall-door for his coming home, and testify their delight at his return by the most violent demonstrations. At last, as the lion's whelp grew into courage and heat, these testimonies of attachment became rather dangerous; and on one occasion he ran roaring at his young master, and, flying fiercely into his bosom must have inevitably destroyed him but for the greyhound, who, leaping on his back, pulled him down, when Wyatt coolly drew out his rapier, and slew the whelp on the spot. This story being afterwards repeated to Henry VIII., he observed, 'Oh, he can tame lions!'"—(*Bell*).

Sir Thomas was highly esteemed by Henry VIII., and though "he fell into disfavour about the business of Queen Anne Boleyn," yet, "by his innocence, industry, and discretion, he extricated himself," and continued until his death one of that monarch's most trusted servants. His attachment to that frail Kentish beauty had in it, perhaps, something of poetical exaggeration, yet the love which inspired the following tender lines was not altogether the fiction of an excited fancy:—

"Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent;
Forget not yet.

"Forget not yet when first began
The weary life, ye know, since when
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet.

"Forget not yet the great essays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience and delays,
Forget not yet.

"Forget not, oh, forget not this—
How long ago hath been and is,
The love that never meant amiss;
Forget not yet.

"Forget not now thine own approved,
The which so constant hath thee loved,
Whose steadfast faith hath never moved
Forget not yet."

Sir Thomas prudently conquered his disastrous passion, though his eloquent narrative of the fair lady's sufferings proves that he long and nobly cherished her memory. He resided much at Allington Castle, which he repaired with "most beautiful build-ings," and where he lived the life of a well-cultured and brave-hearted English gentleman. It is thus that he describes his manner of daily living to his friend John Pains :—

"This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk ;
 And in foul weather at my book to sit ;
 In frost and snow then with my bow to stalk ;
 No man doth mark whereso I ride or go,
 In lusty leas at liberty I walk ;
 And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe.
 * * So I am here in Kent and Christendom
 Among the muses, where I read and rhyme ;
 Where if thou list, mine own John Pains, to come,
 Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time."

Besides his love-songs—almost the earliest in the language—he produced a metrical version of the Psalms of David, and deserves a distinguished position among the fathers of English poetry, although not so lofty an one as his contemporaries claim for him. Anthony Wood styles him "the delight of the muses, and all mankind ;" and Leland is still more extravagant in his praise :—

"Bella suum meritò jactet Florentia Dantem ;
 Regia Petrarcae carmina Roma probat :
 His non inferior patrio sermone Viattus,
 Eloquii secum qui decus omne tulit."

IMITATED :—

Let Florence fair her Dante loudly claim,
 And royal Rome her Petrarch's numbers sweet,—
 Our English Wyatt is their peer in fame
 In his high verse all tender graces meet !

"This knight, being sent ambassador by King Henry VIII. to Charles the Fifth, emperor, then residing in Spain, before he took shipping died of the pestilence in the west country (at Sherborne), anno 1541"—(*Fuller*).

Sir Thomas Wyatt, the younger, was the unfortunate hero of

the revolt against Queen Mary, in the first year of her reign—a revolt partly religious, partly political in its character, on whose disastrous termination he was made prisoner, tried with unseemly speed, and beheaded on Tower Hill, April 11th 1554.

The castle and manor of Allington then reverted to the Crown, and was bestowed, by Queen Elizabeth, upon John Astley, master of her jewels, who, preferring the palace at Maidstone as a residence, suffered the famous abode of the poet-statesman to sink into decay. About 1720 the estate passed into the hands of the ancestor of its present owner, Lord Romney.

A noble belt of trees girds the fine ruins of the castle, which is farther encircled by a broad deep moat, supplied by the Medway. The walls form a parallelogram, strengthened at irregular intervals by circular towers. The interior is divided into the north and south courts, the former approached through the principal gatehouse, which is flanked by small round towers, and has a considerable apartment above the entrance-arch. Here were situated the hall (*aula*) and chapel. A low range of buildings separates it from the inner and more ancient court, whose south-western angle is marked by the lofty circular keep, evidently of a date anterior to the Wyatts. Through a doorway in one of the small towers the visitor steps out upon the green facing the river, and may next examine the picturesque FARM-HOUSE built out of the ruins of the CASTLE—a circumstance which he may accept as an admirable illustration of the vast changes of English social life since the days of mailed knights and feudal barons. The walls are everywhere clothed with luxuriant foliage, with mosses, and creeping plants, and ivy, and offer many romantic and fanciful “bits,” of scarcely less interest to the artist than the archæologist. From the opposite bank of the river, near the Hermitage, may be obtained an excellent view of the mouldering stronghold; or, dropping down the stream in a skiff, the sketcher may command many choice and admirably-coloured pictures.

ALLINGTON CHURCH, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is a small and uninteresting edifice, except from its position. The rectory, valued at £145, is in the gift of Lord Romney.

Crossing the river by the ferry, we make our way into the Rochester road, and turning to the right, soon find ourselves in sight of *Boxley Abbey* (Rev. E. Balston), an ancient Cistercian founda-

tion, which, in 1146, owed its rise to the devout munificence of William d'Ypres, Earl of Kent. Its founder afterwards resumed the hood and cowl in the Flemish abbey of Laon, and died there in 1162. His monastery flourished famously, and extracted many fat estates from wealthy lords and rich franklins. It was visited by Edward II. in 1322.

When suppressed by King Henry VIII. its annual revenues were estimated at £218:9:10, according to Speed, or £204:4:11, according to Dugdale. But its income had, at one time, been larger; the decrease arising from the luxurious tastes of its "purpled abbots." "There hath grown no decay by this abbot" (the last, John Dobbes), say the king's commissioners, "that we can learn; but surely his predecessors pleased much in odoriferous savours, as it should seem by their converting the rents of the monastery that were wont to be paid in corn and grain into gillieflowers and roses."

The White Monks of Boxley rejoiced in the possession of two great marvels, or "sotelties," which were the talk and wonder of all the countryside. The "rood of grace" especially attracted the feet of reverent pilgrims, who stared, open-mouthed, at its moving lips and eloquent eyes. Henry the Eighth's commissioners roughly handled the imposture, and shewed it to be made up of certain engines of wire, "wyth olde roton stykkes in the backe of the same, that did cause the eies to move and sterve in the hede thereof lyke unto a lyvelye thinge; and also the nether lippe in lyke wise to move as though it shulde speke." The image was removed to Maidstone, and there, at "the cheff of the market-time," on market-day, exhibited to the laughing and jeering crowd. After which retributive exposure it was carried to London, and, with due solemnity, broken to pieces at St. Paul's Cross, by Hilsey, bishop of Rochester.

The other "miracle" reminds one of that magic mantle with which a goblin page disturbed the peace of King Arthur's Court and exposed the unchasteness of its knights and dames—none but Sir Cradock and his wife being able to endure the trial. It was a small image of Boxley's patron saint, Sir Rumbald or Grumbald, which could only be raised by those who were free from lust in thought as in deed. Fuller reminds us that this test might easily be borne by the wealthy experimentalist, "whilst others might tug at it to no purpose." A wooden peg which fastened it behind was easily removed by the officiating priest,

and so many spotless wives and maidens "went away with blushing faces," whilst others "with more coin but less chastity" were able to carry their heads triumphantly.

St. Rumbald was a wonderful saint ; his life was limited to three days, but he made excellent use of his time by propounding and solving sundry subtle theological questions. His birth took place in the presence of a heathen Saxon tribe who were, we believe, immediately converted by the potency of his infant tongue.

The ruins of Boxley Abbey are scarcely discernible by the most inquisitive eye. The modern house is handsome, and its pleasure grounds are excellently laid out.

If the tourist follows the bye-road which touches Boxley Abbey for about half a mile, he will come to a cross road leading up the ascent to *Boxley village*. Here the box-trees, from which the place derives its old Saxon name, are thick and vigorous, and clamber in long, leafy, dark-green ranks all up the sides of the chalk-hills. The principal seats in this most agreeable neighbourhood are *Boxley Park*, *Boxley House*, and *Brocklyn*.

The *Church*, dedicated to All Saints—a neat Decorated building, with a goodly tower, chancel, and three aisles—lies back from the village street, on the right. It was here the famous Rood was kept. The porch, which may have been the village school—as at Wootton in Surrey—is large, ancient, and curious. The bells were cast in 1652.

From the Priory of Rochester, the advowson passed to Boxley Abbey, *temp.* Richard III., but was granted by Henry VIII. to the Dean and Chapter of Rochester, who still retain it. The living is valued at £834. Population of the parish 508.

One road now crosses the wind-swept tract, so widely known as *Penenden Heath*—the *locale* of all great Kentish gatherings from a period long anterior to the conquest. Here the knights of the shire are elected, and here condemned criminals executed—the gallows occupying the site, perhaps, of the old Saxon "cwealmstow," or place of execution. Hence, according to Lambarde, the name *Penenden*, from *pinian*, to punish, and the *den*, or "forest-clearing" of the Weald of Kent.

On this broad common assembled the *shyregemot* and *wapenstake* of our Saxon ancestors, following, it may be, the custom of the Kentish Belgæ, whom they had subjugated. Here, in 1076, gathered together, at the conqueror's bidding, the knights and

nobles of England to judge between Odo of Bayeux and Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, who accused him of having defrauded his see of many rich manors and fertile lands. Over this glittering council presided Goisfrid, bishop of Coutances, who was supported by Ernest, bishop of Rochester; Agelric, bishop of Chester, "an ancient man, and well versed in the laws of the realm, who, on account of his great age, was, by the king's order, brought thither in a waggon, *in una quadriga*;" Hamo, the *vicecomes* or sheriff, William de Arsie, Hugh de Montfort, Richard de Tunbridge, and many prelates, barons, knights, and thegus. The trial lasted three days, and the archbishop was successful in his suit; not only against the warlike Odo, but against Hugh de Montfort and Ralph de Curva Spina or Crookthorne.

Some large assemblies of squires and yeomen were held here during the repeal of the corn-law agitation.

The *County Hall*, erected in 1830, stands on the north side of the heath.

[About one and a half mile to the west, on the high road to Milton, lies DETLING, at the foot of the hills, and on the marge of some woods, which appear to have been at one time of considerable extent. It was a portion of the plunder of Odo of Bayeux, and wrested from him by Archbishop Lanfranc in 1086. The family of Detling held the manor from an early period. It afterwards belonged to the knightly Rivers and his chivalric son, Lord Scales. Richard III. bestowed it on the famous constable of the town, Robert Brakenbury.—*Clarence's "gentle keeper" (Richard III., A. 1, S. 4).*

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Martin, is a small Early English building, at the entrance to the village, on the west of the road. It contains a very curious and noticeable lectern, and the ruins of an old monument, which was designed, it is said to commemorate a Sir John Detling. In the churchyard stands a large cross of stone, and a headstone with the inscription, "Alas; poor Yorick!"

THURNHAM (population, 648) is situated on the chalk hills, 1 mile south-east of Detling. (The tourist may keep along this picturesque ridge—following partly in the line of the old "Pilgrim's Way"—through Hollingbourne, Harrietsham, and Lenham, even to Charing,—a distance, we suppose, of some 16 or 17 miles. The scenery is rich and varied throughout.) The church and parsonage lie at the foot of the hill, and near them stands THURNHAM PLACE, from whence a fine avenue of trees leads almost to the edge of Bersted Green. The village is large, neat, and clean—dry and healthy—as are most villages situated on the chalk. On the brow of the hill stand the mouldering ruins of THURNHAM or GODARD'S CASTLE, whose origin is lost in a mist of archæological speculation. Darell (*De Castellis Cantii*) says it was founded by a Saxon thegn, named Godardus; and it may perhaps occupy the site of an ancient Roman watch-tower, as Roman remains have been found about the hill. The walls, built of rough flint, and now in a sad state of dilapidation, are on the north side 14 feet in height and 3 in breadth. The keep, on an artificial mound, faced the east. The whole area did not include more than a quarter of an acre. The foundations are scarcely discernible through their rank, luxuriant overgrowth of weeds and grasses.

THURNHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, consists of an aisle and north and south chancels, with low pointed steeple at the west end. The east window (Decorated) is large and good. The memorials of the Sheldons of Allington are numerous, but of no particular interest. Here are monuments to Sir *Harry Cutt* of Binbury, d. 1603, and his wife *Barbara*, d. 1018. The vicarage, valued at £392, is in the patronage of the lord of the manor.

At the foot of Hollingbourne Hill, two and a quarter miles south-east of Thurnham, the tourist will reach the pleasant village of

HOLLINGBOURNE (population, 1432), so called from an offshoot of the Hollingas and Bourne stream, denoting the waters, which, rising near it, form the Len. At a short distance is *Iron Street*, a cluster of cottages formerly known by the name of Eythorne. GREENWAY COURT, one mile east of the church, is sheltered in the rear by lofty downs, while it looks out upon the Fair Weald of Kent. It passed into the hands of the Culpepers in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and they made it their place of residence until it was alienated, along with Leeds Castle, to the Fairfax family. The manse of Hollingbourne was long enjoyed by the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, who had here a grange of some extent, and obtained from Edward II. the privilege of holding a weekly market.

The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is a goodly building, with north and south aisles, nave, and chancel, and stately square tower at the west end. The Culpeper chapel is filled with memorials of the members of that old Kentish stock. A fair raised monument of white marble, with an exquisitely sculptured recumbent figure of a lady, in the costume of the Stuarts, commemorates Lady *Elizabeth Culpeper*, d. 1638. The chancel also contains its Culpeper memorials, especially one of Lord *Culpeper* by Rysbrach. Observe the curious monument to Sir *Martin Barnham*, d. 1610, and his two wives; their three figures kneeling at a desk, with their children, also kneeling, beneath them. A stone in the centre aisle bears evident traces of a brass of male and female figures. The altar drapery belonging to this church, and a pulpit cloth and cushion of purple velvet, superbly figured with pomegranates and grapes wrought in gold, were the production of the daughters of Sir John Culpeper, afterwards Lord Culpeper, an ardent royalist and dashing cavalier, during his twelve years' banishment from rebellious England (1648-1660.).

The vicarage, valued at £430, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Keeping down hill through Iron Street, we soon gain the high road, which, at about 5½ miles from Maidstone, forms the north-east boundary of the fair demesne of Leeds Park. A bye-lane leads from this point across the Lenham, and under the shade of fresh green boughs, to the village of Leeds.]

LEEDS (population, 810) is situated upon a pleasant ridge, along which it straggles for about a mile; its noble church conspicuous at its northern extremity, and beyond it the wooded uplands of Leeds Castle. Bold abrupt knolls, crowned with majestic trees, are scattered all around, and between them rest the cool shadows of many a quiet dale. Across the park, and through broad verdant meadows, flows a clear, and occasionally a rapid stream, and the whole scene, while rich in natural beauty, is hallowed by an air of almost monastic seclusion. You might be sure that, in so fair a landscape, those excellent judges of

the amenities of life—the “monks of old”—would erect one of their household tents. And, indeed, certain Augustinian monks, “black canons regular,” induced one Robert de Crévecœur, and Adam, his son, to found here a priory (A.D. 1119), and to bestow upon them ground whereon they might erect a church in honour of St. Mary and St. Nicholas; and accordingly he gave them the forstall which was before their gate, and the land which lay on both sides of it. And the mill of Brandescompe, and free commonage for their cattle, and the wood called East Park, with the lands adjoining, all fell into the hands of these fortunate “black canons regular.”

They built—these pious monks!—a fair church, “equal in size and beauty to many of our cathedrals.” Of exquisite workmanship were its statue of the Virgin, and its altars to St. Martin, St. Anne, and St. Catherine. Famous were its memorials of the Crévecœurs, its generous benefactors, and glorious was the solemn music which daily pealed through its pillared aisles. But just as the sacred song has died away, and no echoes of it now wander, spirit-like, through the goodly valleys of Leeds, so not a stone of the “fair church” remains, not a trace of its altars and its statues, not a brass or slab to indicate the last resting-place of the De Crévecœurs! Shattered in the dust their monuments, and they too—the knights—are “dust,”

“And their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”—(COLERIDGE.)

It may have been in cultivating their love of ecclesiastical architecture that the monks of Leeds Priory expended their substance. At all events, in the reign of Henry VII. they were “deeply in debt,” and Bishop Goldwelle of Norwich relieved them to so liberal an extent, that “they acknowledged him, in some measure, as the founder of their house.”

At the suppression of the religious houses by Henry VIII., the revenues of Leeds Priory amounted to £362:7:7 per annum. The houses and lands were then leased to Sir Anthony St. Leger, “excepting all houses and buildings within the precincts of it, which the king had already ordered to be pulled down and carried away.” William Covert, at a later period, became lord of the manor, and rebuilt and repaired much of the ancient monastic pile. His initials, W. C., and the date, 1598, may yet be seen over an old stone portal on the west side.

Thomas Hazlewood, *temp.* Richard II., was a monk here, "an excellent scholar himself, a fortunate schoolmaster to teach others," and "a faithful and painful historian." He wrote "a Compendious Chronicle," which treats mainly of the achievements of Edward the Black Prince.

LEEDS CASTLE (C. Wykeham Martin, Esq.) is not one of the least interesting of the many interesting "baronial halls" of Kent. The original stronghold was erected by Robert de Crévecœur in the early part of the reign of Henry I. From the De Crévecœurs it passed to the De Leybornes, one of whom—William De Leyborne—aware of the jealousy with which Edward I. regarded the strongholds of his barons, reinstated the crown in the possession of both manor and castle. The king included them in the dowry of his wife Margaret, who, after her husband's death, appointed to the government of the castle a powerful noble, Bartholomew de Badlesmere, much favoured by Edward II. in his earlier years, and, from his wealth, popularly spoken of as "the rich Lord Badlesmere of Ledes." He joined the Earl of Lancaster and the confederated barons in their revolt against the king. Queen Eleanor endeavoured to surprise his castle under the pretence that she would lodge there one night on her pilgrimage to Canterbury; but the castellan, Thomas Colepeper, who had charge of his lord's wife, children, and treasures, stoutly refused to the royal train admission.

A force under the Earls of Pembroke and Richmond succeeded, however, in reducing it, and the honest Colepeper was duly hung up at the castle gate. Lord Badlesmere was taken prisoner in Yorkshire. Removed to Canterbury, he was drawn and hung at the gallows on the Blean, his head cut off and set on a pole on the Burgate in that city.

The castle then returned to the crown, and, in 1359, was rebuilt and adorned by the famous priest-architect, William of Wykeham. Richard II. visited it on several occasions, and, as "a grey, discrowned king," was afterwards imprisoned here. In April 1400, the saturnine Lancastrian, Henry IV., spent a few days within its stately walls. He afterwards granted it to Archbishop Arundel, who dates from Leeds Castle many of the instruments employed in the process against Sir John Oldcastle (A.D. 1414).

Joan of Navarre, charged with plotting against her great son-in-law (Henry V.), was confined here for a few months in

1420. And within its walls, in 1440, Archbishop Chicheley presided at the trial of Eleanor, wife of "the good Duke Humphrey," when foully accused of sorcery and treason, of

"Dealing with witches and with conjurors,
Raising up wicked spirits from underground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death."—(SHAKESPEARE.)

The castle was strongly repaired by Henry VIII., whose attention to the fortifications of his kingdom was vigilant and sagacious. The central position of Leeds, commanding all the great Kentish roads, was not likely to be overlooked by his observant eye.

Edward VI. bestowed the manor and castle on Sir Anthony St. Leger, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, whose son alienated them to Sir Richard Smyth of Westenham. They were afterwards held by the loyal Culpepers, and passed, by the marriage of their representative Catherine, to Thomas, Lord Fairfax, the head of an ancient Yorkshire family, whose son was the famous parliamentary general, d. 1671. About 1793, the male line of the Fairfaxes became extinct, and their estates passed to a kinsman, the Rev. Denny Martin, whose representative is the present owner and occupant of Leeds Castle.

The castle was visited in 1779 by George III. and Queen Charlotte, after their grand review of the forces encamped on Coxheath.

A stately pile of buildings—blending not inharmoniously the ancient and the modern, the conveniences necessitated by the social life of to-day with the peculiarities of castellated architecture—LEEDS CASTLE is well worth the attention of the tourist, notwithstanding Horace Walpole's depreciatory criticism. It occupies a slightly elevated table-ground in the centre of a noble park, a glittering moat encircling it with its ample waters, richly wooded hills rising around it like a belt of towers. The moat is fed by the Lenham rivulet, "which tumbles through a bit of romantic grove" (*Walpole*), and trails its line of silver across the wide demesne on its way to the silver Vaga. By means of sluices connected with this moat, the surrounding levels could easily be inundated.

A considerable portion of the castle is probably the work of William of Wykeham, and has a massive grandeur not unworthy of that illustrious architect. It occupies three *aits* or islands,

surrounded by the moat. The remains of the barbican and the castle mill are noticeable on the first. The second is crowned by the ancient gate-house, by the outer bailey, still retaining its defensive wall, and one wing of the castle. The principal mass of buildings, much of which must be ascribed to Sir Henry Guildford, appointed its castellan by Henry VIII., occupy the third island. "The walls rise straight from the water, and there is a curious original boat-house under part of the castle. Each island was connected with the other by a drawbridge only, so that each could be defended separately"—(*C. W. Martin, Esq.*). The chapel is, perhaps, of greater antiquity than any other portion. Its windows, filled with "Kentish tracery" (as at Penshurst), were restored, it is said, in 1314, after a severe hurricane.

The modern arrangements are in good taste, and the gardens and pleasaunce are maintained in admirable order. Some rich park scenery may be obtained at various points.

LEEDS CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, has a nave, north and south aisles, a choir, and north and south choir aisles, and at the west end an Early English square tower, surmounted by a low small spire. The windows are Decorated or Rectilinear. In the windows are fragments of richly coloured glass.

The north chancel has been for centuries the mortuary chapel of the lords of Leeds. Many of the *memorials* of the Merediths, who held the Leeds priory estate during the seventeenth century, are of importance. Observe especially the fair marble monument, with elaborate sculptures, to Lady *Jane Meredith*, d. 1643; and the stately tomb of Sir *Roger Meredith*, d. 1738.

The perpetual curacy of Leeds, valued at £163, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Attached to it is the perpetual curacy of *Broomfield*, a small chapel, dedicated to St. Margaret, which stands in the centre of a sparsely populated district.

At NASH, about ten minutes' walk from Leeds Park, a notable house, known as BATTLE HALL, should be examined by the tourist. It has been supposed, and on apparently satisfactory grounds, to have been a residence for three canons, founded by Robert de Crèveœur when he erected Leeds Castle. The Early English arch of stone, supported by two figures, and the stone door-case, with its portcullis groove, are in good preservation. In the hall, close to the screen, may be observed a fine lavatory

and stone-cistern—"a fair place for holy water"—of unusually good workmanship. There is a curious old farm-house in the village worth a visit. The windows are late Perpendicular. The lower part of the house is stone, the upper part of wood, with well-designed open panels. The roof is picturesque and in good preservation.

The tourist should now cross by Green Hill to

OTHAM (population, 357), seated in a luxuriantly leafy country, and girdled with prolific orchards and goodly hop plantations. The Len, or Lenham, crosses the northern part of the parish, and supplies several picturesquely situated mills. GORE COURT, pleasantly surrounded with woods, is near the village, and beyond it stands the antique Norman *Church*, dedicated to St. Nicholas. Here are interred *John Elys*, d. 1467, several members of the *Hendley*, or *Henley*, family, and *Lewin Buffkin*, of Gore Court, *temp.* James I. The hood-moulding carried round a doorway in the north wall is very curious.

The Rev. Samuel Horne was rector of Otham from 1727 to 1768. He was the father of Dr. *George Horne*, bishop of Norwich, b. 1730, d. 1792, whose erudite "Commentary on the Psalms" is still in good repute among theological students. The rectory, valued at £412, is in the patronage, we believe, of the owner of Gore Court. "Gore" means a wedge-shaped piece of land.

We now keep northward into the Maidstone Road, crossing the Len by a simple rustic bridge. On our way into the town we pass the eastern edge of the fair grounds of

THE MOTE (Earl of Romney), which is said to derive its name from the Saxon *mót*, or place of public assembly, and not from the fosse which anciently defended this castellated mansion of the De Leybornes. Ralph de Ditton, warden of the Cinque Ports, died possessed of this stronghold in 1355-6. About fifteen years afterwards it passed into the Wydeville family, who removed here from Grafton in Northamptonshire. Richard de Wydeville, who married Jaquenetta, Duchess of Bedford, was created Lord Rivers, Grafton, and De la Mote, by Henry VI., and his daughter Elizabeth, widow of Sir John Grey of Groby, was the famous "fair one of the golden locks" wedded by Edward the Fourth. His son, Anthony Lord Scales, was as gallant a knight and as chivalrous a nobleman as that knightly and chivalrous age produced. He was beheaded in 1483 at Ponte-

fract, at the behest of Richard of Gloucester, dying "for truth, for duty, and for loyalty," along with Lord Grey and Sir Thomas Vaughan.

"O Pomfret ! Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death ;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink."

SHAKSPEARE.

A portion of the estate was held by Archbishop Morton, *temp.* Henry VII., but the whole of it afterwards belonged to the Wyatts of Allington, passed through Sir William Rither to Sir Thomas Cæsar, brother of the eminent jurist (Sir Julius Cæsar). From 1641 to 1685 it was held by the Tuftons, whose heiress alienated it to Sir John Marsham, d. 1692, the ancestor of its present noble owner.

The handsome mansion which now occupies so pleasant a position in this noble park was built by the third Lord Romney about 1790. It contains some spacious chambers, and a small but choice collection of works of art. Near the site of the old house stands a pavilion or summer-house, indicating the spot where the said Lord Romney entertained upwards of 3000 members of the Kentish yeomanry in the presence of George III. and Queen Charlotte.

The park covers an area of 600 acres. It is well wooded, and the surface picturesquely varied ; some of the oaks are of unusual size. Looking down from the high lands upon the valley of the Medway, and over a delightful tract of richly cultivated country, the tourist enjoys a noble landscape. A sheet of water, crossed by a rural bridge, glimmers and sparkles before the house. The glades and uplands, carpeted with a fresh and fragrant turf, rest coolsome and silent in the eternal shadow of interlacing boughs.

Here, then, and not inappropriately, we close our ramble in the pleasant neighbourhood of Maidstone, having in one long summer day seen all that delightful change of glen, and hill, and meadow ; farmstead, manorial house, and gray old church ; broad heath and smiling cornfield ; populous hop plantation and abundant orchard ; leafy lanes, musical with birds, and green

hedge blooming with wildling blossoms—peculiar to this dear England of ours, to

“This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise—
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land!”

SHAKSPEARE.

From MAIDSTONE, through ASHFORD, to FOLKESTONE.

[Langley, 4 m.; Boughton Monchelsea, and Chart Sutton, 2 m.; Headcorn, 4 m.; Smarden, 2 m.; Pluckley Station, 2 m.; by rail to Ashford, 6 m.; Smeetham, 5 m.; Hythe, 3 m.; Newington, 3½ m.; Folkestone, 3½ m.]

“Parks with oak and chesnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great;
Ancient house of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.”—TENNYSON.

QUITTING Maidstone by the southern road—the Mote lying on our right—we traverse an agreeable country on our way to Langley. The groves of Otham stretch beyond the roadside meadows, and away to the east sweeps the undulating line of the great chalk range. A turning on the left leads to “the willowy hills and fields” of Loose, a neighbourhood of so picturesque a character—with richly wooded uplands, slow-rolling streams, and clustering bowers of hops—that the tourist will do well to visit it. If he follows the great highway, which penetrates into the Weald of Kent for about three miles, he will gain the village of

LOOSE (population, 1513)—deriving its name, according to Hasted, from a peculiarity of the streamlet about whose banks its houses are scattered—like the Surrey Mole, and the Devonshire Lin, it *loses* itself at Brishing, one mile from its source, and flows underground for about 800 yards. At the foot of the hill is situated LOOSE CHURCH, a small Early English building, dedicated to All Saints, whose perpetual curacy, valued at £492, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There are many pleasant country mansions in this rich garden-ground; and an unusual number of mills is set in motion by its blithesome rivulet. The pedestrian may pass a pleasant

hour in their vicinity, listening to "the mill-dam rushing down with noise," or watching the trout leap, and "the little circles die;" though we cannot promise him that he will there perceive, as they "pass into the level flood," such a vision of delight as gladdened the eyes of Tennyson's angler:—

"The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm
Within the dark and dimpled beck."

Crossing the broad and dusky waste of Coxheath—the Aldershott of "the days when George III. was king," we reach, at one mile from Loose, on a ridge of abrupt greensand hills (a sort of offshoot from the great eastern range of Downs), the picturesque village of

LINTON (population, 1082), a locale much to be commended to the sketcher. From almost every point a noble view is to be enjoyed—northward, looking afar into the quiet valley of the Medway; southward, over the deep bowery hollows and rich leaf-encircled leas of the beautiful Weald.

LINTON PLACE (Viscount Holmesdale) is "a fair country seat," standing, "like the citadel of Kent," alone upon its lofty eminence, and commanding on every side an extended and goodly landscape. "The whole country is its garden," writes Horace Walpole; "so rich a prospect scarce wants any Thames." Its ancient name from its ancient lords was Capel's Court. The Mannys became possessed of it in Gloriana's reign, of which family came the loyal cavalier, John Manny, knighted by Charles I. After various changes, it was sold to Robert Mann, Esq., d. 1751, who pulled down the old manorial mansion, and erected the present "handsome structure." On the death of his son, unmarried, it passed to his brother, Sir Horace Mann, for many years the British minister at Florence, but best known to posterity as the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole. It finally passed, by marriage, into the Cornwallis family.

The grounds are in themselves of singular beauty; but are otherwise attractive, and in no ordinary degree, from the breadth, richness, and exquisite character of the landscapes they overlook. The house is substantial and solid, with some good apartments, which contain a small collection of works of art.

LINTON CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is a small and quaint building on the hill-slope, from whose churchyard the tourist may survey at his leisure the surrounding country. Here are some memorials of the *Cornwallis* family, by Baily; a monument of vulgar design to *Sir Horace Mann*, d. 1786, whose body was brought over from Florence to be interred in this church; and a pretentious one to his brother *Galfridus Mann*, erected under the immediate supervision of Horace Walpole, whose description of it is curiously elaborate. "The thought was my own," he writes to Sir Horace, "adapted from the antique *columbaria*, and applied to Gothic. The execution of the design was Mr. Bentley's, who alone of all mankind could unite the grace of Grecian architecture and the irregular lightness and solemnity of Gothic. The urn is of marble, richly polished; the rest of stone. On the whole, I think there is simplicity and decency, with a degree of ornament that destroys neither." This semi-classic, semi-gothic marvel will scarcely excite the tourist to enthusiasm.

The living, a vicarage, valued at £257, is in the gift of the Earl Cornwallis.

[The tourist should now keep as nearly as possible in the line of the quarry or greensand hills, and return into the Maidstone road by way of Langley Park. Langley itself straggles along the highway at about 4 miles from Maidstone, in quiet local scenery of little interest.]

LANGLEY (population, 360), *i.e.*, "the long pasture," may perhaps be fairly described as a wide table-land rather elevated in itself, and skirted both on the east and west by thick coppices of oak, elm, and beach. The manor belonged, *temp.* Edward III., to Juliana de Leyborne, a wealthy heiress who, from her vast possessions, was styled "The Infanta of Kent." The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is of no antiquarian importance. The rectory, valued at £390, is in the patronage of the Pusey family.

Passing Chart corner, we reach at two miles from Langley,

CHART SUTTON (population, 609), or *Chart by Sutton*, a parish divided into northern and southern portions by the ridge of hills running east from Linton. The south district is luxuriantly wooded, and watered by a stream which has its source in the chalk. The church and village are grouped upon the greensward, and many a rustic cottage lines the road leading along the heights to East Sutton, and thence descending the hill at Ulcomb into a maze of woodland alleys and green lanes.

Mention is made in Domesday Book of a vineyard which once flourished in this neighbourhood. Where formerly hung the purple clusters of the vine now droops, however, the black burthen of the hop; and the juice of the latter is, perhaps, the more congenial to the palate of a Kentish yeoman.

NORTON PLACE—now, as it has been for years, a farm-house—was the residence of the Norton family, until it fell into sore decay through the constant division of its patrimony by the Kentish custom of gavelkind.

CHART SUTTON CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, stands on the brink of the hill, near Sutton-Valence. The old church, and its beautiful spire, at one time the boast of all the countryside, were struck by lightning, early in the morning of the 23d of April 1779, set on fire, and wholly consumed. It was then rebuilt at a cost of £1300, in the architectural fashion approved of in the Georgian era, and contains no memorials of general interest. The vicarage is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

[About half a mile east of Chart Sutton, and still upon the quarry ridge, lies SUTTON-VALENCE (population, 1090), *i.e.*, the SOUTH-TOWN, or settlement, which, after the Conquest, was a portion of the estates of the Valences, Earls of Pembroke. It has fallen from the place of pride it occupied in the days when it was of such importance as to give its name to the deanery of Sutton; but is still a populous and busy district.

At a few paces distance, east of the village, and adjoining the parsonage grounds, moulder the scanty ruins of SUTTON CASTLE—ruins without a history, as far as Dryasdust can tell us. Elder boughs, and ivy mosses and lichen, hang heavily about the gray old walls, which seem to have formed a portion of the keep or donjon, are 3 feet thick, and about 20 feet high, having loopholes at proper intervals for the discharge of arrows and other missiles. Probably it was built by one of the Earls of Pembroke as a sort of watch-tower, or, perhaps, like a border-fortress, as a place of retreat for his marauding partisans.

The FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL was erected in 1578 by one William Lambe, “some-time a gentleman of the chapel to King Henry VIII., and a great favourite of that prince.” The six ALMSHOUSES, with their gardens and orchard, for six poor inhabitants of the parish, were also founded by this munificent member of “the Worshipful Company of Cloth-workers.”

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a goodly building at the west end of the village, which may, perhaps, be worth the tourist's examination. The living, a vicarage, valued at £318, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester. The parish of

EAST SUTTON (population, 383) adjoins that of Sutton-Valence, and their respective villages are scarcely a mile apart. It occupies the slope of a hill of greensand, and the church looks down upon the magnificent park of the Filmers, EAST SUTTON PLACE, where, before a many-gabled Tudor mansion, shimmers an ample lake, and among the dense brown boughs of patriarchal trees throbs the music of a thousand birds. From this point, too, the pretty modernized Elizabethan house of LITTLE CHARLTON (Mrs. Munro) is just discernible.

The Filmers have resided at East Sutton since the reign of Elizabeth, when Robert Filmer, prothonotary of the common pleas, removed to Little Charlton. He died here in 1585, and was buried in the church. Sir Edward Filmer purchased the manor in 1612, and established himself at East Sutton Place, which he enlarged and rebuilt. His son was the Sir Robert Filmer knighted by Charles I., an ardent royalist, who wielded his pen as stoutly as his sword; had his house ten times plundered by the Roundheads; and was himself imprisoned as "a malignant" in Leeds Castle. His tractates on the "Right Divine of Kings," such as "The Anarchy of a Mixed Monarchy," "Patriarcha or the Natural Power of Kings," the "Freeholder's Grand Inquest," and "Reflections concerning the Original of Government," are curious illustrations of the extent to which an enthusiastic mind may be biased by early associations. Sir Robert died in 1653.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, stands on the summit of the hill, and its square gray tower is a notable object from the surrounding meadows. It contains numerous memorials of the Filmer family, with some good brasses. Remark, especially, the tomb of Sir *Edward Filmer*, d. 1629, with its curious portraiture "on copper," of that worthy knight, his wife, and eighteen children. There is also a good bust to Sir *Edward Filmer*, d. 1755, and a neat memorial to the father of the present baronet.

The living is a curacy associated with the vicarage of Sutton-Valence.]

This part of Kent has, perhaps, undergone less change than any other district within the same distance of the metropolis. The villages here have still their modest wayside inns and rose-embowered cottages. The dells are so calm and lovely, that the nymphs of the antique world might make them their haunt—

"Jam Cytherea choras ducit Venus, imminente Luna :
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatunt pede"—

without any fear of being disturbed by the intrusion of profane mortals. No glaring erections of laths and stucco disfigure the fairest nooks, and raise their gaunt and hideous turrets amid "the low and bloomèd foliage." The gray weather-beaten churches have escaped indecent "restoration;" "the forefathers of the hamlet" lie in daisied graveyards, not in joint-stock-company cemeteries. The leviathan of steam has not yet crushed out the poetry and romance of this sweet countryside. Not that we are insensible of the great advantages which increased facilities of communication necessarily induce; but we know that in the neighbourhood of a railway station the village soon swells into a town, the wayside inn grows into a railway hotel, the leafy lanes are metamorphosed into the hardest of macadamized roads, and all that makes the life, and magic, and beauty of an English landscape, gradually but surely passes away for ever.

So to these quiet hamlets on this goodly Kentish ridge,

retaining in their names such distinct memories of Old England's past—of the Saxon thegn and the Norman baron—to these breezy uplands and leafy coppices, as yet unchanged and unpolluted, we bid the tourist—Welcome! Let us, therefore, continue the diversion we have commenced from our main route, and keep across the hills to Charing.

BRANCH ROUTE (No. 1.) :—EAST SUTTON TO CHARING.

Passing EAST SUTTON PLACE, we soon arrive at ULCOMBE (population, 649)—*i.e.*, “old valley”—lying in the hollow of the hill, but in a sufficiently elevated position. A small stream rises here, and rippling southward through fertile meadows, joins the Medway near Headcorn. The manor was given after the Conquest to Sir Robert de St. Leger, one of the knights who followed Duke William's banner to England, and whose hand, according to a tradition long credited in these parts, supported his chief when he made his famous “first false step” upon English ground. Ralph de St. Leger, his great-grandson, was one of the brave Kentish gentlemen who fought under Cœur de Lion at the siege of Acon. Anthony St. Leger, another of this noble family, was Henry the Eighth's Lord Deputy of Ireland, and a knight of the garter. His services to the state were of an eminent character. His son William, Governor of Munster, was slain in 1599 in a skirmish with the Irish, by their leader Hugh Macquire, who also died of the wounds inflicted by Sir William—the origin, perhaps, of the famous legend of the Kilkenny cats. It passed to the Clarke family in 1691.

The CHURCH is dedicated to All Saints. It covers the dust of many of the St. Legers, especially *John St. Leger*, d. 1444; *Ralph St. Leger*, d. 1470; and *Anthony St. Leger*, the lord deputy, d. 1559; besides various members of the Clarke family.

The living is a rectory, worth £379 yearly, in the patronage of the Hon. C. B. C. Wandesford.

Following our hill route, we soon pass the boundaries of Ulcombe, and find ourselves in the shades, still so green and leafy, of BOUGHTON-MALHERBE, one of those places whose half-Saxon half-Norman names are so significantly illustrative of the great revolution which followed the battle of Hastings. The Saxon name is “Bough-ton,” or Bocton as held by charter. It received

the affix *Malherbe* when it fell into the hands of the Malherbe family, to distinguish it from Boughton-Monchelsey, near Langley.

BOUGHTON-MALHERBE (population, 462), when the Norman knight first rode through its vales and up its hills, was a thick and vigorous forest, where a few hinds had erected their humble huts, and tended their master's herd of swine. Through the deep vaporous alleys wound a clear swift stream or two, and on the marge of a patch of meadow-land stood the little Saxon church. All around and about were tall and stately trees, except on the very crest of the neighbouring hills, where in those troublous times the bale-fire so often sent up its "beacon-blaze of war," repeated from height to height throughout the heart of Kent—

"Each with warlike tidings fraught,
Each from each the signal caught,
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night."—(SCOTT.)

The Norman spirit soon stirred the sluggish Saxon into enterprise, and the meadow grass and the waving corn gradually encroached upon the leafy woods and the interlacing forest growths.

The Malherbes were succeeded by the De Denes, and they by the Corbies, one of whom, Robert Corbie, obtained permission from Edward III. to embattle and fortify his manor-house at Boughton, a privilege which Edward II. had already granted to a neighbouring lord, Fulke de Reyforer of COLBRIDGE (a manor lying on the south slope of the hill towards Egerton). In the days of Richard II., manor and manor-house passed by marriage to one Nicholas Wotton, twice Lord Mayor of London, and the founder of a family which has contributed brave men to England's service, and an illustrious name to England's literature. Sir Edward Wotton, treasurer of Calais, was offered the chancellorship by Henry VIII., a dangerous honour, which he "modestly," and certainly prudently, refused. He built at BOUGHTON PLACE a goodly mansion, making use of the ruins of Colbridge Castle, which had passed into his hands, and judiciously placing it where it would command "the advantage of a large prospect." Here he died in 1550, and here he was succeeded by his son, Thomas Wotton—imprisoned three years afterwards, "under

pretence of his religion, but really at the request of his uncle, Dr. Nicholas Wotton, on account of a dream he had had in France." The imprisonment probably saved his life, as it prevented him from being involved in Wyatt's rebellion, fatal to so many Kentish gentlemen. He was visited at Boughton by Queen Elizabeth in July 1573, and delighted the great Gloriana with his splendid hospitality. Full of years and honour, he died in 1580.

By his second wife he had a son named Henry—born at Boughton in 1566—the Sir Henry Wotton, poet, statesman, and man of letters, whose good fortune it has been to have had Izaak Walton for his biographer. A man of lively wit and keen perceptions—of singular worldly shrewdness, and yet with something of true poetic fire burning in his heart of hearts. It was Wotton who epigrammatically defined an ambassador as "an honest gentleman sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country;" yet it was Wotton who celebrated the fair Queen of Bohemia in the exquisite lyric, commencing "You meaner beauties of the night." After a life of singular romance he died, provost of Eton, in 1639, aged seventy-two. It must have been in remembrance of the fresh free woods of Boughton that he conceived his noble "Farewell to the World's Vanities," and exclaimed, as many a weary soul has since exclaimed—

"Welcome, pure thoughts; welcome, ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
Nor broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears."

Boughton afterwards passed by marriage to Henry Lord Stanhope, son of the Earl of Chesterfield, who so stoutly defended his stronghold at Elvaston against the Roundheads. It remained in the family until sold by Philip Earl of Chesterfield—the wit, statesman, and "polite letter-writer,"—to Galfridus Mann, brother of Sir Horace Mann, Walpole's correspondent (see *Linton*), from whose representatives it passed to Earl Cornwallis.

The manorial mansion of the Wottons and Stanhopes is now a substantial farm-house, retaining something of its ancient character. On a chimney-piece is the date 1553, and the dining-room boasts an elaborate decorated roof. Several of the rooms will repay inspection, and "the prospect" from their windows may be much commended.

CHELSTON (J. S. Douglas, Esq.), lies very near the Maidstone

and Ashford Road. It is a commodious Georgian mansion, in an agreeable demesne. Of COLBRIDGE CASTLE there are some slight traces—certainly not enough to satisfy the most speculative of archaeologists.

BOUGHTON CHURCH is a handsome and spacious building, partly Perpendicular, which should be visited by the tourist. The *Wotton* memorials are numerous. A black marble tomb commemorates *Henry Lord Stanhope*, d. 1635. In the south chancel lies the marble effigy of a knight in armour, cross-legged, and with his shield and sword, and on the opposite side a similar effigy of a lady, antequely costumed, which are supposed to represent a knightly Peyforer of Colbridge and his wife, or a Malherbe. May they not be designed to commemorate Robert Corbie, and his wife Alys?

The rectory, valued at £176, is in the gift of the representatives of the late Earl Cornwallis.

Descending the hills, we pass Chelston House into the Ashford Road, and at 10 miles from Maidstone, reach

LENHAM (population, 2070)—the village on the Len—in a deep broad valley between the great eastern chalk range and the quarry-hills we have just quitted. Its soil was once so wretched that the peasants, when travellers made any remark upon the village, contented themselves with replying, “Ah, sirs, poor Lenham!”—(*Hasted*). But improved agricultural science is gradually conquering its deep sand in the south, and its stubborn chalk in the north; and the parish, to a stranger’s eye at least, appears busy and prosperous. Lenham fairs for horses and cattle, June 6 and October 23, are usually well attended.

At Ewell, in this parish, rises the *Len*, a tributary of the Medway, which runs through Harrietsham, Leeds Park, and Otham, to its junction with that river at Maidstone. The Stour, one of the most important of the Kentish rivers, rises at Streetwell, just beyond the town, and receiving—about a mile from its source—two small runlets, which well up amid the foliage of Chelston, ripples onward to Ashford and Canterbury.


Cenulf of Mercia and Cudred of Kent granted Lenham manor, in 804, to St. Augustine’s, Canterbury, whose monks retained it until King Henry VIII. suppressed both monks and monastery. Queen Elizabeth bestowed it on the great Lord

Burleigh ; it was afterwards in the hands of the Montagus, from whom it passed to the Colepepers. A. Akers, Esq., is now its proprietor.

Six almshouses were founded here in 1622 by Anthony Honeywood of Langley, who vested their control in the vicar and church wardens.


LENHAM CHURCH is dedicated to St. Mary. Its antiquity is considerable, and it illustrates several periods of English architecture. The main chancel is Early English, the tower and aisles Perpendicular ; the smaller chancel is perhaps Early Decorated. At the west end of the high chancel remain the sixteen oaken stalls intended for the monks of St. Augustine when they made a visitation. Near them, on the south side, is a rude stone sedile, or "confessional chair," with substantial arms, and a cinque foil-headed canopy. A plain seat, smaller in size, is placed on its left. In a recess in the north wall lies the effigy of a priest, "probably that of *Thomas de Apulderfield*, who lived in King Edward the Third's reign, and was buried in this church." The Perpendicular piscina, under an arch, should be noticed, as well as the curiously carved octagon pulpit (*temp.* James I.), and the lectern, of venerable oak.

The *Memorials* are numerous, and many are of considerable interest. Notice that to *James Perry*, d. 1577, and *Anne* his wife, d. 1593. A marble tomb at the east end of the north aisle, much adorned with escutcheons, is supposed to be that of *Thomas Horne*, d. 1471. The Derings, Hamiltons, Codds, Brockwells, and other parochial families, are also commemorated, with considerable differences of "style" and "taste." Lenham Church, however, is, to the antiquarian, one of the most attractive of all the churches which throng this part of Kent.

 At two miles north of Lenham, and upon the Len, is situated the decorous village of HARRIETSHAM (population, 674), *i. e.*, Hariard's *ham*, or home. On the summit of the hill, above the village, stands STEDE PLACE (W. Baldwin, Esq.), so named from its founder Sir John Stede (*temp.* Charles I.) The grounds are of more than usual beauty, and are enriched with a fine sheet of water, which leaps, and foams, and sparkles in several miniature cascades. The house is large and commodious, with a goodly southern landscape.

HARRIETSHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is

situated at the foot of the hill, not far from the high road. It consists of three aisles, three chancels, and a square west tower. The main chancel is Early English; the rest of the building, which has recently undergone a thorough restoration, is Perpendicular. There are some good memorials to members of the Stede family. Remark the altar-tomb of *William Stede*, d. 1574.

 Across the chalk ridge, north-east of Lenham, and about two miles distant, is OTTERDEN (population, 101), one of the ancient "forest clearings," or cattle-folds, of the Saxons. You ascend to it by steep lanes, whose shelving banks are covered with brushwood, and which sometimes wind through deep leafy *shaws* of beech, birch, and hazel. On a hill in its centre stands OTTERDEN PLACE (Rev. C. Wheeler), a stately and substantial mansion of Early Tudor architecture, which commands a glorious view over the levels of Feversham and Whitstable, and even enjoys brief glimpses of the distant Channel :—

"Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dips down to sea and sands."

The straggling village, where the breeze ever comes with a *sough* which tells of the waters it has swept, need not detain the tourist; nor the hideous *Church*, dedicated to St. Lawrence, and built in 1753, on the foundations of the old church, as a magnificent specimen of the architecture of the Georgian era. Two rectors are buried within it: Dr. *William Slayter*, d. 1646, and *John Symonds*, d. 1747. The *Memorials* to members of the old manorial families, Lewin, Curteis, Bunce, Paine, and Wheler, hardly require comment.

The rectory, valued at £307, is in the patronage of the present incumbent.

From Lenham we proceed by the highway, skirting the chalk-hills on the west, to CHARING (population, 1321), where the Ashford and Maidstone road intersects the Canterbury and Cranbrook road, and the Feversham road joins the latter. It is necessarily, therefore, a village, or rather town, of some importance, though scarcely as full of life and bustle as in the old coaching days. It stands upon the line of the famous "Pilgrim's-way," which, "marked often by long lines of Kentish yews, usually creeping half-way up the hills immediately above the line of

cultivation, and under the highest crest, passing here and there a solitary chapel or friendly monastery, but avoiding for the most part the towns and villages and the regular roads, probably for the same reason as in the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath, the highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through byeways" (*Stanley*), entered Kent not far from Tatsfield, crossed the Medway either at Snodland or Lower Halling, ran along the flank of the eastern hills past Hollingbourn, Harrietsham, and Lenham, and by way of Charing struck across to Canterbury. A line, about half a mile north of Charing, is still known as "the Pilgrim's Road."

The ruins of the ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALACE here should be carefully examined by the tourist. It is probable that even before the Conquest the archbishops had fixed at Charing one of their splendid residences, as the manor had belonged to them from A.D. 799. Archbishop Morton (1486-1501) greatly enlarged and enriched the palace, so that under its roof he was enabled to entertain Henry VII. and his suite on several occasions; and Henry VIII. was lodged here on his way to the "Field of Cloth of Gold" in 1520. It may be noted that in his progress through Kent the king tarried only at archiepiscopal palaces—Otford, Leeds, Charing, and Canterbury—an evidence of the wealth and grandeur of the see which "the Defender of the Faith" was not likely to forget, and, accordingly, Cranmer was compelled to resign most of them (including Charing) to the crown. Charing Palace was maintained in goodly state for several years, and probably first fell into decay during the civil war. Its ruins are of considerable importance; the great gateway and much of the court remain—the walls of the dining-hall have been converted into a barn—a portion of the east side of the palace has long been fitted up as a dwelling-house—and at the back the squared stone walls of the chapel, with three or four Decorated windows, are standing in excellent preservation.

Two or three houses in the village street have signs of antiquity about them. The *Church*, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul—a handsome building with north and south chancels, aisle, transept, and square west tower—is also ancient. The tower is Perpendicular, and was rebuilt 1479-1545. On its exterior wall is the crest (a wyvern) of the Brents of Charing. The rest of the building dates from 1590, when the greater part of the old church was consumed by fire, "which happened from a gun

discharged at a pigeon, then upon the roof of it." The Wickins chancel, founded by Amy Brent, 1500-1516, was considerably defaced, and the Burleigh chantry burnt down. The memorials are numerous, but of little interest.

There was preserved here, *temp.* Richard II., a curious relic—the block of stone on which, it was supposed, John the Baptist was beheaded. Some of the pews are ornamented with carved oak. The font is old and plain.

Charing Vicarage, worth £475, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

South-east of Charing, at the foot of the downs, lies WESTWELL (population, 1030), a manor long attached to Christ Church priory, Canterbury, and appointed by its monks *ad cibum eorum*, for the service of their refectory. From the fourth or fifth of Charles I. it has belonged to the Earls of Thanet. The numerous streams which flow from hence into the Stour, and the thick coppices crowning the undulating downs, afford several "bits" of scenery of interest to the sketcher.

At RIPLEY COURT, now a substantial farmstead, lived, in the turbulent days of Henry VI., Alexander Iden, "an esquire of Kent." He captured and slew Jack Cade in the adjoining groves, whose "quiet walks" have been commemorated by Shakspeare, and "got a thousand crowns of the king for carrying his head to him." "This small inheritance," the poet makes him exclaim—

"This small inheritance my father left me,
Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth what I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate."

HENRY VI., 2*d* part, A. iv., S. x.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, a large and noticeable building, mainly Early English in style, consists of a high chancel, two small chancels north and south, three aisles, and a steeple crowned with a lofty shingled spire. The Early English arches, supported by light elegant pillars, dividing the aisles, and the aisle and chancel, should be remarked. The stained glass, especially of the east window, is of unusual beauty and interest. The middle window of the east chancel is very fine: four ovals, richly bordered, contained figures, crowned and

sceptred, of which two remain—the Virgin and the Almighty Father. The central lancet exhibits fragments of a figure of Jesse.

Within the altar-rails are two slabs, which were formerly adorned with brasses of two priests, perhaps vicars of the church. An inscribed brass on a grave-stone commemorates *John Sharp*, d. 1607, and in the north chancel there is a memorial to *Mary Wolgate*, d. 1634. The stalls for the monks of Christ Church; the confessional of stone, and a lower seat for the penitent; and a piscina, are still in existence. Four niches, apparently for statues, may also be noticed at the east end of the south aisle.

The Vicarage of Westwell, valued at £235, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Westwell was the scene of a remarkable imposture in 1574. One Mildred Norrington, a servant to William Sponde,—“a ventriloqua,” as Reginald Scott calls her,—pretended to be “possessed by Satan in the night of October 13th,” apparently for the purpose of revenging herself on an aged woman, known as “old Alice of Westwell Street,” whom she charged with the murder of three persons at the incitement of the same demon. The priests of Kenington and Westwell “painfully” investigated the matter, and declared that “Satan’s voice did differ much from the maid’s voice, and all that he spake was in his own name”—a proof that her ventriloqual abilities were of no common order. Her “cosenage,” however, was in due time discovered, and Mistress Mildred Norrington was fitly punished. Had she lived about three centuries later, we fancy she would have “entertained” aristocratic audiences at “the Gallery of Illustration,” and been commented upon by critics instead of priests!

It is but a pleasant half-hour’s walk to EASTWELL (population, 88), one of the smallest of villages and healthiest of parishes, chiefly contained within the boundaries of EASTWELL PARK, the residence of the Duke of Edinburgh. On the south side of the park stands Eastwell Church; on the north, Challock Church, lying on the slopes of the hills which from hence descend into the Ashford valley. The park is one of the largest in Kent, containing upwards of 1600 acres, richly wooded, picturesquely diversified, and prolific of “romantic views.” To the north-west the ground rises to a considerable elevation, forming an eight-sided plateau or level, whence radiate eight luxuriantly leafy avenues, called “the Star Walks,” in different directions, and penetrating

the densest imaginable shadows. The deer are numerous, and feed on a turf so fresh and fragrant that it is no wonder the venison is considered unsurpassed by any in Kent. The views are of exquisite beauty, especially from the elevation already alluded to, whence the eye ranges over a mass of blooming woodland, to the gleaming line of the British Channel, and beyond the smiling valley of the Medway to Sheerness, and the seething waters of the Nore.

The house, in an architectural sense, is unimportant, and yet it has a massive and stately aspect which renders it no unfitting ornament of this magnificent demesne. It owes its present form chiefly to Sir Moyle Finch, d. 1589, but has been much modernised and added to by successive owners. It was from hence that James II., when detained by the populace at Feversham, on his attempted flight from the kingdom, summoned the then Earl of Winchelsea to his assistance.

Aubrey relates a curious tradition of one of the Earls of Winchelsea, "who," he says, "at Eastwell in Kent, felled down a most curious grove of Oaks, near his noble Seat, and gave the first Blow with his own Hands. Shortly after his Countess died in her Bed suddenly, and his eldest Son, the Lord Maidstone, was killed at Sea by a Cannon Bullet. It is a common Notion that a strange Noise proceeds from a falling Oak, so loud as to be heard at half a Mile distant, as if it were the Genius of the Oak lamenting."—(*Surrey*, ii., 34.) To this superstition Ovid elegantly refers—

"Contremuit, gemitumq. dedit decidua quercus.
Cœpêre, ac longi pallorem ducere rami,
Cujus ut in trunco fecit manus impia vulnus,
Haud aliter fluxit discusso cortice sanguis."

ENGLISHED—

The trembling oak with sighs of sorrow wept,
And deadly paleness o'er its branches crept;
But when the hand profane a wound bestow'd,
Quick from the yawning side its life-blood flow'd!

It was to Eastwell, says tradition, and there is considerable authority for it, that Richard Plantagenet, a natural son of Richard III., fled from Leicester immediately after the fatal battle at Bosworthfield (A.D. 1485). Sir Thomas Moyle discovered him work-

ing, in the disguise of a bricklayer, and permitted him to build himself a small hut in a field near Eastwell Place, where, it is supposed, he died in 1550, aged 81. [There is an interesting correspondence, tending to confirm the truth of the story, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July and August 1767.] In the Eastwell register occurs a remarkable entry, prefaced by the sign √, always employed whenever any one of noble family was buried :—"√ *Rychard Plantagenet was buryed the 22d daye of December, anno ut suprâ.*" A tomb in the chancel, without inscription or brasses, has been pointed out as the Plantagenet's, but it is uncertain whether he was buried in the church or churchyard. His hut was pulled down, *temp.* James II., and its site is occupied by a modern house. A spring which wells out near it is still called "Plantagenet's Well."

Three small tributaries of the Stour rise in this pleasant neighbourhood ; one at the bottom of the park, and another near the church, which, uniting their insignificant waters, flow into the river near Frogbrooke ; a third, at the south angle of the park, joins it near Wilborough-lees.

EASTWELL CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is an old Perpendicular flint building, partly Transition Norman, consisting of north and south aisles, two chancels, and a square embattled tower (Perpendicular). The east window has some fragments of stained glass. Observe the tomb of Sir *Thomas Moyle*, d. 1560 ; the "sumptuous" monument, with recumbent effigies in white marble, of Sir *Moyle Finch*, d. 1614, and his wife *Elizabeth*, Countess of Winchelsea, and the memorial to Sir *Heneage Finch*, d. 1631, sergeant-at-law and recorder of London, and his first wife, d. 1627.

The rectory, valued at £145, is in the gift of the Earl of Winchelsea. A curious charity was founded here by the will of Sir Walter Moyle, anno 1480 : two acres of arable land were to be delivered in fee simple to "three or four honest and trusty men," to the use of the church of Eastwell, "in recompense of a certain annual rent of two pounds of wax, by him wrested and detained from it against his conscience."

From Westwell the tourist may regain the high road at Wooden Street, about 3 miles north-east of Ashford (see p. 166), or cross by way of Little Chart and Pluckley, into Smarden (see *post*). We shall now, however, resume our main route from our point of divergence at East Sutton (p. 150).

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED.—HEADCORN to ASHFORD.

There is little to interest the tourist after he leaves the three Suttons until he reaches Headcorn (4 miles) ; but the country is rich and agreeable on either hand—the woodlands are broad and merry—in the distant east, the sunlight melts into the “ hearts of purple hills”—and “lavish lights and floating shades” sweep in delectable alternation over green meadow and undulating corn-field. Cherry-cheeked Kentish maidens smile on you as you pass along, and good-humoured rustics offer their respectful greetings. The scenery decreases somewhat in beauty as you enter Headcorn, but still, if you strike across the sward to the marge of the rippling Beult, you will catch many a pleasant glimpse of bright waters and leafy shadows. About half-way lies the hamlet of MOTTENDEN, where, in 1224, Sir Richard de Rokesle founded a house for friars of the order of the Holy Trinity, popularly known—from the red and blue crosses worn upon their white habits—as “Crutched,” or “Crouched (Crossed) Friars.” The “house of Motynden” was of considerable reputation from the pardons and indulgences granted to it by several popes ; and the notable Mystery, or Miracle play, which they performed on Trinity Sunday in the church.

At HEADCORN (population, 1344) itself—now busier and livelier than of yore, from the proximity of a railway station—the only noticeable object is the CHURCH, a building chiefly in the Perpendicular style, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. It was founded by one of the Colepepers, *temp.* Edward IV., whose arms and monument remain in the south wall. There is some coloured glass in the windows. The font (Perpendicular) is interesting ; and the old timbered roof, and the carved work of the pews, should also be noticed.

Headcorn church-yard boasts of a myriad-branched oak, of great age, and 40 feet in girth, whose upper boughs have withered.

Following as nearly as may be the course of the Beult, we next arrive at SMARDEN (population, 1206), a large town on the high road to Faversham, which here crosses the Beult, over a

stone bridge of two arches. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, consists of a body and chancel, the former 40 feet wide, with a curious span roof. The chancel arch, on both sides, bears a singular trefoil-headed decoration. There are monuments to Colonel *James Otway*, d. 1721, and others of the Otways of Romeden, in this parish, as well as to Captain *Jacob Turner* of Hamden, d. 1709, and various members of the Marshall and Carter families.

[About $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Smarden is the village of Biddenden, where on Easter-day a dole of bread and cheese is dispensed, the funds arising from rent of land left by the female twins Emma and Eliza Chulkhurst, who were joined together from the hips downwards.

Returning in a north-east direction, along the Faversham road, and crossing the line of the South-Eastern Railway, which here runs through a deep and well-wooded hollow, we soon ascend to higher ground, and at 3 miles from Smarden, reach

PLUCKLEY (population, 798 ; *Railway Inn* at Station), on the crest of a considerable hill, overlooking a wide extent of the Weald country, and embowered, so to speak, in hop-grounds and corn-fields. The manor has been enjoyed by the old Kentish family of the Derings, of Surrenden, since the reign of King John.

About three quarters of a mile north-west lies the hamlet of PEVINGTON, formerly a distinct and independent parish, but its church falling into decay, it was divided (about 1583) among the parishes of Egerton, Little Chart, and Pluckley. Such at least is the tradition, and it is certain that Pevington Church was finally converted into a stable.

PLUCKLEY CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is a Decorated and Perpendicular building, of sandstone, consisting of north and south aisles, two chancels, and a steeple crowned by a shingled spire. The south chancel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was rebuilt by Richard Dering, of Surrenden, before 1481, and contains his tomb, memorials of many of his descendants, and monuments to some of the Malmaines (of the manor of that name.) The church itself was erected, it is said, by Richard de Pluckley, *temp.* Henry II. It contains a brass to *John Malmaines*, d. 1440.

The rectory, worth £724 yearly, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Nearly a mile east of the village, upon another elevation of the quarry-hills, lies the old ancestral demesne of the Derings.

Surrenden-Dering (Sir Edward Dering), which, "from the time of the grant of it in the Conqueror's reign, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, has never been alienated, but has continued without intermission in the descendants of the same family to the present owner." The park abounds in excellent timber and rich pastures, and, from its position, commands "a most extensive variegated prospect" over the south-east district of Kent. The Saxon Derings became allied by marriage with the Norman family of De Morinis, in the reign of Henry II. Of their descendants, Sir Richard Dering was Lieutenant of Dover Castle, *temp.* Richard II., and bore the famous crest of his house, the *horse of Hengist*. Sir Edward Dering, Bart., who represented Kent in the first four Parliaments of George II., modernized the mansion into its present form. He died in 1762. The library, a very curious and valuable one, especially rich in unique MSS., and antique charters, was begun by his predecessor, the cavalier Sir Edward, who, for a brief defection from royalist principles, made noble amends by his after sufferings in King Charles's cause. His estates were sequestered, his house was four times plundered by the Roundhead troopers, and he died at length in extreme poverty in 1644. Both the cavalier, and the Georgian baronet, were buried in the south chancel of Pluckley Church.

The Pluckley railway station, on the South-Eastern Railway, is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile south-west of the village.

[About one mile beyond Pluckley, and two miles from Charing, on the slope of the Quarry Hills, lies the village of LITTLE CHART (population, 296), called CERT in Domesday Book. It is pleasantly watered by the Stour. North of the village stands the picturesque seat of CALE HILL (E. Darell, Esq.), which has been in the possession of the Darells from the reign of Henry IV. The house was built by Philip Darell, Esq., about 1770-75. The CHURCH, built of sandstone, and consisting of north and south aisles, two chancels, and tower steeple at the west end; the latter—*temp.* Henry VII., built by Sir John Darell—is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the Invention of the Holy Cross. The Darell memorials are numerous, and should certainly be examined. The effigy of a knight in armour, with the S.S. collar round his neck, is designed to commemorate one of that family. A screen, in the late Perpendicular style, encloses the Darell mortuary chapel. Observe the monument to *Mary Halles*, daughter of Bishop Horne, of Winchester, d. 1629. Most of the Church dates from the reign of Henry IV.

The living, a rectory, valued at £298, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A bye-road to the south crosses the hills above Surrenden park and descends into the dark brown heathy tracts of HOTHFIELD (population, 337),—*i. e.*, *Hotho*, Saxon, heath,—well watered by the numerous springs which well up from the neighbouring chalk range. The village is curiously scattered, and the proportion of population to acreage throughout the parish is but three inhabitants to eight acres.

HOTHFIELD PLACE (Sir R. Tufton, Bart.), a square mansion of Portland stone, built by one of the Earls of Thanet about 1770, occupies the site of an older "court or place-house," and possesses, therefore, what our old English squires and yeomen could so well appreciate—an extended and changeful prospect. A tributary of the Stour rises in the park.

A broad green meadow near the house, still named "Jack Cade's Field," is reputed to have been the scene of that demagogue's death; but other authorities are in favour of a field at Heathfield, in Sussex. It is more probable, however, that Ripley Court (see p. 157) was the place where Jack Cade was really captured.

HOTHFIELD CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is worth a visit. It was rebuilt, at the cost of Sir John Tufton, about 1620. The altar-piece and pulpit were the donations, in 1729, of Thomas, Earl of Thanet. There is a curious monument to the founder, d. 1624, and *Olympia*, his wife, adorned with recumbent effigies of a man and woman, and kneeling figures of two sons and a daughter.

The rectory is valued at £370, and is in the gift of the lord of the manor, Sir R. Tufton, Bart.

From Hothfield we proceed south, across the Stour, about two miles, to Great Chart, or Chart Magna.]

CHART MAGNA (population, 734), is near a considerable tunnel on the South-Eastern line of railway. Its position upon the Quarry Hills is breezy, open, and salubrious, and, if we accept the village tradition, it was once a place of greater consideration than at present. There are various circumstances which seem to confirm the common gossip. Near the church stands **COMBE LODGE**, a building with considerable remains of fourteenth century architecture. The ruins of the market-house were visible when Hasted wrote, who says "this town" was once set on fire by the Danes. A "great street" ran up the east side of the hill, where "many houses" have stood "in the memory of man."

About one mile north of the village lies the ancient demesne of **GODINGTON** (Rev. N. Toke). The mansion has been much modernized, but retains some interesting memorials of its past. The carved woodwork of the antique staircase, the windows—

" Warming with rose and purple, and the swim
Of gold, as if thought-tinted by the stains
Of gorgeous light through many colour'd panes"—

the wainscotted chambers, the highly-wrought chimney-pieces, all remind us of the days when our grandfathers rejoiced in periwigs and ruffles, and our grandmothers in rustling brocade and high-heeled shoes.

The manor was given by King Cenulf to the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, *ad vestimentum monachorum*, for the cost of

their apparel, and was duly resumed by Henry VIII. at the suppression of the religious houses.

The healthiness of the village is shewn by the numerous examples of longevity recorded in the parish registers. To select two entries of some antiquity—Captain Nicholas Toke, d. 1680, aged 93; his age and the ages of his four immediate predecessors made up 430 years. Four of the family of Engtham, each the other's heir, lived through 329 years.

GREAT CHART CHURCH is a stately building, with Perpendicular tower, nave, north and south aisles, and three chancels. In the north aisle is the mortuary chapel of the Tokes of Godington. On the north side of the communion rails is an altar tomb, now without brasses, to *William de Goldwelle*, and *Alice* his wife, d. 1485. Of the Tokes there are several memorials—Capt. *Nicholas Toke*, d. 1680, and his five wives are buried here. It is said that, left a widower, for the fifth time, at the age of 93, he nevertheless walked to London to pay his addresses to a sixth lady, but was taken ill on his arrival, and died. *Clara Cowldwell*, daughter of John Toke, and wife of John Cowldwell, Bishop of Salisbury, d. 1608, is commemorated by a tablet inserted in the exterior wall of the north chancel. In the cross aisle, or transept, observe a curious brass, with figures, for *William Sharpe*, d. 1499, and his five wives. Some fragments of stained glass in the windows are interesting, and there are some ancient tombs in the churchyard.

The rectory of Great Chart, worth £800 yearly, is in the presentation of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

James Goldwell, Bishop of Norwich, and “principal secretary to Edward IV.” d. 1499, and Thomas Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, 1555, were born at Goldwell, in this parish.

[Three miles south-west of Great Chart is BETHERSDEN (population 1125), of some celebrity for its quarries of grey turbinated marble, resembling that of Petworth. It is mainly composed of fresh-water shells, such as the *Paludina* and *Cypridæ*; is hard, durable, and receives an excellent polish. Formerly it was held in great repute: in Rochester and Canterbury Cathedrals, for monumental effigies in many of the Sussex and Kentish churches, and as chimney-pieces in old manorial houses, it has been extensively employed. At Hythe the chancel-arcade is entirely composed of it.

LOVELACE, a manor in this parish, formerly called Greenstreet, received its name from John Lovelace, *temp.* Edward III., the founder of a race famous for its chivalrous virtues. It was sold, soon after the death of Charles I., by Colonel Richard Lovelace, the cavalier-poet, whose devotion to his king had reduced him to such distress that he was compelled to part with his patrimonial estate. His

life was a stirring romance—opening in sunshine, closing in shadow. Unhappy in his love, baffled in his loyal hopes, reduced in fortune, and cast into a loathsome prison, we must admire the spirit which could still exclaim—

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free ;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.”

Lovelace died, in a squalid ally near Shoe Lane, in 1658.—(*Wood, Athen. Oxonienses*).

BETHERSDEN CHURCH, dedicated to St. Margaret, consists of a nave, north and south aisles, transept, north and south chancels, and tower surmounted by a dwarf steeple. *William Lovelace*, d. 1459, “mercator and merchant adventurer of London,” and *Thomas Lovelace*, d. 1591, are here commemorated by brasses. To the Witherdens, or Wetheryndens, the Dynes, and Hulses—manorial families in this parish—are consecrated various tombs and time-worn gravestones.]

From Bethersden we proceed, in an almost direct eastward course, into the Tenterden and Ashford turnpike road : strike to the north-west across the hills ; descend into the valley of the Stour, and, after a five miles’ walk, enter Ashford (67 miles from London). The busy station and large factories of the South-Eastern line may be seen on our right, and its two great branches, one in a north-easterly direction, running through Chilham to Canterbury—another, south-west, to Rye, Winchelsea, and Hastings. The main line is continued, through Folkestone, to Dover.

ASHFORD

[*Population*, 8458. *Hotels* : Saracen’s Head, Victoria, Royal Oak. 55 m. from London ; 8 m. from Badlesmere ; 12 m. from Faversham ; and 9 m. from Tenterden.]

Has become the centre of an astonishing amount of life and labour, enterprise and activity, since it formed the point of junction of three great railway routes. Its Saxon name indicates its position—in a thick wood of ash, and at the passage of a considerable stream. Its High Street ascends a gentle hill, with the market-house in the centre, and St. Mary’s stately tower on the south, while other and inferior thoroughfares branch off on either side. At its base ripples the blithesome Stour, spanned by a stone bridge of four arches. All around spreads a pleasant country, abounding in leafy woods, broad meadows, and noble corn-fields—failing, it is true, in elevation

and grandeur of scenery, but nevertheless an agreeable and fertile landscape.

Richard Osborne, of Ashford, was the father of Sir Edward Osborne, cloth-worker and lord mayor of London, whose gallant rescue of his master's daughter from drowning in the river Thames—of course, the reader knows the romantic story—was the foundation of the fortunes of the ducal house of Leeds.

ASHFORD CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a large fair building of goodly proportions, whose noble Perpendicular tower is a landmark to the tourist as he approaches the town. It consists of a nave, north and south aisles, a transept, chancel, and pinnacled tower, the latter dating from the reign of Edward IV., when it was built, and the whole church repaired, by Sir *John Fogge* of Repton. He died in 1490, and his tomb, and that of his two wives—without the brasses—stands on the north side of the high chancel. A brass on a gravestone in the centre commemorates "*Elizabeth, Countesse d'Athels*," d. 1375, wife of David de Strabolgie, Earl of Athol, and afterwards of John Malmayns, of Malmayns, Kent. The "superb monuments," with recumbent effigies, of *Thomas Smyth* of Westenhanger, d. 1591; Sir *John Smyth*; and Sir *Richard Smyth* of Leeds Castle, d. 1628, should be carefully examined.

John Wallis was rector here from 1602 to 1622. He was father of Dr. Wallis (who was born at Ashford) an eminent mathematician, and one of the earliest members of the Royal Society.

The rectory, valued at £460, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

Shakspeare makes Ashford the birthplace of Jack Cade, and speaks of his followers as "the scum of Kent." The Duke of York exclaims—

"I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine."

(ii. HENRY VI., 3, ii.)

The FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL was founded by Sir Norton Knatchbull, *temp.* Charles I.

[Two miles north of Ashford lies KENNINGTON (population, 626), *i. e.*, CINTUNE, the King's Town—on rising ground, near the high road, and on the marge of Kennington Heath. The soil is gravelly and the air wholesome. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, consists of an aisle, north and south chancels, small south chancel or chapel, and a tower with a low steeple. The rectory, worth £211 yearly, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Neither in church, nor village, is there any object of interest to delay the tourist.

WYE (population, 1724), is situated two miles north-east of Kennington, at the foot of Wye Down, looking westward upon the wooded slopes of Challock and Eastwell. The town is seated upon the Stour, which is here crossed by a stone bridge of five arches, and flows tranquilly through a deep rich valley, skirted by leafy hills of considerable elevation. The manor was once of great importance, consisted of seven hides of land, and held jurisdiction over twenty-two hundred and a half. At its manor-house King Edward the Second spent his first Christmas, after his accession to the throne. Henry the Sixth visited it in 1437, and Duke Humphrey of Gloucester in the two following years. But of late its progress has been hardly equal to its early promise. Its population has only increased one-sixth in seventy years.

About half a mile west of the town is the pleasant seat of SPRING GROVE (J. Goldschmidt, Esq.), some portions of which seem to belong to the ancient mansion built by Thomas Brett, Esq., in 1674. OLLANTIGH (J. Sawbridge, Esq.), is one of the Georgian houses, having been rebuilt by John Sawbridge, Esq., about 1770. A portion of this fine estate once belonged to the famous miser John Hopkins,—“the Vulture Hopkins,” immortalized by Pope,—

“When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living, sav'd a candle's end.”

It was originally the property of the Kempes. Archbishop John Kempe was born here in 1380, and in the days of his prosperity did not forget his birthplace. It should be noticed that, though history says little of him, he successively became Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, and a Cardinal-bishop, with the title of St. Rufina.

Archbishop Kempe founded and endowed the COLLEGE (which adjoins the churchyard, at the end of the village), in 1447, making the church collegiate, and appointing “a proper number of chaplains and priests to administer daily in it.” For these he built a suitable house, and for their maintenance set apart certain estates. At the dissolution of religious houses, when its yearly revenue was £93 : 2 : 0½, the site was bestowed on one Walter Bucler, and after undergoing many changes of proprietary, was devised by Sir George Wheler, in 1724, to the master of the Grammar School, and the master and mistress of Lady Joanna Thornhill's charity.

The GRAMMAR SCHOOL was established by Archbishop Kempe in connection with the College. “In this school all scholars were to be taught *gratis*, both rich and poor, in the art of grammar, unless a present was voluntarily made, and except the usual offerings of cocks and pence, at the Feast of St. Nicholas”—(*Hasted*). The school-room, a venerable stone building adjoining the churchyard, appears to be the ancient one, built by Archbishop Kempe.

The College, in its pristine condition, was a noticeable structure. It was built as a square, “the over part timber, the nether stone,” except the hall, which was all stone, and covered with slates, 40 feet long and 23 feet broad. At the end of this noble apartment was an inner chamber, 20 feet square, “ceiled with old wainscot,” a similar chamber on the upper storey. Adjoining it was “a fair cellar, to lay in wine,” and a kitchen, “with a fair well in it;” the buttery, larder, and other

offices were on that side, and over them two large chambers. At the entry of the gate, on the right hand, stood a fair chapel, with seats and altar of wainscot; on the left the porter's lodge. A garden plot, of one rood only, walled round with stone, stretched its blooming expanse before the hall; and in the rear stood the bakery, brewery, stables, barns, and other out-buildings, well covered with tiles. The hall is now the school-room, and the ancient common room is now the kitchen. The tourist will find some amusement in comparing the present state of Archbishop Kempe's college with its ancient condition.

LADY JOANNA THORNHILL'S CHARITY, founded in 1708, applies the revenues of certain estates, devised by her, to the education of children of both sexes, born of poor parents in the town of Wye.

The tourist should stroll out of the town to the pretty little hamlet of WITHERSDEN, where there is a famous well, consecrated to St. Eustace. Eustachius, abbot of Flai, was, according to Matthew Paris, "a man of learning and holiness," who, at one time, preached in Wye and its neighbourhood, and endowed the waters of this crystal well with the power to heal all the diseases "flesh is heir to." They have lost their power in this degenerate age, but retained their clearness and coolness.

WYE CHURCH is dedicated to St. Gregory and St. Martin. Of the building erected by Archbishop Kempe, *temp.* Henry VI.—a stately pile, with a spacious nave, north and south aisles, three chancels, and a lofty spire steeple in the centre—nothing now remains. In 1685 the steeple fell, and beat down the greater portion of the church; the rest gradually fell into ruin, and the old monuments and tombstones—many of them of great interest—were wholly destroyed. In 1702-3 the present building was erected, consisting of a nave, north and south aisles, a small chancel with circular apse, and a tower, surmounted by a steeple, on the south side. It contains two ancient memorials of the Brett family, and a brass, representing a woman between her two husbands, with her children underneath.

The vicarage of Wye, valued at £300 per annum, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.]

BRANCH ROUTE (No. 2.), FROM ASHFORD, *via* TENTERDEN TO RYE.

As we move southward from Ashford, on the high road to Tenterden, crossing the quarry hills near Chart Magna, and then penetrating into the fresh woodland valley of the Weald of Kent, we may remember that we are traversing an eminently *Saxon* country, where the name of every village recalls the memories of our Norse forefathers, and the ancient condition of the goodly district, which is so indelibly associated with them. All around us are villages whose names terminate with the Saxon *den*—Bethersden, Biddenden, Halden, Frittenden, Shadderden, Hetchden, Ovenden, Southenden—indicating the "forest clearings," where the borderer and the villain (*bordarius et villanus*) tended their herds of swine. In Mr. Kemble's elaborate and enlightened work, "The Saxons in England," he points out that these "dens" usually denote *cubilia ferarum*, or pas-

tures for swine. The tribe or family—(*the mark*)—lived in an open space conquered from the primeval woods, and its members had the privilege of pasturing their cattle in the small clearings or “dens” of the neighbouring forest. All matters relating to these “dens” were settled by “the Court of Dens,” which, for this part of Kent, assembled at Aldington, near Hythe, and had jurisdiction over forty-four “dens,” scattered along the borders of the Weald, within whose deep and leafy shades reigned an eternal silence.

After passing Shadderden, a cluster of small cottages, of no interest, we see BETHERSDEN (already described, p. 165), on our right, and SHADOXHURST on our left, about one and a half miles south-east. The tourist need not turn aside to visit this small village (population, 186), which is built round a pleasant green, with its church at the south-east corner. The CHURCH is a small plain building, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, with some remains of painted glass, and a memorial to *John Sewell*, d. 1591, a former rector. In the churchyard stands the tomb of Sir *Charles Molloy*, d. 1760, whose white marble monument in the chancel, with its figure of a youth weeping over his bust, is of some pretension. The rectory, valued at £109, is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor.

At six miles from Ashford, we reach HIGH HALDEN (population, 677). The roads in this vicinity are now in better condition than when Hasted wrote (A.D. 1798). They were then “hardly passable after any rain, being so miry that the traveller’s horse frequently plunged through them up to the girths of the saddle; and the waggons sank so deep in the ruts as to slide along on the nave of the wheels and axle of them.” In some few of the principal roads, as from Tenterden hither, there was a stone causeway, about three feet wide, for the accommodation of horse and foot passengers; but there was none further on till near Bethersden, to the great distress of travellers. When these roads became tolerably dry in summer, they were ploughed up, and laid in a half circle to dry, the only amendment they ever had. In extreme dry weather in summer, they became exceedingly hard, and, by traffic, so smooth as to seem glazed, like a potter’s vessel, though a single hour’s rain rendered them so slippery as to be very dangerous to travellers”—(*Hasted*). This

country-side, even now, should be avoided by the tourist in a wet season.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, and consisting of a nave, north and south aisles, and two chancels, was built in Henry the Seventh's reign. The steeple is of curious construction. There are no memorials of interest.

The rectory, valued at £500, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At three miles distant, crossing Gallows Green, where, in 1785, two burglars were executed, and ascending a hill on whose ridge the lofty square tower of TENTERDEN CHURCH is finely conspicuous, we arrive at the ancient municipal town of

TENTERDEN (population, 3782 ; *Inn*, the White Lion), a well-built town of considerable respectability. The sea once flowed in a deep channel even as high as the hamlet of Smallhythe (about three miles south of the town, on the river Rother), which, according to tradition, was then a place of some importance. The "wild waves" rolled here as late as 1509, as appears from a licence given in that year for burying in the chapel graveyard the bodies of those wrecked on the sea-shore, "*infra prædictum oppidum de Smallhyth.*" The chapel was then built, and licensed by Archbishop Warham, on the petition of the inhabitants, who had represented their distance from the mother church of Tenterden, the badness of the roads, and "the dangers they underwent from the waters being out in their way thither."

TENTERDEN CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, is a goodly building, with two aisles, a nave, two chancels, and a lofty well-built tower at the west end, which, from the elevated position of the church, is a landmark to all the country-side. The chancels and aisles are "curiously ceiled," and the memorials are so numerous, and many are of such interest, that the visitor should devote some time to their examination.

There formerly hung in the tower, at the end of a piece of timber, about eight feet long, a sort of iron caldron which, filled with coals, rosin, and fuel, served as a beacon in the old stirring times. In the arch of the doorway, opening into the belfry, was "a noted dropping-stone," which ceased to drop in 1720.

The popular saying that *Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands*, arose in this wise—we quote from quaint old Fuller :—"When the vicinage in Kent met to consult about the

inundation of Goodwin Sands, and what might be the cause thereof, an old man imputed it to the building of Tenterden steeple in this county ; ‘for those sands,’ said he, ‘were firm lands before that steeple was built, which ever since were overflowed with sea-water.’ Hereupon all heartily laughed at his unlogical reason, making that the effect in Nature, which was only the consequent in time ; not flowing from, but following after, the building of that steeple.

“But one story is good till another is heard. Though this be all whereon this proverb is generally grounded, I met since with a supplement thereunto. It is this—Time out of mind money was constantly collected out of this county to fence the east banks thereof against the eruption of the seas ; and such sums were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of Rochester. But, because the sea had been very quiet for many years, without any encroachings, the Bishop commuted that money to the building of a steeple and endowing of a church in Tenterden. By this diversion of the collection for the maintenance of the banks, the sea afterwards brake in upon Goodwin Sands. And now the old man had told a rational tale, had he found but the due favour to finish it. And thus, sometimes, that is causelessly accounted ignorance in the speaker, which is nothing but impatience in the auditors, unwilling to attend the end of the discourse.”

The lands thus inundated were, it is said, part of the immense possessions of the great Godwin, Earl of Kent, which after the Conquest fell into the hands of the rich monks of St. Augustine’s, Canterbury ; but it may, on the contrary, be surmised that these noted sands were in existence at a period long anterior to the struggles of the ambitious Kentish thegn, or the architectural energies of St. Augustine’s Abbot.

Tenterden was anciently one of “the Seven Hundreds,” belonging to the Crown, and endowed with peculiar privileges, but by Henry VI. was incorporated as “the Bailiff and Commonalty of the town and hundred of Tenterden,” and united to the Cinque Port of Rye, then falling “into the sere and yellow leaf.” Queen Elizabeth re-incorporated it under the name and style of the mayor, jurats, and commonalty—a corporate jurisdiction to which a death-blow was dealt by the Municipal Act of 1834.

In this neighbourhood perhaps—but certainly in the Weald of Kent—was born William Caxton, the great English printer. The exact locality of his birth-place is unknown, but he himself

tells us that he was “born,” and “learned his English in Kente, in the Weeld, where English is spoken broad and rude.” The tourist, on this point, may consult Charles Knight’s interesting biography.

About one mile south of Tenterden Hill we cross the small stream of the Rother, and one mile further, on a gentle ascent, reach the village of ROLVENDEN (population, 1483), straggling along the high road, with its church at its south-east extremity. This is a comparatively large building, of different styles, from Early English downwards, and was founded by Edward Guldeford “on the day of St. Tiburtius and St. Valerianus, martyrs, April 14, anno 1444.” In the east window are remains of painted glass, and the font is old and good.

The vicarage, valued at £270 yearly, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

[Keeping the high road into Sussex, we pass, at two miles from Rolvenden, FORSHAM FARM, the site of an ancient stone building, whose origin and history are unknown. No ruins remain. Crossing a branch of the Rother, we next enter NEWENDEN parish (population, 172), on the borders of Sussex, which Lambarde calls, in Saxon, NIFELDUNE, or the deep valley. The village is small, but pleasantly situated, and tradition ascribes to it a past of some importance. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, was formerly a spacious building, but decayed as its vicinage decayed, so that a considerable portion was necessarily taken down in 1700. The chancel is curiously small, and the north aisle inconveniently narrow. There is a good Decorated screen here, and a fine Norman font, standing on four stone pillars, whose capitals are rudely foliated.

The rectory, valued at £216, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Newenden was considered by Camden and Lambarde the site of the ancient ANDERIDA—the Caer Andred of the Britons—the great Roman stronghold which dominated over the vast Weald of Kent; but modern research has sufficiently established the claims of Pevensey to this honour. Not the less must we admit that at Newenden existed a Roman settlement of considerable strength. At Castle Toll, in Losenham—a hamlet lying on the Rother, half a mile or so from Newenden Church—are conspicuous remains of an ancient entrenchment, fortified by a double dyke and vallum, and these, though now considerably reduced in extent and importance, indicate a camp of more than ordinary size.

At Losenham, in 1241, Sir Thomas Fitz Aucker established a PRIORY, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, which disputed with the wealthier one at Aylesford the honour of having been the first Carmelite house in England. Its history was written by one of its priors, a Kentishman, named William Stranfield, who died and was buried here in 1390.

From this point the tourist may, if he pleases, cross the north-eastern angle of Sussex to RYE, 9 miles distant.]

Turning out of the high road, near Rolvenden Church, a pleasant bye lane leads us past the Gate House to POTMAN’S

BRIDGE. Here we cross the Rother, and keeping almost in a line with the county-boundary, soon reach Wittersham Green. Ascending a tolerably steep hill, we find ourselves in the village of

WITTERSHAM (population, 987), overlooking broad fat pastures on either hand, and the rich marshes watered by the Rother. Here the tourist will recall the masculine verses of quaint old Drayton, who represents this fair country-side as appearing to the enamoured river-god—

. . . “ Most bravely like a queen,
And all, from head to foot, in gaudy summer’s green ;
Which loosely flowing down her lusty thighs,
Most strongly seem to tempt the river’s amorous eyes.
Her mantle richly wrought with sundry flowers and weeds ;
Her moistful temples bound with wreaths of quivering reeds,
And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling pleat,
Embossed with well-spread horse, large sheep, and full-fed neat.
Some wallowing in the grass, there lye a while to batten ;
Some sent away to kill ; some thither brought to fatten ;
With villages amongst, oft powdered here and there ;
And (that the same more like to landskip should appear)
With lakes and lesser fords, to mitigate the heat
(In summer, when the fly doth prick the gadding neat,
Forced from the brakes, where late they browsed the violet buds),
In which they lick their hides and chew their savoury cuds.”

WITTERSHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, consists of north and south aisles, a chancel, a nave, and a tower steeple, which dates from the early part of Henry VIII.’s reign. The rectory (valued at £800, and in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury), was held, from 1762 to 1765, by the celebrated Beilby Porteus, afterwards Bishop of London.

[Across the hills, and about 3 miles north-east of Wittersham, stands EBONY, almost in the centre of a marshy island, known as the land of Oxney, and formed by the Rother and one of its minor tributaries. It lies to the left of the road from Tenterden to Romney, in a very quaint “romancy,” and sequestered situation. The manor was, for many years, in the possession of Christ Church, Canterbury, and thence was known as Ebony Priory. Its little CHURCH, or CHAPEL, dedicated to St. Mary, was built on the site of a larger building, *temp.* Elizabeth. The curacy is now annexed to the vicarage of APPLIEDORE (see *post.*.)]

We keep southward from Wittersham, through a pleasant country, and crossing the Rother at New Bridge, find ourselves in the agreeable landscapes of Sussex. IDEN (population, 753), a

village environed by leafiness, boasts of having bred and nurtured the antique race of the Idens, of whom came Alexander Iden, the conqueror of Jack Cade. The church is of a tolerable size, and is interesting from its antiquity. The rectory, valued at £753, is in the patronage of the present incumbent.

To the left of the high road, on an eminence above Rye, stands

PLAYDEN (population, 314), where the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, is worth a visit. Some portions of the nave are Norman ; but the building seems mainly Early English. There is a rich Decorated screen. Observe near the northern doorway (Early English), a curious slab, sculptured with two beer-barrels, a brewer's fork and mash-stick, and the inscription in Low Dutch—"Hier is begraven Cornelis Zoetmanns ; bidt voer de ziele." (Here is interred Cornelius Zoetmanns ; pray for his soul). The slab is fashioned out of the carboniferous limestone found near Liège, and Mynheer Zoetmanns was probably a Walloon refugee who had fled from the persecutions of the Spanish Alva.

The rectory of Playden is now associated with that of East Guildford.

We descend into the vale, and again climb a considerable hill, on whose bluff bold ridge and western slopes cluster the town of

RYE.

[*Population*, 4224. *Hotels*: George, Cinque Port Arms, and Red Lion. 71 m. from London by rail ; 5 m. from Winchelsea ; 13 m. from Hastings.

A picturesque town is Rye, with a curious mouldiness of antiquity about it ; with streets where horses' hoofs are not frequent enough to keep down the fast-climbing grass ; with gray old fortress walls, and a stately church steeple ; with an ancient gate, recalling its historical importance ; with glittering cliffs of chalk which once beat back the seething billows of the British Channel ; with a belt of river-water around it, the Rother on the east, and the Tillingham on the west, both meeting at a point immediately below the town ; with memories of a busy past visible in every stone ! Not an uninteresting town, for it belongs to an important chapter of English history, when the Cinque Ports were famous places, and their harbours were thronged with shipping, and their "barons" were men of mark who doffed their caps to none. In those old and stirring days, the sea washed over yon league of

smiling meadow-land, and flung itself against the chalk cliff now standing so lone and desolate. In those days the galleys of the Danes (as in 893) could sail up to the very marge of the town-walls, and fleets were reviewed in its bay, and vessels plied between it and Boulogne. In those days Rye was a considerable port, and could afford to swell, with an ample quota, the royal navy of England.

But the sea gradually drew back from its place of vantage, and with its receding waves departed the wealth and prosperity of Rye. Its harbour, partially choked up early in the sixteenth century, was again re-opened by a violent tempest in 1570, but the withdrawal of the water, though slow, was certain, and where Blake anchored, in 1652, when expecting the Dutch fleet under Van Tromp—where, ten years later, a man of war could ride securely—cattle now feed, and the farmer pursues his labours. The harbour is two miles distant from the town. It was considerably improved in 1779-80, by the erection of some stout embankments on the west, and a long range of piles on the east, so that at spring tides there is a depth of seventeen feet of water, and vessels of 200 tons can enter it. The rivers Brede, Tillingham, and Rother here unite their streams.

Apart from the principal objects of interest in Rye—the Land Gate, the Ypres Tower, and the Church—the tourist will do well to observe:—1. The remains of a house in Mermaid Street, built in 1689 by *Samuel Teake*, the historian of the Cinque Ports, who “laid the foundation-stone,” he says (in his Diary), “under a position of heaven,” which may be examined by the astrologically curious on a figured stone in the front wall. 2. A store-house on the Conduit Hill, with its traces of Perpendicular architecture, was once the CHAPEL OF ST. CLARE, belonging to the friars of St. Augustine. 3. In the house, which forms the south-west angle of Middle Street, George II. lodged, in December 1730, having been driven into the harbour by stress of weather. 4. A stone building near the churchyard was formerly a chapel belonging to the Carmelite Friars.

Rye, from its position, was exposed to frequent attacks from the French. They burnt it in 1360, and again in 1377, when its flames shooting up against the dark dense clouds alarmed the whole coast. After its evacuation, the unfortunate mayor and jurats were summarily tried for not having defended it more vigorously, and were incontinently hung and quartered. In

1448, it was once more visited by the French, who set fire to the church, and destroyed the nave and chancel. The plague scourged it severely on several occasions.

Rye has been "honoured" with the presence of many of our English sovereigns. Henry VII. came to examine its maritime capabilities ; the much-travelling Elizabeth was here in August 1573 ; Charles II. reviewed the English and French fleets in its bay in May 1673 ; George I. was driven into its harbour by bad weather, January 7, 1725 ; George II. lodged in Middle Street, 1730 ; and his obtuse-headed, narrow-souled son, Prince Frederick, visited the town in September 1756. At that time, and for a century later, the coast here was infested by smugglers and wreckers, who did not fail to find customers among the Rye tradesmen, and who, by their numbers and audacity, completely cowed the municipal authorities.

The LAND GATE, on the road to Dover, is a noble machicolated structure, with a fine archway which opens between two round towers, 47 feet high. The corresponding gate on the south-west side, was pulled down in 1815. Edward III. fortified the town on the north and west sides with strong walls, and these were the only entrances.

The YPRES TOWER, on the south-east side, was built by William d'Ypres, Earl of Kent, *temp.* King Stephen. This was the famous Earl who closed an illustrious career by shaving his head, and donning the cowl, in his own Abbey of Laon in Flanders. From the rock whereon it lifts its weather-worn walls, it looked out afar, in the olden times, over many a mile of gleaming waters studded by the white sails of the ships of Rye. It is now the gaol for the evil-doers of the neighbourhood. Close at hand is a small BATTERY, recently supplied with cannon of a heavy calibre. From this point the tourist can command a view of the principal features of Romney Marsh, and even catch a faint glimpse of the white cliffs of Folkestone and Dover.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, who appropriately patronised thieves and sailors, the "land-rats and water-rats" of the feudal days, is one of the most interesting ecclesiastical buildings on the south-east coast, and should be patiently examined by the tourist, who will, however, regret and condemn the uncleanly state in which it is suffered to remain. It is built in the form of a cross, 161 feet long by 80 feet ; the choir, 60 feet by 28. Much of the ancient Norman edifice escaped the

sacrilegious fires of the French in 1448, viz., the central tower, the transept, and the circular arches dividing them from the nave. The three sedilia in the south transept are also Norman. Observe the zigzag mouldings of the old Norman arcade, now very imperfect. The nave, chancel, and aisles are Early English, with Perpendicular additions ; the south arches of the chancel, the flying buttresses at the east end (without), and the noble eastern window. One of the north arches of the chancel is also Perpendicular. The chapel (Early English), on the north side of the chancel, was dedicated to St. Clare, and with its two light windows is very interesting.

The clock-pendulum is said to be the oldest in England, and has swung to and fro through many centuries of surprising change. The altar-table of mahogany, richly carved, was taken (it is said) from one of the Armada ships, captured by Drake, and presented to the men of Rye by Queen Elizabeth.

A brass, within the altar-rails, commemorates *Thomas Hamon*, d. 1607, M.P., and six times mayor of Rye. A memorial in the St. Clare Chapel records the fate of *Allen Grebell*, "who fell by the cruel stab of a sanguinary butcher, March 17, 1742,"—the said butcher, one John Breeds, having mistaken him for Thomas Lamb, his brother-in-law.

The vicarage of Rye, in the gift of the Duke of Devonshire, is valued at £500 yearly. One of its vicars, Richard Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, was the father of John Fletcher, the dramatist, and chief partner in the famous dramatic fraternity of Beaumont and Fletcher (born December 20, 1579).

Rye was a snug pocket-borough, returning two members to Parliament, from the 42d of Edward III. to the 2d of William IV., when the reform bill extinguished its parliamentary privileges. The Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley, and only known as the victor of Assaye) was one of its representatives (A.D. 1802).

BRANCH ROUTE—From ASHFORD to RYE BY RAIL.

We shall suppose the tourist to quit Ashford by the morning train, that he may have sufficient time to examine Rye thoroughly, and return to Ashford by the afternoon train. He might then resume the main route to Folkestone by the evening train from Ashford.

About one mile and a half from the Ashford station we pass on our right the village of KINGSNORTH (population, 424) more properly written KING'S NODE, situated on high ground among the woodlands, apparently very desolate and dreary. In the parish are some manorial houses of interest, and most of them surrounded by moats,—partly for defence, and partly, perhaps, “to drain off the water from the miry soil on which they were built.” A stream rises here, which Leland would dignify as “the river of Cantorbury now cawled Sture.” In the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, which is small and ancient, there is a curious old grave slab with a Norman-French inscription, now illegible, and the brass of a knight in armour, for Sir *William Parker*, d. 1421. The rectory, valued at £630, is in the gift of Denne Denne, Esq.

Flitting through a succession of agreeably wooded landscapes, we reach, at 6 miles from Ashford, 73 miles from London, the station at HAM STREET, a short distance from the hamlet of that name (which is now assuming a railway air of bustle and liveliness), and in the parish of ORLESTONE (population, 334). The CHURCH, a small building, dedicated to St. Mary, and the few houses clustered round it, stand on a clay hill south-east of the railway station. The rectory of Orlestone, valued at £155, is in the patronage of E. W. and R. Oliver, Esqs.

[In the wooded country three miles north-east of Ham Street, and on the range of clay-hills which forms the north boundary of the Marsh, is situated BILSINGTON (population, 389). The ruins of its priory, founded by a notable clerk, named John Mansell, *temp.* Henry III., a man of such wealth and repute that, on one occasion, he entertained at dinner the kings of England and Scotland, and so great a number of guests that 700 dishes were scarce sufficient to furnish the first course, may be seen about half a mile north of the village. When the priory was dissolved by Henry VIII., its total annual revenue was calculated at £81:15:6. It stood upon the hill overlooking the level pastures, just as the farm-house does, which occupies its site, and has “absorbed” a portion of its materials.

BILSINGTON CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, is a small building, with an aisle, a chancel, and a low Early English turret, which contains four stalls, two on each side of the entrance to the chancel, and is otherwise uninteresting, but commands a fine view over Romney Marsh.

The perpetual curacy is valued at only £52 per annum, and is in the patronage of Lady Cosway.

South of Bilsington, on the military canal which unites Rye with Hythe, stands RUCKINGE (population, 402), an ancient Saxon settlement of the Rochinges. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, is partly Norman and partly Decorated. On the west side is a Norman doorway, with zigzag mouldings. Beilby Porteus, afterwards Bishop of London, was rector here from 1764-7. The rectory, valued at £291, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Proceeding southwards, we pass, on the borders of the marsh, the village of WAREHOME (population, 507), built round a large green, on the edge of a considerable hill. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Matthew, is large, stately, and commodious ; with a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, and square brick tower. We quote Hasted's description, as we are not personally familiar with the building—"There are but small remains of painted glass in the windows. Against the wall of the chancel is a head carved in stone, having a monk's bonnet or cap on it ; and at the spring of the lowermost arch of the north aisle is another somewhat like it." There is a brass to *Thomas Jekin*, d. 1483, and a memorial to *John Coventry*, rector, d. 1681.

The rectory, valued at £450, is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor.

At APPLIEDORE (population, 621), *i.e.*, APULDRE, Saxon, apple-trees, 9 miles from Ashford, 76 miles from London (on the right of the line), we reach the verge of the ancient Andred's lead, the almost impenetrable forest whose primeval shadows defied the advance of Roman and Saxon. The town raised here by the Saxons stood on the bank of the Rother, then tidal as far as this point, and was demolished by the Danes in 893, when, under the sea-king Hastings, they sailed up the channel with a fleet of 250 escs, or galleys. It was burnt by the French in 1380.

Fragments of birch, willow, and oak, have frequently been discovered in a tract of land north of the village, called the DOWLES (Saxon, *daelan*, to divide), evident relics of the mighty Andred's wood. Boundary marks in Kent are called dowles.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul—favourite saints in this part of Kent—occupies an elevated position to the east of the village, and the site, according to an old tradition, of the ancient fortress destroyed by the French. Much of it, certainly, dates from the close of the fourteenth century, and has undergone "restorations" which are not improvements, but the tower is Norman and in good condition. It contains four brasses, dated 1460, 1525, 1602, and 1626.

The vicarage of Appledore, to which is annexed the curacy of Ebony, is worth £320 per annum, and presented to by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At HORNE FARM in this parish are, it is said, remains of a Decorated chapel, formerly attached to the stately manorial man-

sion of the Hornes, a family which died out in 1560. The groined cellar, the open roof of the chapel, with its rudely carved brackets, and the antique window frames, will, perhaps, repay examination.

About one mile left of the line, on the great road which crosses the marshes to New Romney, stands SNARGATE (population, 74), in a district which however approved of by the grazier, will scarcely tempt the tourist to any minute exploration. The houses are few, and widely scattered, and all around them stretches the broad low level of the marsh lands, thickly inhabited by sheep and cattle. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Dunstan, is a large fair building, with some Early English pillars and arches of unusual elegance. It has belonged for ages to the see of Canterbury. The living, a rectory, is worth £340 yearly.

Continuing our railway route, we see on our left, about two miles from the Appledore station, the church and village of FAIRFIELD (population, 57), another of the small and lonely settlements which dot the borders of the marsh. Its condition, half a century ago, may be appreciated from a circumstance recorded by Hasted :—For the greatest part of the year, the marshmen could only approach their church by boat, or on horseback, and, in the latter case, they waded through the waters up to their saddlegirths. The CHURCH, like most of the marsh-churches, belonged until recently to the see of Canterbury. It is a small brick building, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, with a low Early English wooden turret. The living, a perpetual curacy, is worth only £57 yearly, and is now presented to by the Earl of Guildford.

To the right of the line, across the Rother, we see, upon the hills, the picturesque settlement of STONE (population, 424), from the Saxon *stane*, destroyed by the Danish pirates in the year 991. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a building of some size and pretensions, with a Perpendicular tower. It formed a part of the possessions of the monks of St. Augustine, and is now attached to the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury. The living, a vicarage, is valued at £445.

In the garden adjoining "the manse," stands an ancient stone altar, its sides sculptured with the relief of an ox, and the hollow

at top blackened as if by fire. It had been preserved for ages in the church, and may, perhaps, be accepted as a veritable Brito-Roman shrine, often consecrated with the blood of propitiatory sacrifices.

Stone, Ebony (Ebeney), and Wittersham, are included in the Island and Hundred of Oxney, *i. e.*, Oxen-ey (Ox-island), a famous cattle-rearing district, insulated by two branches of the Rother, about six miles in length and three miles in breadth. Here, in the river's ancient channel, from which it was finally diverted about 1736, was discovered, in 1824, a curious vessel of oak, buried ten feet deep in sand and mud. Some authorities call it a Dutch or Flemish merchant-ship; others, one of the galleys of the Norsemen. Its length was 65 feet; its breadth, 13 feet.

Skirting the borders of the marsh, the railway continues its course to Rye, opening up occasional vistas of the blue waters of the distant channel. About one mile north-east of Rye, we pass EAST GUILDFORD (population, 137), on the left, whose church is small and uninteresting. Its rectory, associated with Playden, is worth £450, and is in the patronage of its incumbent.

MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—ASHFORD TO FOLKESTONE.

After leaving the Ashford Station, we perceive, to our right, at nearly 3 miles from Ashford town, and 17 miles from Maidstone, the populous village and pretty church of WILLESBOROUGH (population, 1022), seated upon a gentle swell of the woodlands in a fresh, dry, healthy air. At a house called Streetend, long ago demolished, lived the Master family, of whom a once popular tradition suggested, it is said, to the poet Otway, his tragedy of "the Orphan." William Master, in the year 1634—then "a goodly young man," twenty-eight years of age—was murdered by his younger brother Robert, while seated at his bridal dinner—both brothers having fallen in love with the same fair girl. The murderer immediately fled, and was never again heard of; but is supposed to have secretly returned, and endeavoured to obliterate the inscription on his brother's tomb.

WILLESBOROUGH CHURCH is an elegant building, with a tall shingled spire, surmounting an Early English tower. It contains two curious sedilia of stone, apparently for confessional purposes; some good remains of painted glass; a brass for *John Gore*, d. 1506, and another for *John Hall*, and *Joan* his wife, d. 1605.

The vicarage, valued at £300, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury.

One mile farther we reach SEVINGTON (population, 104)—a settlement of the Sevingas—a small and sparsely-populated parish, occupying the high ground above the Weald. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is small, with a shingled spire, and contains nothing to delay the tourist. The rectory, worth £250 per annum, is in the gift of its present incumbent.

MERSHAM (population, 776), another of the healthy villages perched upon the quarry hills, lies to the left of the railway, and south of the high road from Ashford to Folkestone. The fine grounds and stately house of MERSHAM HATCH (Sir Edward Knatchbull) are visible from the rail. They passed into the Knatchbull family, *temp.* Henry VII. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. John the Baptist—a handsome building with an Early English tower—contains some noticeable coloured glass, and a superb monument of marble, with figures, to Sir *Walter Knatchbull*, d. 1636. There is also a memorial to *Margaret Collyns*, d. 1595.

Mersham rectory, valued at £555, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The first station after leaving Ashford is at SMEETH (population, 460), 5 miles from Ashford, and 72 miles from London. "Smeeth" (as in Smithfield) is from the Saxon *smede*, a *smooth* open plain, but the village itself occupies rather an elevated position, looking southward through sun and shadow into the depths of a fair and leafy valley. Near the line is the site of a once famous mansion, SCOT'S HALL, the ancient seat of the "eminent and knightly family of the Scots," who claimed to be descended from William de Baliol, *le Scot*, brother of John Baliol, King of Scotland. It produced some notable heroes—Sir William, Warden of the Cinque Ports, *temp.* Henry VII. and VIII.; Raynold, or Reginald, author of the "Discoverie of Witchcraft;" and Sir Thomas, d. 1594, who in the year of the Spanish Armada was appointed to lead the "Kentish men" and "men of Kent," and who for eight and thirty years, day after day, entertained one hundred guests at Scot's Hall.

SMEETH CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, stands on the brow

of the hill. It is mainly Norman, and its splendid chancel-arch, with the zigzag moulding, should especially be noticed. The living is annexed to the rectory of Aldington.

ALDINGTON (population, 741), a settlement of the Aldingas, lies to the west of the line, 2 miles distant, and from its post on the quarry hills, overlooks the ample pastures of Romney Marsh, and the seething waters of the Channel. The Archbishops of Canterbury had a chase here for deer "and wild beasts" (?), at a place now corrupted in name from Aldington-frith into Aldington-fright. COLLIER'S HILL is a singular conical elevation, starting up, abrupt and sudden, from the surrounding plain like a natural watch-tower. The pool on its summit is of considerable depth, and never dries.

ALDINGTON CHURCH, dedicated to St. Martin, is a large Early English edifice, with a chancel, nave, north and south aisles, and a stately Perpendicular tower, begun in 1507, finished about 1557. The west doorway, elaborately decorated, is worth examination. A good brass, with figures of a man and woman, their three sons and two daughters, commemorates *John Weddcol* and *Maud* his wife, d. 1475.

The rectory of Aldington was bestowed by Archbishop Warham upon the great Erasmus in 1511, but resigned by him in the same year on condition that he received an annual pension of £20. His successor, whom the Rotterdam scholar terms "a young man well skilled in divinity," was Richard Masters, who encouraged Elizabeth Barton, "the holy nun of Kent," in her fits of pretended inspiration, and dexterously turned them to the advantage of Catharine of Arragon. Her place of exhibition was at the chapel of "Our Lady of Court at Street," in the adjoining parish of Lymne, where she was, on one occasion, attended by Dr. Edward Bocking, other priests and clerks, and 3000 of the common people. Until she ventured to prophecy that Henry VIII., if he divorced Queen Catharine, would not continue king one month afterwards, she was allowed to have fits and to work "miracles" unquestioned; but this act of presumption proved fatal to her and her patrons, and they were executed at Tyburn, April 21, 1535.

The rectory of Aldington (to which is annexed the perpetual curacy of Smeeth) is valued at £1014, and is presented to by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SELLINGE (population, 550), a settlement of the Saxon Selingas, lies to the left of the line, 22 miles from Maidstone, on a gentle rise of the chalk, and in the neighbourhood of a stream called the Old Stour. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is Early English, with a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and pointed turret. It contains a brass to *John Bernys*, and *Joan* his wife, d. 1440. The vicarage, valued at £300, is in the patronage of Mrs. Gwatkin.

Two miles north of Sellinge, at the foot of the great chalk range, and in a picturesque and pleasant position, stands BRABOURNE (population, 816), anciently *Brad-bourne*, from the broad rivulet which here wells up out of the chalk.

The CHURCH of St. Mary is Norman and Early English, with a low Perpendicular square tower. Many of its oldest memorials have lost their brasses, and are without date or inscription. Against the south wall of the chancel is a curious erection of stone, called by some authorities an altar, by others a credence-table, but marking, perhaps, the place of interment of the heart of some distinguished personage. On the top is figured a cross enclosed in a circle, and a parallelogram broken into two portions. A shield, under a recessed canopy, may also be observed. A stone effigy, much injured, was intended, perhaps, for one of the Scots; and a noticeable altar-tomb presents the armorial bearings of Scot quartered with those of Gower,—the latter being the same as those which ornament the tomb of John Gower, the poet of the “*Confessio Amantis*,” in the church of St. Saviour’s, Southwark, whence enthusiastic antiquarians have endeavoured to lay hands upon him as one of the celebrities of Kent.

A fine yew in the churchyard is the successor of an immense tree, which De Candolle pronounced 3000 years old, and which measured 58 feet 11 inches in girth by nearly twenty feet in diameter. It is duly celebrated by Evelyn in his “*Sylva*.”

The vicarage, to which is annexed the rectory of Monk’s Horton, is valued at £500, and is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

WESTENHANGER, from “*hangian*,” Saxon, to hang, is 75 miles from London by the South-Eastern railway, and is the nearest station to Hythe, from which it is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. It

has sometimes been written *Æscinghanger*, because a fort or palace, it is said, was built in this locality by one of the *Æscings*, or Saxon Kings of Kent.

In a bower of walnut trees, and not far from the bank of the stream, which here ripples and rejoices through prolific pastures, may be seen the remains of the moated house of *Westenhanger*. It was originally laid out as a quadrangle, and strengthened with nine towers, of which only three remain. The walls were high, massive, and embattled; the deep broad moat was spanned by a drawbridge, and the portal was fortified by a portcullis. The central tower has long borne the name of "*Fair Rosamond*," from a tradition that she was here concealed before her removal to *Woodstock*. It was connected with a gallery, 160 feet in length, where the beautiful mistress of *Henry II.* awaited the coming of her royal lover. Among the ruins was found, many years ago, "the left hand of a well-carved statue; with the end of a sceptre grasped in it,"—a position peculiar, according to *Hasted*, to king *Henry*, "one of whose seals was so made in the lifetime of his father."

This famous mansion was probably built by *Bertram de Criol*, *temp.* *Henry III.* This *Bertram* was possessed of such immense estates, and held such honourable offices, that he was popularly styled "the great Lord of Kent." About the beginning of *Henry VIII.*'s reign it fell into the hands of *Sir Edward Poynings*, governor of *Dover Castle* and *Warden of the Cinque Ports*, who commenced "building magnificently," but died before "his stately mansion here was finished." His son sold it to *Henry VIII.*, who laid out a park around it, and fitted it apparently for a royal residence. *Queen Elizabeth* visited it in 1573.

Of the CHURCH, which stood near the house on the west side, there is not a vestige discernible. Its font was removed to *Stanford*.


STANFORD (population, 297), *i.e.*, the stony ford, is about three-quarters of a mile north of the station. The CHURCH, dedicated to *All Saints*, is *Early English*, but of no interest. The perpetual curacy is attached to the vicarage of *Lyminge*.

One mile north-east of *Stanford*, at the base of the chalk hills, lies *POSTLING* (population, 175), near the spring-head of the *Old Stour*, which, after traversing this parish, runs into

Westenhanger, and thence glides away to Ashford and Canterbury.

The CHURCH of SS. Mary and Rodegund is Early English, and consists of a nave and chancel. Within the altar rails is a tomb, without date or inscription, but evidently of great antiquity. A stone let into the north wall of the chancel bears an inscription in old letters, denoting that the Church was dedicated on the 19th Kal. Sept., on the day of St. Eusebius.

The vicarage, valued at £300, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

 Two miles farther north than Postling, across the hills, is LYMINGE (population, 883), the seat of, perhaps, the most ancient Christian church in this part of Kent. Here Edilberga, daughter of King Ethelbert, and wife of Edwin of Northumbria, founded a nunnery in 633, after her conversion by Paulinus. Here she died, and in the church of Lyminge, which is dedicated to St. Mary and St. Edilberga, she was probably interred. Both church and nunnery are mentioned in the charters of Wihtred and Cuthred (A.D. 690-7 and A.D. 800-10), as recorded by Mr. Kemble in his "Codex Diplomaticus." The nunnery in time gave place to a monastery, which suffered so severely in the Danish incursions that it was dissolved in 964, and its endowments granted to Christ Church, Canterbury.

The CHURCH of SS. Mary and Eadburga is a historical illustration of the progress of English architecture, affording specimens of the various periods down to Perpendicular. It consists of chancel, north and south aisles, and tower, and is built of stone and very ancient brick. The memorials are of no interest, but the architecture of the church should be carefully examined.

The vicarage, valued at £880, is in the gift of the Rev. C. Jenkins.

A spring gushing up out of the rock, near the church, is called St. Eadbury's or St. Edilberga's Well, and may perhaps have been resorted to by that pious lady and her devoted nuns. It unites its waters with those of a neighbouring spring, and runs onward to Ottinge. In some years the twin rivulets form a considerable body of water, and break forth from the cavernous soil even as far as the pond near Wigmore, known as "Brompton's Pot,"—a circumstance which the villagers call "the nailbourne's (*i.e.*, eel-bourne) coming down."

Nearly 4 miles distant, but yet united to the vicarage of Lyminge, is the small Church of PADDLESWORTH (population, 50), standing, with a few poor cottages, amidst the solitary hills. The Church, dedicated to St. Oswald of Northumbria, is said to be "the lowest and least in the county." It is principally Norman, with a small aisle, and smaller chancel, separated by a circular arch. The north and south doorways have also Norman arches. The pillar which supported the ancient font should be noticed.

South of Westenhanger Station are Hurst, Lymne, and Hythe, which may best be visited from Folkestone.

Two miles from the station, we pass, on the right, SALTWOOD (population, 609), looking out through leaf-crowned hills upon the gleaming sea. SALTWOOD CASTLE (about a quarter of a mile from the village) is splendid in its decay, its ruins being of sufficient extent to interest the most superficial observer. Much of the outer wall, which skirted a very broad and deep fosse, remains. The fosse, formerly supplied by the brook now running to the right of the Castle, was crossed by a drawbridge. The inner gatehouse is flanked by two stately circular towers, and over the arch may still be seen the portcullis-groove. It was erected by Archbishop Courtenay, *temp.* Richard II., and a shield on one side bears his arms; on the other, his private armorial bearings impaled with those of the see of Canterbury.

A high and massive inner wall, strengthened with towers and bastions at certain intervals, enclosed an inner court, which was divided into lofty and spacious apartments. The chapel, the great hall, the refectory, may yet be traced; and near them, the large square well, lined with blocks of quarry stone. The Castle was thrown into lamentable dilapidation by an earthquake in 1580.

Saltwood manor was bestowed, about 1036, upon Christ Church, Canterbury, by a Danish jarl, named Haldene, or, more properly, Halfden. The archbishop leased it to different lords and knights, one of whom, Hugo de Montford, largely repaired the castle, which tradition said had first been founded by Esc or Oric, king of Kent, a legendary son of Hengist. Henry de Essex, Baron of Ralegh and Constable of England, rebuilt it, and often resided in it, but forfeiting his lands through treasonable cowardice, manor and castle fell as escheats to the Crown. Henry II. granted them to Randulf de Broc, though they were claimed by

Becket as a possession of the see of Canterbury. Hence between prelate and knight arose a bitter feud, and on Becket's return to England after his pseudo-reconciliation with Henry II., the Brocs were not slow to proclaim their enmity. Randulf hunted down "the archiepiscopal deer with Becket's own dogs, in Becket's own woods;" Robert, another of the same family, "who had been a monk in the novitiate, but had since taken to a secular life, sent out his nephew John to waylay and cut off the tails of a sumpter mule and a horse of the Archbishop"—(*Stanley*). It was in the fortress of the De Brocs that the four knights—Fitzurse, Moreville, Tracy, and De Bret—planned the details of Becket's murder: "in the darkness of the night—the long winter night of the 20th of December (A.D. 1170)—with candles extinguished, and not even seeing each other's faces." Hence they started on the following morning, galloping along the old Roman road from Lymne to Canterbury, which, under the name of Stone Street, runs in a straight line of nearly 15 miles from Saltwood to the hills immediately above the city. And hither they returned, the foul deed done, which cursed with the blackness of desolation their later lives.

King John, in the first year of his reign, restored the manor and castle to the see of Canterbury. Archbishop Courtenay "beautified and enlarged the Palace;" Chicheley made it his favourite residence; and it was frequently visited by their successors, until Cranmer was compelled to surrender it to the jealousy of Henry VIII. Over its successive changes from that date we need not linger. W. Deedes, Esq. of Sandling, is its present lord.

SALTWOOD CHURCH, dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul, is a large well-built pile, mainly of the Decorated order, which has been recently restored. It contains a nave, chancel, north aisle, south aisle, and square-ridged tower. The north aisle was built as a mortuary chapel by Margaret, wife of William Brockhole, *temp.* Edward IV. The oaken cover of the font is curious. Observe, also, the old oaken chest, 7 feet 3 inches in length, and 2 feet deep. The brasses commemorate *John Verein*, rector of Landherst, d. 1370; *Thomas Brockhole*, d. 1437; and Dame *Anne Myston*, d. 1496.

The rectory, valued at £740, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

To the west lies SANDLING PARK (W. Deedes, Esq.), the man-

sion built in 1790-1800, under the direction of Bonomi, the architect. The railway crosses it, and afterwards runs through the Saltwood tunnel, leaving the ruins of Saltwood Castle on the right, and BEACHBOROUGH (W. Brockman, Esq.), a Georgian house on an elevation of the greensand, left. We soon pass to the right of the Church and Village of

NEWINGTON (population, 499), lying between the chalk hill range, north, and the quarry hills, south, in a romantic and picturesque position. From the heights above Beachborough the view is very noble, embracing the surrounding country—woodland, dale, and upland, coppice, farmstead, and many-rivered meadows—and stretching across the misty waters of the Channel even to the far-off shores of France. (Mr. Brockman admits tourists to the summer house in his pleasant park, whence this prospect may best be enjoyed.) At Milkydown, in this parish, Roman coins and skeletons, with Saxon ornaments, have been excavated on several occasions. A cell, at Canons' Court, south of the village, belonged to the Premonstratensians, and was dedicated to St. Nicholas. Its brethren did not live in an odour of sanctity, and at the request of the "barons" or burgesses of Hythe, it was united to the abbey of St. Radigund's.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, contains a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and low wooden turret. There are brasses to *Thomas Chylton*, d. 1501, and *Thomasine*, his wife; and *John Claike*, d. 1501. Observe, also, the memorials to *Thomas Booth*, d. 1650, a former vicar; and *Christopher Raittinge*, d. 1612, a Hungarian who, for seven years, was physician to the Grand Czar of Muscovy.

This vicarage is now held with the rectory of

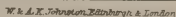
CHERITON (population, 1658), a village 2 miles west of Folkestone, lying among the hills, and commanding some fine views of the Channel. "At Underhill, in this parish, the Duke of Richmond lay, as he passed to and from King Charles II., when in exile—in the day haunting the little wood still called Richmond's Shaw; whose then owner, Writtle, was, on the Restoration, rewarded with the governorship of Upnor Castle."—(*Hasted*). Its Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. Martin, is built of sandstone. The rectory, with the vicarage of Newington annexed,

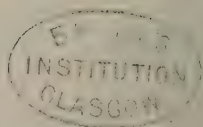


FOLKE



FAIRLIE'S
INSTITUTION
GLASGOW





is valued at £657 yearly, and is in the patronage of W. Brockman, Esq. of Beachborough.

Crossing the Ford Valley by a viaduct of nineteen arches, 758 feet in length, we reach

FOLKESTONE.

[Population, 18,816. *Hotels*: West Cliff, Pavilion, Clarendon, Paris, Royal George, and York. 70 m. from London; 17 m. from Canterbury; 6 m. from Dover.]

Etymologists have luxuriated in different interpretations of the name of this pretty and picturesque town—supposing it to mean “the people’s rock” (*folkestang*), “the rock of the small folk” (or *fairies*), and “a flaw in the rock” (*flos stane*). It may have been known to the Romans, and Roman relics have been discovered here; was afterwards one of the manors attached to the Saxon crown; was granted by Conqueror William to his good knight William d’Avranches, who built a Norman stronghold on, or near the site of a Saxon fort; became known from its connection with the priory of St. Eanswith, and was united to the cinque port of Dover; in Queen Elizabeth’s time contained but 120 houses; and was altogether a quiet little fishing-town until its harbour was formed (by Telford) in 1809, and a railway lent it life and motion in 1844. It has grown rapidly enough since the latter epoch. Its population in 1841, only 2300, had increased to 7509 in 1851; and its customs from £8218 in 1848, to upwards of £70,000 in 1850.

The harbour-house was built in 1843; its tower or campanile is 100 feet in height. The harbour was much improved in the following year, and a movable railway-bridge of iron connecting the inner and outer basins, constructed.

“Rome,” says the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, “stood on seven hills; Folkestone seems to have been built on seventy. Streets, lanes, and alleys are here fanciful distinctions without a difference, agreeable enough to persons who do not mind running up and down stairs.” A portion of the town lies in a gap between the chalk and greensand hills; to the other portions, built on those hills, the traveller consequently has to clamber as best he may, but the landscapes which these elevated points command, will amply repay him for whatever trouble he has undergone to reach them.

THE CHURCH.

On the West Cliff, at an elevation of 570 feet, stands the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Eanswitha. It has recently been enlarged, restored, and repaved, under direction of Mr. W. C. Hursay, the architect. The tower (in which are hung eight bells), is placed between the nave and chancel. The chancel, built of sandstone, with a very lofty pitched roof, is Early English. It contains an ancient and much defaced altar-tomb (Decorated), with an effigy, belonging to one of the Fiennes, or Fineaux family, once of high repute among Kentish knights. The font is Perpendicular. In the south chancel, observe the monument, with figures of two men kneeling, and an epitaph upon *S. Herdson*, d. 1622. In the central aisle a brass commemorates *Joan Harvey*, d. 1605, "a charitable, quiet neighbour," and the mother of two daughters and seven sons—one of whom was the great William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood (born at Folkestone, April 1, 1578). In a vault under the south aisle were formerly deposited a quantity of human bones, as at HYPHE (*quod vide*).

The vicarage, valued at £300, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury. *William Langhorne*, translator of "Plutarch's Lives," was vicar here from 1753 to 1772. He was buried in the chancel.

CHRIST CHURCH, built in 1849-51 from the designs of Smirke, was founded at the cost of the lord of the manor of Folkestone, the Earl of Radnor, whose eldest son bears the title, by courtesy, of Viscount Folkestone. The district, with a population of nearly 4000, includes the more recent portions of the town.

FOLKESTONE CASTLE was built, it is said, by Eadbald, King of Kent (A.D. 630), on the site of a Roman pharos or watch-tower, near the brink of the cliff, and south of the church. William d'Avranches, after the Conquest, erected a Norman fortress on the same site, which is marked by the present BAIL (or ballium), and the *bail pond* or reservoir, fed by St. Eanswitha's spring. This spring was brought over hills and rocks by that marvellous maiden to supply the Oratory which she erected here on the sea-shore, "because, as it is stated in her life, it was one of the most solitary spots she could find. Perhaps," adds Mr. Wright, "we might add another and a more weighty reason, that, as a deserted Roman settlement, its ruined buildings furnished ready materials for the mason." Her father Eadbald erected a church at Folke-

stone, dedicated to St. Peter—"in honore beati Petri apostoli ecclesiam construxit"—but in Capgrave's time the sea had washed away both church, churchyard, and nunnery. The nunnery may have been rebuilt further from the sea, as remains of conventual buildings—"great ruynes of a solemne old nunnery, yn the walles wherof yn dyvers places apere great and long Briton (Roman ?) brikes"—were visible in Leland's time. Its site may have been behind the *Bail*, where stone coffins have been found, and relics of a Saxon cemetery, "one of many proofs that the Christian missionaries established their churches not unfrequently near the places of burial of the unconverted Saxons."

A PRIORY for Benedictine monks, and a church, were founded on the site of the old nunnery by Nigel de Muneville, lord of Folkestone, in 1095. The devastations of the sea compelled their removal to the site of the present church—the priory being built to the south of it. The dissolution of religious houses in 1535, completely extinguished it, for it is doubtful whether the small remains in the vicarage-garden belong to it. St. Eanswitha's body was removed to the new Priory Church, where, about the middle of the seventeenth century, it was discovered enclosed in a stone coffin, with an hour-glass and several medals laid on each side of the skeleton.

THE FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL was founded in 1674 by Sir Eliab Harvey, a relative of the great physician. The TOWN-HALL, formerly the MARKET-HOUSE, was built by one of the Earls of Radnor, *temp.* George III. The WEST CLIFF and PAVILION HOTELS are admirably-conducted establishments. John Philipott, King Charles the First's Somerset herald, and author of the *Villare Cantianum*, d. 1645, was a native of Folkestone.

The Folkestone fishermen had formerly a notable custom ; out of every boat, when they returned from their expeditions, they selected eight of the finest whittings, and their proceeds were appropriated to a feast on Christmas-eve, which they called "a Rumbald." This custom, perhaps, was originally instituted in honour of St. Rumbald, an Irish saint, who had some mysterious connection with whittings ; for in many parts of Kent that fish is still called "a rumbald."

In this neighbourhood may be found, along the shore, the *glaucium luteum*, or yellow-horned poppy, whose root, say the vulgar, if scraped upwards, acts as an emetic, scraped downwards, as a cathartic. *Digitalis purpurea* and *silene nutans maritima*

are also abundant. The geologist will observe a good section of the gault underlying the chalk and upper greensand at COPT POINT (*copt*, a headland), where fossils may be plentifully procured. Here the greensand and chalk ranges abruptly terminate, leaving a gap or valley between them about 2 miles across. The land south of the hills is barren; "a poor thin white loam," says Cobbet, followed by "a very fine rich loam upon the chalk," and then by a mixture of the chalky and sandy loams.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES:—1. To Dover, by rail, and thence to Charlton on the hills; cross to Buckland, and keep along the chalk ridge, through River, to Ewell; return through Alkham and Hawkinge, 12 miles. 2. Through Newington to Paddlesworth, and thence, through Postling, to Stamford; keep south, by Westenhanger into the Hythe road; visit Hythe, and return along the cliffs, *via* Sandgate to Folkestone, not far short of 20 miles. 3. Through Sandgate to Hythe, and thence, nearly in the line of the Military Canal, to Lymne and Hurst; cross the hills to Aldington, and keep by Goldwell to Smeeth Station; return by rail. 4. By the Canterbury road to Denton and Broom Park; return by the old Roman road, through Lydden, Ewell, and Charlton, to Dover; back to Folkestone by rail. 5. By road, along the cliffs, to Hougham; cross country to Capel le Fern; thence to Hawkinge, and, by way of Uphill, to Paddlesworth; return to Folkestone through Newington and Cheriton.]

BRANCH ROUTE (No 3.) THROUGH HYTHE, ROMNEY, AND LYDD, TO RYE.

From Copt Point, Eastweir Bay, as far as Seaford, the coast is protected by seventy-four Martello towers—small circular forts suggested to William Pitt, in 1804, by the Duke of Richmond. "Martello" is a corruption of "Mortella," from a fort in Mortella Bay, Corsica, of similar construction, which offered a formidable resistance to a body of British troops.

Our road now lies along the shore, within sight and hearing of "the multitudinous sea," which, near Sandgate, makes a bold sweep inland and forms a fine bay, whose southern extremity is Dungeness. Here commences a ridge of green sandstone hills, "not so high as the more easterly hills, but more broken; and filled with rich and picturesque dells, or deep valleys, with small streams at the bottom running down to the sea." In this romantic position, with heights verdurous and sun-crowned in its rear, and broad gleaming waters before it, lies SANDGATE, a small but prosperous bathing-place, which has sprung up into repute within the last half century. Barracks were first erected at SHORNCLIFFE (the bare, or shorn rock) in 1784, and houses for the accommoda-

tion of the families of their officers soon clustered round them. A camp was formed here during the Peninsular war, and a permanent one since the Crimean war of 1854-5. Queen Victoria reviewed the Foreign Legion on these heights in 1855; and at Shorncliffe in 1859 (January 10th), the Royal Canadian regiment were presented with colours by the Prince of Wales. SANDGATE CHAPEL was erected in 1822 by the Earl of Darnley, in whose representative is vested the patronage of the perpetual curacy, valued at £300. SANDGATE CASTLE, dating from 1539, was one of the numerous coast-defences constructed by Henry VIII. It was repaired and strengthened in 1806.

A little beyond Sandgate begins the MILITARY CANAL, which extends as far as Cliff End in Oxney Island, Sussex (23 miles), and is of an average breadth of 90 feet and depth of 18 feet. The bank is raised to protect skirmishers, and military stations (now occupied by the coast guard) are placed at intervals along its course. It was commenced in 1805 for the conveyance of troops and stores, but was never thoroughly completed, the railway being of far greater utility.

Five miles west of Folkestone, on the banks of the canal, and one mile from the sea, stands the picturesque town of

HYTHE (population, 4000; *Hotels*:—Swan, White Hart), *i.e.*, the haven—once a sea-town, and one of the chief Cinque Ports, having succeeded to the privileges enjoyed by the still more ancient port of West Hythe, which is now *three miles* from the shore.

From its position Hythe was exposed to frequent hostile attacks. In 1293 a French fleet appeared in the offing, and landed 200 soldiers from one of its vessels, but the townsmen, with sword and bill, made a bold rush upon them and slew every man. A terrible fire, *temp.* Richard II., destroyed two hundred houses; five ships were lost, and 100 men drowned, through the effects of an earthquake which happened at the same time. The sea gradually withdrew from the unfortunate town, and its trade and commerce rapidly diminished. In Leland's time its decay was grievous:—"Hythe," he says, "hathe bene a very great toun yn length, and conteyned iiii. paroches, that now be cleyn destroyed. . . . Ther remayn yet the ruynes of the chyrches and chyrch yardes. The havyn is a prety rode and lieth meatly strayt for passage owt of Boleyn." Shortly after the reign of Elizabeth,

the narrow channel which the sea had left was finally and completely filled up.

HYTHE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Leonard, partly late Norman and partly Early English, is a large, interesting, and despite of "restorers," a handsome building. A good prospect may be obtained from its graveyard. The tower and nave were rebuilt about 1750. On the west side of the north transept is a Norman arch with zigzag mouldings. The triple chancel, with its clustered shafts of Petworth marble, its elegant arches and lofty windows, is Early English. To the central chancel we ascend by a flight of eight steps. There are three stone sedilia, and the font has an oaken cover. A brass commemorates *John Bredgman*, d. 1581, last bailiff and first mayor of Hythe.

In a vault under the chancel lies an extraordinary collection of human skulls, now arranged on shelves, with a quantity of bones piled in a heap. It is difficult to account for this singular assemblage, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century at least, there existed no tradition which pretended to explain it. The Rev. James Brome, then rector of Cheriton, who published a volume of "Travels over England, Scotland, and Wales," observes that "that which now (1700-19) more especially preserves the fame, and keeps up the repute, of this poor languishing port, is the charnel-house adjoining to the church, or the arched vault under it, wherein are orderly piled up a great stack of dead men's bones and skulls, which appear very white and solid, but how or by what means they were brought to this place, the townsmen are altogether ignorant, and can give no account of the matter." Mr. Wright suspects that these bones came first from a Saxon or Roman cemetery (probably the former) which may have been chosen as the site of the original church here; and this supposition seems to be confirmed by the fact that, in re-arranging a part of the stack of bones, the sexton recently found underneath them a few pieces of broken pottery, some of which are of a very early character, and appear like fragments of Anglo-Saxon burial urns. It is a curious circumstance that there was once a similar collection of bones in Folkestone Church, which we now know to have stood on, or by, the site of an early Anglo-Saxon cemetery.

The perpetual curacy of Hythe, value £175, is in the gift of the rector of Saltwood.

Hythe is famous enough to modern ears for its SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY, established in 1854, which has done so much for the

education of our army and volunteers in precision of fire. After undergoing a careful three months' drill, the officer who has been placed here returns to his regiment in the quality of instructor of musketry.

There are two HOSPITALS in the town: one, built in 1336, by Haymo de Hethe, bishop of Rochester, who was a native of Hythe, is dedicated to *St. Bartholomew*. That of *St. John's* is of still greater antiquity, and was originally founded for the relief of lepers only. The buildings are of no peculiar interest.

From Hythe to the sea-shore you walk through a stately avenue of wych-elms. Looking back, the landscape must appear to you not unworthy of a painter's pencil; looking before you, the lights and shadows pass in swift succession over the broad waters of a noble bay. Perhaps the finest view of the town itself is obtained on the left bank of the canal as you approach from Sandgate.

The tourist, on leaving Hythe, should take the road to the Westenhanger station (on the Folkestone line), and having passed the turnpike, turn to the left up "a green and leafy lane" which ascends a new range of hills. "Bushy hedges on each side are filled with wild flowers, especially with different kinds of creepers, among which white convolvuluses, with flowers almost as large as the palm of the hand, are conspicuous. Here and there a break in the hedge, or the opening for a gate, reveals sudden glimpses of the extensive prospect over the wide sea below. At the top we turn from the sea round a small but thick and wild copse, where we come upon a fine and extensive view inland. The road now loses its picturesque character, and we see no more of the sea till we reach a spot about three miles from Hythe"—(*Wright*). Here the tourist will have on his right a hill crowned by the church and castle of Lympe. Towards the sea it is bold, bluff, and precipitous, but slopes gradually towards the marches of Romney and Dimchurch. Beneath the castle, on a bank which falls into the level more abruptly, are situated the ruins of the Roman town of the *Portus Lemanis*. For in the days of Roman supremacy, far into this wooded vale, up to the foot of these richly-verdant hills, swept the sounding sea, and bore upon its waves the Roman galleys, reflected the quick glances of the Roman spears, echoed in its bosom the triumphant voices of the Roman clarions. We now walk dryshod in the footprints of the sea. Years ago, long changeful years ago, the ebb and flow ceased in

these leafy shadows—the waters rolled back over the hungry land—and the busy sea-port of the traders of Italy and Marseilles became a quiet inland village, nestling in silence and solitude upon the old primeval hill.

LYMPNE (population, 552) is, then, the PORTUS LEMANIANUS of the Romans, the only harbour they had on the southern shore of Kent, and where, towards the fall of their power in Britain, they stationed a band of mercenaries from Tournay, the Turnacences. A military road, Stone Street, about 16 miles in length, ran from here to DUROVERNUM (Canterbury). The ruins of their fort or CASTRUM, now known as STUTFALL (*i.e.* land-slip) CASTLE, should be carefully inspected. They may be reached from West Hythe by a footway across the fields, or ascending to the village of Lympne, a steep path behind the Castle—an interesting Edwardian structure, now partly used as a farm-house—leads down the hill to a steep bank overlooking the marshes. Here moulder the remains of the ancient Roman town of the Portus Lemanianus.

“They consist of a line of broken wall, of immensely massive construction, formed, as was usually the case with Roman walls, of a facing of stones, with bording courses of tiles, and supported by round towers and semicircular projections. As at Richborough, and at some other places where a Roman fortress was built on the coast, the side of the town towards the sea lay open without any wall. The two walls which ran from the sea, protecting the town to the east and the west, were, like those of Richborough, perfectly straight and parallel to each other; but the transverse wall, forming the defence of the town to the north, assumed the form of a half octagon. They include an area of about 12 acres”—(*Wright*). The broken state of the fragments of wall above ground was owing to a landslip.

Excavations made by Mr. Roach Smith and others, some ten or twelve years ago, led to very interesting results with regard to these ruins. The Decuman gate, flanked by two circular towers, was then discovered, and part of an altar bearing an inscription, which confirmed Mr. Roach Smith's happy guess (from the letters Cl. Br. stamped on some tiles found at Dover) at the existence of a Roman-British *Coastguard*, or naval reserve—“Classiarii Britannici.” The lettering runs:—NEPTVNO ARAM . . AVFIDIV PANTERA PRÆFECTVS CLAS. BRIT. (*i.e.*, to Neptune Aufidius Pantera, Prefect of the British fleet, dedicates this altar).

The walls of Lympe were probably built at a late period of the Roman occupation of England, many of the stones having evidently been taken from older buildings. The trowel marks on the mortar, and the circular apertures which seem to have held the scaffold poles (or may have carried water-pipes), should be observed. A fine tower, 10 feet high and 45 feet in circumference, is still standing at the south-west angle.

For the sake of its landscape beauties, if not for its historical interest, this ruined "city on the hill" should be visited by the tourist. Northward rises the lofty cliff, crowned with church and castle; before it stretches, in the distance, the molten gold of the seemingly motionless sea; around are broad rich meadows, dotted by clumps of leafy trees, and relieved by many a gray old house and quiet grange. Through the middle of the ancient town, a clear sweet brook runs, which rises in a leafy recess in the side of the hill, and ripples onward with a sound of rejoicing. A nook of more tranquil beauty cannot be found in all the wide marshland of the south-western angle of Kent.

[Three miles from Lynne lies the ruined chapel of COURT-AT-STREET, "where the nunne of Canterbury (Elizabeth Barton) wrought all her fals miracles. Hard by this chaple," continues Leland "apere the old ruines of a castelet, wherbi yt may be thought that the place and the towne ther was cawled Bellirica, as who shoulde say in Latyne *Bello-castrum*, and that the new name of Court-up-Streate began by reason of the place or court that the lord of the soyle kept ther. The commune voyce is ther that the towne hath bene large, and they show now ther *Signa Prætoriana*, that is to say, a horne garnished with brasse, and a mace. But the likelyhod ys that they longed to Lynne, sumtyme a notable towne and haven." Beside a small pool, and under a clump of trees, the tourist may here repose himself, and while his gaze wanders over the plain beneath and the sea beyond, may bethink himself of the marvellous results which flowed from Elizabeth Barton's fits of epileptic inspiration in the little chapel of Court-at-Street !]

LYMPNE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Stephen, stands on the brink of the cliff—"a fine ancient building"—with a chancel, north and south aisles, and square tower. It was originally built by Archbishop Lanfranc, who did not scruple to make use of the stones in the Roman *castrum* beneath. Norman portions still remain.

The vicarage of Lympe, valued at £300, is in the patronage of the Archdeacon of Canterbury.

Adjoining the churchyard is a castellated grange—"the castle," as it is vulgarly called, belonging to the Archdeacon of Canterbury, but now used as a farm house. It is an Edwardian, or late Decorated structure, raised on the foundations of a Norman tower, said to have been the work of Archbishop Lanfranc.


The views from this point are of great extent and unusual beauty.

SHIPWAY, or SHEPWAY CROSS, lies half a mile east of Lymne Church, and was formerly a place so considerable as to give name to the whole lathe. Here, under the blue sky, were held all great assemblies relating to the Cinque Ports, until removed to Romney, and here the limenarcha, or warden, was sworn into office.

[Nearly three miles from Lymne, upon the wooded hills, and close to the Military Canal, lies the hamlet of HURST, whose inhabitants worship at Aldington Church (across the hills), their own little church having fallen into decay in 1530. Here, at Hurst House, in the solitude of the marshes, was concocted the famous Jacobite plot of 1696, and here, after its explosion, was captured the ringleader, Jesuitical Fenwick himself.]

Quitting Hythe by the west road, the sea on our left, and the wide green flats of the marshes on our right, we pass, at a short distance from the town, WEST HYTHE (population, 178), where the sea first retired on its recession from the *Portus Lemanis*, and which advanced in prosperity as Lymne sunk into decay. The CHURCH, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is unimportant. The vicarage, worth but £34 yearly, is in the gift of the Archdeacon of Canterbury.

Three miles from Hythe may be seen in the marshes, lonely and desolate, the hut or two which is parochially known as ORGARSWIKE (Ordgar's wic), whose population was returned in 1871 as *seven*! The sinecure rectory, worth £39, is included in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury. Here the eye rests upon long reaches of marsh land, dotted with sheep and cattle, but unrelieved by woodland shadows or bloomy hedgerows.

 Nearly two miles north, on one of the numerous streams which irrigate this level country, stands BURMARSH (population, 133), pleasantly seated in the shade of some thriving elms. The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is small but elegant, with an aisle, chancel, and tower, mainly Early English. The rectory, worth £270, is in the patronage of the Crown.

This marshy level is defended from the sea by the celebrated DIMCHURCH WALL, 3 miles in length, 20 feet in height, and as much in width at its top, while its base probably rests upon an area of more than 300 feet. It is strongly fortified by piles, jetties, and groins, and maintained at a considerable yearly expense. At proper intervals, large sluices carry off the drainage

of the fens, which collects in numerous water-courses. Across the marsh, in the ancient line of the Rother, is carried the BLUE WALL, from Appledore to Romney.

Beneath the wall, in a wide extent of grassy pasture, is seated the straggling village of DIMCHURCH (population, 650), and its small Early English CHURCH. The living is a rectory, worth £330, and presented to by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ST. MARY'S (population, 119), is another of the marsh settlements, and the characteristics of its scenery and position may be broadly summed up—as acre upon acre of rich green level pastures; with scarce a tree or a hedge to break their monotony; with few houses, and those of a most uninteresting character; and a small Early English CHURCH, not too well frequented in the rainy season. Most of the marsh churches are Early English in style, and seem to have been erected by the monks of Canterbury much about the same time. There are two brasses in St. Mary's—to *Matilda Jamys*, d. 1499, and *William Gregory*, d. 1502. The living, worth £252, is in the patronage of the Archbishop.

Though this singular district—the “Broad Island,” as our Saxon forefathers called it—is not without a certain distinctive interest, the eye wearies at length with gazing upon mile after mile of grassy levels, and flock upon flock of browsing sheep, and the tourist, therefore, will not be sorry when, at 12 miles from the cliffs of Folkestone, he reaches the *capital* of the marshes,—

NEW ROMNEY (population, 1053), *i.e.*, *Rome's ey*, or island(?), or *Rumen-ea*, the broad island,—where he may obtain decent refreshment at the *New Inn*. The town (even now by no means a considerable one), rose into some degree of importance after the era of the Norman Conquest, when the port of Old Romney, anciently at the mouth of the Rother, was deserted by the sea. Its haven was of sufficient size to accommodate the galleys of our ancestors, and Romney, therefore, was made one of the Cinque Ports, and had attached to it as “limbs” Old Romney, Lydd, Dingemarsh, and Oswardestone.(?) It was assessed towards the royal fleet at five ships, each carrying 21 men and a boy. William of Poitou relates that the Conqueror, after the battle of Hastings, passed anear this town, and put to the sword its

inhabitants for having murdered some Normans who had accidentally landed here.

New Romney fell into decay after the great storm which, in Edward the First's reign, diverted the river Rother (the ancient Limen) from its course. It is now only to be visited for its great SHEEP FAIR, on 21st of August, and its CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, a large and stately pile, partly Norman and partly Early English, with a nave, transept, chancel, north and south aisles, and square tower. The aisles are separated from the nave by Norman arches, with zigzag mouldings. The tower is of great antiquity, adorned with Norman arches on the sides, and entered by a Norman archway. On the roof an octagon erection of stone seems to have been intended for the base of a spire. There are brasses to *Thomas Lambarde*, d. 1514, and *Thomas Smith*, d. 1610. A stone, with the brass wanting, is said to commemorate *William Holyngbroke*, d. 1375.

The vicarage, valued at £161, is in the gift of All Souls' College, Oxon.

OLD ROMNEY (population, 130) lies about one mile farther inland, and is as dreary a place as an anchorite could wish to resort to. Its belt of trees alone redeems it from utter desolation. Here the tourist may trace the ancient channel of the Rother, as it flowed west of the village, and muse on the singular natural changes which have revolutionized the face of this district. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Clement, is larger than the neighbourhood now seems to require. It consists of a nave, transept, two chancels, north and south aisles, and tower surmounted by a low pointed turret. The font is Norman. The rectory, valued at £300, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ROMNEY MARSH is now, as in Leland's time, "a marvelous rank ground for fedyng of catel," but not so well adapted to the comfort of its human inhabitants, because its air—to adopt Lambard's quaint phraseology—is "bad in winter, worse in summer, and at no time good." So secluded is it from the rest of England, that one can well understand how the marshmen (*merscwara*, Saxon) speak of the world as divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Romney Marsh! A great portion of it must be of ancient formation, but even since the Norman conquest it has won large tracts of land from the sea. Here the Romans built nume-

rous villas along the road from their Portus Lemanis to Anderida (Pevensey), and the Saxons formed it into one of the small dependent provinces ruled by the kinglets or sub-reguli of Kent. It is now 14 miles long, and varies from 4 miles to 8 miles in breadth. Four subdivisions are recognised—Romney Marsh, about 24,000 acres in extent ; Wallend Marsh (W.), 16,000 acres ; Denge Marsh (S.), 3000 acres ; and Guildford Marsh, 3300 acres, stretching into Sussex. The three latter districts comprise about 23,000 acres in all.

A few oxen, and from 150,000 to 180,000 sheep, are fed upon these pastures. They are the principal inhabitants, and their sheep-folds the principal buildings, except where a few mean houses, clustering round a small and ancient church, form "a village." Yet to the eyes of a Cuypp, or a Paul Potter, the landscape would not be unattractive. The clumps of elm, birch, or willow, here and there springing from a grassy knoll,—the water-courses, rich in aquatic plants and frondent weeds,—the wide stretches of broad green pasturage, curiously sprinkled with grazing flocks,—the far-off hamlet, and the gray old spire rising above its low thatched roofs,—and, from certain points, the wide sweep of the channel waters, bounded in the distance by a bank of clouds,—make up a picture, which possesses an interest and a character of its own.

This marsh country was fenced in from the sea at a very early period, and all wastes and wrecks on its sea-border were appropriated to the maintenance of its embankment. Twenty-four jurors, or jurats, were intrusted with its general supervision, and power was accorded them to raise a tax to defray the necessary expenses. Complaint being made by these jurats to Henry III., that persons landing in the marsh neglected to pay their proper dues, the king despatched Henry de Bathe, a famous justice-itinerant, to inquire into the laws and customs existing in the marsh-district. The result of his investigations was seen in "The Ordinances of Henry de Bathe," which are, even now, the basis of all our English legislation in reference to embankments and drainage. Edward IV. incorporated the marshmen, and placed their government in the hands of a bailiff and twenty-four jurats ; but the repair of the sea-walls and the control of the drainage, has always been, and still is, vested in the lords of twenty-three manors in or adjoining the marsh, who are called "The Lords of the Marsh."

The open country known as Dunge Marsh and Walling Marsh, and the culminating cliff of Dungeness, are reached by a branch line from Appledore. In the centre of Dunge Marsh, and about 3 miles south of New Romney, lies the town of LYDD (population, 1800). It is a large and by no means an unimportant town, supplying with the necessities of life the fishermen on the shore and the hinds in the adjoining marshes. South-west of the town, on a bank of shingle and pebbles, grows a long ridge of sea-holly, or holm-trees, which has a peculiar effect from its singular position. It is spoken of by Leland. At Stone End, one mile east, where was placed the stone marking the boundary of the land given by King Offa to Archbishop Janibert, a heap of stones was long pointed out as the tomb of Saints Crispin and Crispianus, who were shipwrecked on this coast in a violent storm. DUNGENESS, the extreme southern point of Kent, is about 3 miles from Lydd, and is worth visiting for its fine sea-views. The land has here extended a mile seaward within the memory of the present generation, the channel-waters effecting a constant accumulation of shingle. The dangerous nature of the sands and shoals upon this shore led to the establishment of a lighthouse, as early as the reign of James I., by a goldsmith named Allen. Some seventy years ago Mr. Allen's erection was taken down and a new one built by Wyatt, after the model of the famous Eddystone, at the expense of the Earl of Leicester. The land here rises to an elevation of 110 feet. A small fort stands in its immediate vicinity. A spring of fresh water at Dungeness is overflowed by the salt water at every tide. *Pisum marinum* (sea-peas), sea-colewort, and elecampane, grow plentifully upon the beach.


LYDD CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is a large and goodly building, with a Perpendicular tower, containing an Early English and Curvilinear nave, transept, chancel, north and south aisles. It belonged to Tintern Abbey until the time of the Suppression, when the advowson was attached to the see of Canterbury. The vicarage is very valuable, its yearly income being returned at £1247.

There are brasses to *John Mottesfont*, vicar, d. 1420, and *Clement Stuppenye*, jurat and bailiff, d. 1608. An ancient altar-tomb, with the recumbent effigy of a knight in armour, commemorates Sir *Walter Menel*, temp. Edward III. A bust of *Thomas Godfrey*, d. 1623, wears the ruff of the Stuarts.

The tourist should stay the night at Lydd and return the next day to Hythe or Folkestone, penetrating on his way into the

very heart of the marsh country, and traversing "the Broad Island" from south-west to north-east. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the north of Lydd lies MIDLEY (mid-lea, or pasture), a cluster of houses, with scarce fifty inhabitants, and the ruins of a church on a small knoll—they call it "a hill" in these parts!—girt round with seemingly impenetrable fens. The sinecure rectory, worth £129, and generally held with that of Buckland near Faversham, is in the patronage of Sir J. Tyrrell, Bart. Six miles farther we reach BROOKLAND (population, 448), a country of many waters, but the village is large and pleasantly situated in the shadow of some picturesque old trees. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Augustine, is a goodly building, with a three-storied bell-tower of massive timber standing detached on the north side. There is a confessional in the chancel, and a piscina within the altar-rails. The Norman font, made of cast lead, is enriched with two rows of very small emblematical figures, signs of the zodiac. The vicarage (£93) is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury.

Turning to the right on leaving the church, we gain, in about fifteen minutes' walk, the BLUE WALL, stretching from Romney to Appledore, and following the ancient course of the Rother. For a few yards we keep towards Appledore, and then again turn off to the right. We soon find ourselves at BRENZETT (population, 231), where we pause only long enough to notice its Norman CHURCH, dedicated to St. Eanswitha, and long attached to the Flemish Abbey of Guisnes, in Artois. The north chancel contains a monument, with recumbent effigies, to the *John Fogges*, père et fils, d. 1639 and 1646. The advowson of the vicarage (£94) has been for years in the Brockman family. Two miles north-east, on the road to Appledore, lies

 SNARGATE (population, 94), *i.e.* Saxon, *the hewn way*, reference, perhaps, to the Blue or Rhee-Wall, near the end of which the village is situated—with a large and interesting Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. Dunstan. The arches and columns which divide the nave from the north and south aisles are of unusual elegance. The rectory (£119), in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is usually held with that of SNAVE (valued at £218 yearly). We reach SNAVE (population, 52) at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Brenzett—observing its few houses straggling along the road, and its small Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. Augustine, standing on the south side of the village-green. From hence,

by a circuitous route, we cross the fens to NEWCHURCH (population, 321), where the broad green level is unrelieved by tree or hedge-row, and where there is nothing noticeable in the CHURCH, dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul, except the Early English arches which separate the nave from the aisles. The tower leans somewhat from the perpendicular. The living is a vicarage, with a sinecure rectory attached, valued at £600, and in the patronage of the see of Canterbury.

At EASTBRIDGE (population, 31), the ruins of a Norman (?) Church, upon a gentle swell of the ground, present a picturesque object, which may be commended to the sketcher's note-book. We here turn to the south-west, and after a three miles' walk, regain the sea-shore at DIMCHURCH, whence we proceed along the wall to Hythe or Folkestone.

From FOLKESTONE, through DOVER, DEAL, and SANDWICH, to RAMSGATE.

[From Folkestone to Dover, 6 m. ; Walmer, 7 m. ; Deal, 3 m. ; Sandown Castle, 1 m. ; Sandwich, 4 m. ; Minster, 5 m. ; Ramsgate, 4 m.]

"Dear fellow-traveller ! here we are once more ;
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells, those boys who in your meadow-land
In white-sleeved shirts are playing, and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore,
All, all, are English."

WORDSWORTH.

The tourist who goes by rail from Folkestone to Dover, now penetrating deep tunnels hollowed out of the chalky cliffs, now skirting the ocean-marge and catching brief sudden glimpses of the glittering waters, will find his journey distinguished by many features of interest ; but of still greater attraction is the coastway along the summit of the cliffs, commanding a succession of magnificent sea-scapes as well as inland prospects of exquisite beauty. At 4 miles from Folkestone, we pass, on our left, the village of

HOUGHAM (population, 528), pronounced Huffam—*i.e.*, from *hoch*, *heach*, Saxon, the settlement on the high ground—overlooking the English Channel, and obtaining frequent views of the

Boulogne Hills on the opposite coast. Near the base of the cliffs here are three apertures, the Lydden Spouts, through which the subterranean waters empty themselves upon the beach beneath. "The belief of the country is, that the waters of the Nailbourne at Drelingore, in Alkham (4 miles distant), communicate subterraneously with these spouts, which increase as the springs heighten by wind and weather"—(*Hasted*)

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is small but ancient, consisting of a chancel, north and south aisles, and bell-turret. The *brasses*, once consecrated to members of the old families of Hougham and Malmaynes have long ago disappeared, and the only memorial of interest is that to *William Fyneux*, d. 1587. The vicarage, valued at £185, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[From this point the tourist may cross the hills—a pleasant walk—to the ruins of ST. RADIGUND'S ABBEY (3 miles from Dover), or BRADSOLE (Broadpond) ABBEY, as it is sometimes called. The massive gateway, luxuriantly hung with ivy, remains in excellent preservation. The chapel, and offices on the east side of the quadrangle (which must have enclosed a considerable area), have been used for a century or more as a dwelling-house. The facings of the wall should be noticed from the "curious variations of pattern in the flint and Caen stone." Long, underground passages, where many "a violet of a legend blows," weave a mysterious network beneath the ruins. The "broad pond" in the adjoining farm-yard probably gave name to the Abbey.

This religious house was established, in 1191, by Geoffrey and Thomas, Earls of Perth, for Præmonstratensian monks, or white canons. Its revenues were largely increased by the endowments of later benefactors, and its abbot was summoned to Parliament by Edward I. At the time of its suppression, its total yearly income was estimated at £142 : 8 : 9.]

As we approach Dover, the landscapes assume an air of infinite majesty and splendour, and we feel that we are entering upon "hallowed ground," which History, Poetry, and Romance have endowed with a threefold interest. Here, for instance, we pause upon SHAKSPEARE'S or the HAY CLIFF, somewhat diminished of late years by numerous landslips, but still 350 feet in height, and, despite of obvious contradictions, still associated with the memory of England's greatest dramatic poet. Even now, to our fancy, its

"high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep,—
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
'The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade !
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark
 Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy,
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high."

The surge still chafes against the pebbles, and the samphire-gatherer is still let down in a basket to pursue his dreadful trade, but the crows do not diminish to beetles, nor the fishermen to mice, and there is no reason to suppose that Shakspeare painted this, or any other particular cliff, in his famous lines ; it would seem that he generalized the results of his observations of various rocky landscapes and lofty heights into one magnificent picture. In 1772, and again in 1810, the neighbourhood was startled by some huge falls of chalk from this cliff ; and in 1847, 48,000 tons were hurled down upon the beach, followed a few days after by another slip of 10,000 cubic yards. The South Eastern Railway runs through it in a long dark tunnel (1331 yards), whose excavation was a triumph of engineering skill.

In the valley beneath us lies

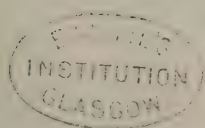
DOVER.

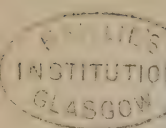
[*Population*, 30,270. *Hotels*: The Lord Warden, The King's Head, The Dover Castle, The Royal, The Esplanade. 6 m. from Folkestone ; 10 m. from Deal ; 78 m. from London ; 11 m. from Canterbury ; 25½ m. from Calais. About 2 hours run from London by express train.]

Quaint old Lambard writes—"The treatise of Dover should consist of three special members—that is to say, the town, the castle, and the religious buildings." But the educated tourist now-a-days will expect information on other points, particularly on its historical associations.

Its proximity to the shores of France suggested to Wordsworth the natural reflection :—

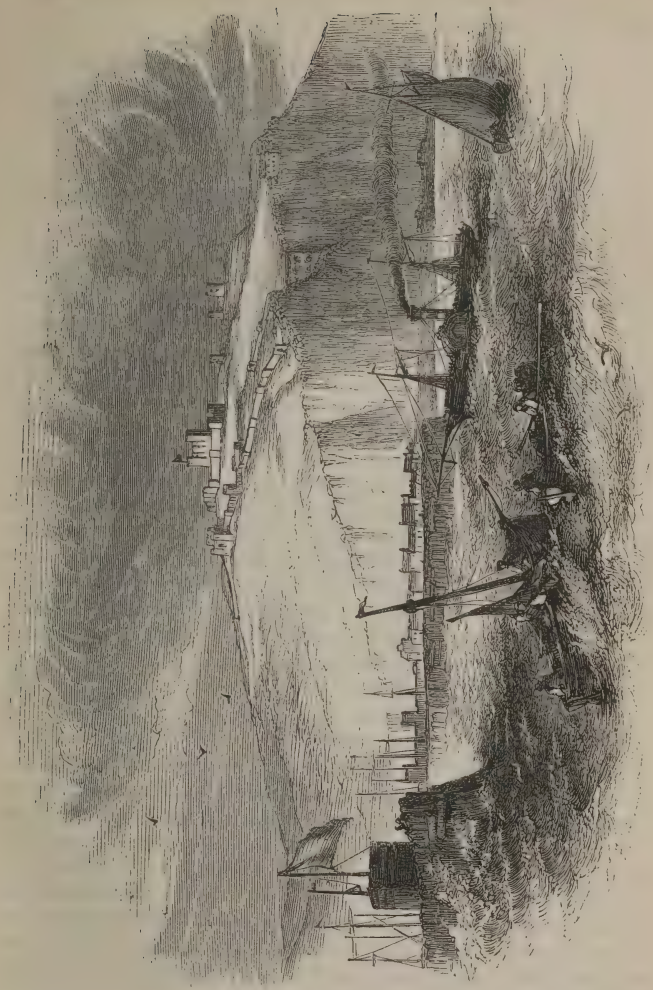
"And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
 The coast of France ! the coast of France how near !











DOVER.

In a lighter strain does "Don Juan" celebrate the approach to Dover. The wanderer here first saw our

"Albion's earliest beauties,
Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover, harbour, and hotel;
Thy custom-house, with all its delicate duties;
Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;
Thy packets, all whose passengers are booties
To those who upon land or water dwell;
And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted."

We now turn to a rapid review of its *history*, and here we must needs content ourselves with a glance at its more interesting associations, for as Dover has long been the chief port of south-eastern England, it is necessarily associated with a series of brilliant incidents.

When the great Cæsar contemplated the subjugation of Britain, and embarked his hitherto invincible legions at Witsand, between Calais and Boulogne, it was to Dover his galleys, carrying the famous seventh and tenth legions, were first directed (August 26, B.C. 55). But the chalk-heights glittered with armed men, whose movements were so formidable that the conqueror of Gaul was content to turn his forces to the southward, and select some easier place of disembarkation. Not the less, after the passage of a hundred years or so, the Roman eagle towered in all its "pride of place" upon the cliffs of Dover. In its neighbourhood Cymbeline nearly resisted the invading forces, and after his death Arviragus (A.D. 43) fortified the Celtic encampment upon its lofty hill, and threw a barrier across the mouth of its harbour to oppose the entrance of the Roman ships. Tiles have been found in excavations under St. Mary's Church, lettered C. P. B. R., the initials of "Cohors Prima Britannica Romana," a legion raised in Germany by Augustus, and despatched to Dover in the year 43. Others have been stamped "Cl. Br.," happily interpreted by Mr. Roach Smith as the abbreviation of "Classiarii Britannici," or British Sea-Fencibles, proving that Dover was one of the stations of the Romano-British fleet. It was garrisoned by Tungrians in the reign of Constantine; by a British legion in that of Theodosius. The tower upon yonder cliff was raised by Roman hands.

The Saxons were equally ready in recognizing the importance

of this military position, which, strongly fortified by Withred of Kent, successfully resisted the attacks of the Norse pirates. Thus, free from the desolating ravages which had overthrown so many of its sister towns upon the south-eastern coast, Dover grew into a prosperous and wealthy condition, and was able, in the time of Edward the Confessor, to augment the royal navy by a quota of twenty ships, each carrying one and twenty seamen.

In 1048, when the famous Godwin ruled over town and castle, Eustace, Count of Boulogne, who had wedded Goda, the sister of the Confessor, arrived here with a brilliant train of Norman knights and squires. After paying their court to "the saintly monarch," they returned to Dover to take ship for the continent, and arming themselves, seized by force upon such provisions and lodgings as they required. A stout Saxon boldly withstood the Norman robbers, and slew one of the most daring, but was himself murdered, and twenty of his neighbours, in the hot fight which ensued. The Normans, however, lost as many in killed, and more in wounded, and their leader sent a pitiful complaint to his kinsman, the royal Edward, beseeching that vengeance might be taken upon "the rebellious Saxons." The King sent injunctions to that effect to the gallant Godwin, but the Saxon Earl was not disposed to take the side of the Roman aggressor, and calling his retainers around his standard, demanded that Eustace of Boulogne should be yielded up to the Saxon judges. The issue was the banishment of Godwin—"a political blunder"—afterwards signally avenged.

A few years passed, and the trumpets of William of Normandy's army were heard over the heights of Dover. The townsmen, feeling that resistance was useless, sent the town-keys to the Conqueror, but on the arrival of a detachment of Norman knights, were loth to surrender their unconquered stronghold. Into the town broke the triumphant foe, and set it on fire. So fierce was the conflagration that only nine and twenty houses escaped.

Its past and its present were thus succinctly summed up by the commissioners who prepared the famous Domesday Roll:—"Dover, in King Edward's time, was assessed at £18, of which the king received two-thirds, and Earl Godwin one-third. The monks of St. Martin's had a portion. The townsmen supplied to the king twenty ships, once in each year, for fifteen days, and carrying one and twenty men. They rendered this service

because the king had released them from sac and soc. When the king's messengers came to this haven, they paid 3d. in winter and 2d. in summer for a horse ; but the townsmen provided a guide and another assistant. If more were needed, they were supplied at the king's expense. From the feast of St. Michael to that of St. Andrew the king's peace was established in the town ; whoever broke it paid the usual forfeiture to the royal superintendent. These customs existed when King William came to this country.

“ On his arrival the town was destroyed by fire, and consequently its value could not be assessed, when the Bishop of Bayeux received it. It is now rated at £40, yet its port revenue pays £54.

“ There are 29 houses in Dover, of which the king has lost the customary fines. William, son of Geoffrey, holds three, one of which was the town-house of the burgesses. Robert of Westerham built a certain house upon the king's water, and up to the present time has received the royal customs. This house was not standing in King Edward's reign.

“ At the mouth of the harbour stands a mill, which wrecks almost every vessel by the force of the tide, and causes great loss to the king and his lieges. There was no such mill in King Edward's days. The nephew of Hubert asserts that Odo of Bayeux granted his license to his uncle Hubert Fitz-Ivo to erect it.”

The town thrived under its Norman rulers, and new churches sprang up within its walls. Stephen died here in 1154. In 1156 it was visited by the able Plantagenet, Henry II., and again, in 1179, when on his way with King Louis of France to kneel at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. Richard I. set out from Dover on his chivalrous enterprise to free the Holy Land from the Saracen ; and it was here that his brother Geoffrey, while worshipping at the shrine in St. Martin's Priory, was arrested by the orders of Longchamp, bishop of Ely. In 1212, Cardinal Langton and King John met here to arrange conditions of peace between them, and on Barham Downs, overlooking Dover, the king, in the following year, assembled an army of 60,000 men, in the vain hope that they would enable him to defy Philip of France. It was in the Church of the Templars, on the western cliff, that he shamefully humbled himself before the legate of Rome :—

" Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension Day, at noon,
Thy crown I should give off? Even so I have."

SHAKESPEARE.

Its stronghold was the last in Kent to yield to Prince Louis and the revolted barons. "All Kent hath yielded," exclaims the Bastard of Falconbridge; "nothing there holds out but Dover Castle."

What sovereign of England but has visited this famous seaport, which frowns defiance at the shores of France, and with its walls of glittering chalk, majestic and impregnable, seems a fitting symbol of English power? Edward the First and his regal Eleanor; the lion-hearted Margaret of Anjou; Edward the Second and Isabel, the "she-wolf of France;" the stately Philippa; Edward the Third, greatest of the Plantagenets; Anne of Bohemia, "the good queen;" Richard the Second; Henry VII.; Henry VIII.; the beautiful Henrietta Maria; Charles the Second, returning to a throne he disgraced; Caroline, the hapless wife of George IV.; and Victoria, "the well-beloved," have all in regal pomp passed through its winding streets.

On what grand historic scenes—on what memorable festivals—have yonder cliffs looked down! They saw Hubert de Burgh (August 24, 1217) defeat the French fleet under Eustace the Monk, and they echoed with the triumphal music which welcomed the conqueror as he returned into his citadel. They witnessed the French, 15,000 in number, assault the town in August 1295, and the flames shooting up luridly against the evening skies from the burning houses; but they also saw the invaders driven back to their ships with a fearful loss by the knights who had issued from the castle and joined the gallant townsmen. Hither was brought, in 1363, the body of John of France, who had died a prisoner in the Savoy, and here it was delivered up to his subjects for removal to the resting-place of the French kings, under the solemn roof of St. Denys. Hither in 1216 came the Emperor Sigismund, with a train of 1000 horsemen and a fleet of thirty great ships, and here he was received by the Duke of Gloucester and "divers other lords," who, when he made ready to land, entered the water with drawn swords in their hands, and would not suffer him to disembark until he had declared himself "their king's friend, and a mediator to intreat for peace." Here, in 1421, Henry the Fifth landed

with the fair bride, Katherine of Valois, whom he had won at the sword's point, and who was welcomed "as if she had been an angel, and the people ran into the water to carry her ashore upon their shoulders." Yon heights looked down upon the splendid array—the 500 ships, the 4000 stout horsemen, and 24,000 skilled archers—with which King Harry set forth on his last expedition to France, and saw his triumphal return.

"Behold! the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare the way." (SHAKSPEARE.)

A few months later and the echoes were aroused with the sound of solemn funeral music, as the widowed Katherine landed with her brave husband's corpse—500 men-at-arms in black armour following the hero's bier, while the glaring torches threw strange lights and shadows upon the unresting sea.

The astute Emperor of Spain and Germany, Charles V., landed here, May 25, 1520, and had an interview with his royal nephew, "Bluff King Hal;" and from this port the said King Harry set out on his way to the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Men and women, trembling with hope and fear, gathered upon these lofty cliffs when the vast galleasses of the Spanish Armada bore away through the narrow straits, hotly pursued by Drake, and Hawkins, Frobisher, and Effingham. Charles the First was here on Sunday the 13th of June 1625, impatiently awaiting the arrival of Henrietta Maria. Bright and sunny was then the promise of their wedded lives! How changed the prospect when, on February 23, 1642, she embarked with the Princess Mary for France, to obtain what aid she could for her husband against his subjects. And greater, perhaps, the change when she returned, on the 28th of October 1660, and was right splendidly entertained in the Castle-hall, and received with loyal cheers by the very men who a few years before had watched her departure with sullen brows and suspicious eyes! "Three Scenes in a Life" not easily to be matched, we fancy, in the history of any queen or king, "at home or abroad!"

But a few months earlier Dover had witnessed a scene of even greater splendour, and enthusiastic townsmen had loyally

flung their caps up in the air and welcomed Charles the Second to "the throne of his ancestors." So wild was the revel, that the witty sovereign might well turn to his attendants and good-humouredly remark — "Odsfish, gentlemen, these good folks seem so happy to see us, that surely it was our own fault we did not gratify them sooner!" The king "was received," says gossiping Pepys, "by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of horsemen, citizens, and noblemen—people of all sorts. The mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the king did give him again. The mayor also presented him, from the town, a very rich bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination."

In 1665 the plague, which had desolated London, made its appearance at Dover, and slew 900 persons. They were buried on the slope of the hill towards Hougham, at a spot still known as "The Graves."

Here we close our historical retrospect, and proceed to a survey of the famous relics that adorn this city. The first point visited by the tourist will probably be

DOVER CASTLE.

This ancient fortress stands upon a bold bluff rock, about 320 feet above the sea-level, near the site of the original Roman stronghold, and for eighteen centuries this formidable promontory has been "the advanced guard" of Britain. The buildings are of considerable extent, including within their area thirty-five acres, and with their towers, and barbicans, and massive walls, have a most imposing aspect. Of the primitive condition of this ancient fortress "not a visible trace," says Mr. Puckle, in his interesting work,* "now exists, except the basement of a pre-

* *The Church and Fortress of Dover Castle.* By the Rev. John Puckle, M.A. With Illustrations and Approximate Plan of the Ancient Works of the Castle.

sumed strong rubble rampart running round the upper edge of the Roman earthwork. Accounts, indeed, are given of other very ancient remains existing in this part of the castle precincts up to about the beginning of the present century; but successive works of destruction, undertaken from time to time by the Ordnance and other authorities in command at Dover Castle, have obliterated all vestiges of such remains, whatever they may have been. We have nothing left but the traditional lines, believed to have marked the principal Saxon works, of which Dover Castle mainly consisted previously to the greater works of Norman builders." These ancient works lay to the south of the present castle (as shown by Mr. Puckle in his approximate plan), but having the same entrance by Colton Gate.

"It seems," says Mr. Puckle, "that the way of entering by Colton Gate has always remained the same, having afforded access successively to the Roman and Saxon fortress; and visitors, still wending their way up the chalk cutting and under the Octagon Tower, are probably following the footsteps of Roman garrisons, British chiefs, thanes and churchmen of Saxon times, the forces of Earl Godwin, and many others of earlier generations, till the Normans made their own approach to their staterlier towers and Keep Passing under the gateway, the space to the left is described as the site of the buildings serving for the primitive residences of the canons of Eadbald's foundation, close to the church they had to serve. From thence, by a zigzag descent to the extreme angle on the cliff, under a tower long called the Canons' Gate, they could hold communication with the town. At the opposite or western angle of the main walls there seems to have been a tower, afterwards adopted, and fitted for his own service, by one of the Confederate Knights, as the name of Sir William de Harcourt would suggest. At right angles eastward from thence, and directly in line with the Colton Gate, was the more strongly fortified entrance called, from proximity to the great well within the enclosure (the same still in use by the parade-ground), the Well Towers and Gate. Further eastward was another Saxon work, apparently included afterwards within the Norman tenure, and commonly known as the Armourer's Tower. This was connected at the northern angle of the fortress with another small tower, under which was an entrance bearing the very obscurely derived name of King Arthur's Gate; and from thence, turning eastward, extended the parallel

lines abutting upon Godwin's Tower, from which projected northwards again the external work ascribed to that somewhat mythical and variously represented Earl of Kent.

"This completed the circuit of defences inclosing the Saxon fortress, but of which nothing now remains to exhibit the original form, except the rubble foundation running round the horse-shoe parapet of the original Roman work. There appears no trace of any other building than the massive Church itself having ever served the purpose of donjon, tower, or keep; the low dwellings of its canons at the southern angle being probably the only other buildings within the area of the Castle of those still rude and unskilled days.

"At some intermediate and much later date it would seem that the great complicated plan, which expanded Dover Castle into the proportions still remaining, was anticipated shortly before the main Anglo-Norman works by the construction outside the Saxon lines of three towers, which came to bear, nevertheless, the names of after Norman commanders. It was the first step towards extending the line of defence. The one on the north-east was so placed as to cover Earl Godwin's outwork, with the approach to his sally-port and tower, whose traditional position may be seen on the plan; and it took its name from one Sir Geoffrey Clinton, sometime Treasurer to Henry I. The next, to the south-east, was immediately at the apex of the Roman earth-work, and took its name still later from Sir William de Valence, who shared many of the unhappy counsels and fortunes of Henry III. It was better known latterly as the Mill Tower, from having been turned to the pacific use of a flour-mill for the garrison. And also, at the south-west, was a heavier work, flanking the approach to the main gate, and named after Sir Ralph de Mortimer, a soldier high in favour both with William I. and Rufus; known also for his successes at Wigmore Castle on the Welsh border. The basement of this tower is said to be still remaining, sunk in the solid chalk through which the approach is cut now leading under the archway of Colton Gate. The tower over this gate—a Saxon work at first—has undergone much later alteration; the entrance arch having the character of the time of Edward III., when it was commanded by Lord Burghersh, whose arms are borne on the stone shield above. About the same period a similar transformation was effected of the upper member of the Pharos under Constable Richard de Grey, whose arms

are also inserted on a small square stone. The octagon stages of both these towers appear to have had even later changes, the few broken tracery pieces of the windows being of Tudor type."

Proceeding from Colton's to the Palace Gate, the tourist sees, upon a gentle rise, the ancient Christian church and the Roman Pharos, surrounded by an oval entrenchment 400 feet by 145, and a deep dry ditch. A circular camp, with a single fosse and vallum, seems to have been put forward on the west side as an advanced work to protect the approach. The Castle is fortified to the north-west by numerous towers of Anglo-Norman workmanship. Beginning from a point near the church and Pharos, we meet, in succession, with the AVRANCHES ; the FITZWILLIAM ; the EARL of NORFOLK'S ; LORD ST. JOHN'S ; SIR ROBERT DE CREVECŒUR'S ; GODSFOE'S, built by Fulbert de Dover ; the TREASURER'S ; LORD JOHN DE FYENE'S, or the CONSTABLE'S ; SIR HUGH DE PORTH'S, or QUEEN MARY'S ; SIR WILLIAM DE PEVERELL of Dover's ; SIR ROBERT DE GATTON'S ; SIR STEVEN D'ARSICK'S ; SIR JOHN DE HIRST'S, built by Fulbert de Dover ; SIR FULBERT DE DOVER'S ; SIR THOMAS DE ROKESLEY'S. These towers were principally erected by Sir John de Fiennes and his eight Norman knights—D'Avranches, De Lacy, D'Arsick, Peverel, Maynemouth, Porthes, Crêvecœur, and Fitzwilliam—to whom the defence of the castle was entrusted by the Conqueror William, and who held their estates on the tenure of "castle-guard ;" that is, each knight was bound to maintain a certain number of men-at-arms, 112 in all, of whom five-and-twenty at a time were always to be at their posts, and to keep in repair and completeness the tower which bore his name, and a part of the adjacent walls.

The noble NORMAN KEEP, which "forms part and parcel of the one great original design," measures 123 feet on the east and west sides, 108 feet on the north, and 103 feet on the south. Its area, therefore, may be described as an irregular quadrangle. The walls are 20 feet in thickness. The turret at the north angle is 91 feet 9 inches in height, and 465 feet above low-water mark. The galleries built in the massive walls, the cells where prisoners were confined, the loop-holes whence its defenders might discharge arrows and other missiles on an attacking force, are still extant for the gratification of the curious.

The summit is roofed over with bomb-proof arches, and a traversing platform, mounted with 64-pounders, has been con-

structed. Here the tourist may tarry for a while, and his "observation with extensive view" embrace the glorious prospect of sea and land around him. Nor will he fail to recall "the shadows of the Past,"—to behold, in quick succession, the stirring changes of English history—while he looks out upon the sea which was once covered with the Roman galleys, and the heights which once bristled with the glittering lances of the Celtic hosts drawn out to resist the mighty invader—upon the sea ploughed of old by "the dragons" of the Norsemen—upon the sea which, in a later age, has swarmed with the triumphant fleets of England! The names of the great constables of the very castle within whose haunted precincts he stands—Constables of Dover Castle, and Lords Wardens of the Cinque Ports—are sufficient to bring before him a series of historical pictures of unusual splendour. Here ruled Godwin, the great Earl, mightier in the love of his fellow-countrymen than Edward the Confessor in his royal power and Norman kinships; Harold, whose immortality it is that he was "the last of the Saxon Kings";* Odo of Bayeux, William's truculent half-brother, a true type of the warrior-priest; John de Fiennes, a potent Kentish baron; the magnificent William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, son of the beautiful Rosamond and Henry II.; Hubert de Burgh; William D'Avranches; Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent; Roger Mortimer, Earl of March; Edmund Langley, Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III.; Harry of Monmouth, afterwards the hero of Agincourt; Humphrey, "the good duke" of Gloucester; the Duke of Buckingham, the partizan and yet the victim of Richard III.; Richard Neville, the king-making Earl of Warwick; George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, the father of hapless Anne Boleyn; George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the splendid favourite and minister of the first two Stuart kings; Fleetwood, Lambert, Desborough, and Blake, heroes of the Commonwealth; down to the illustrious Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

[A few minor details may here be introduced:—CONSTABLE'S, or FIENNES' TOWER, was first built by John de Fiennes, one of the earliest Norman Constables of the castle, but the present building dates *temp.* Edward III., except those sashes, doors, chimneys, etc., which display the fine workmanship of a later period. PEVERIL'S TOWER is, perhaps, Transition-Norman. The moat is now filled up. The AVRANCHES' TOWER, *temp.* Stephen, is one of the finest and "most curious"

* Tradition has preserved these two well-known names as lords of the castle while still an Anglo-Saxon fortress.

Norman edifices existing. The foundations are of great depth, and the wall is 10 feet thick. A gallery in the wall contains a platform for bowmen, which surrounds the tower, and commands numerous embrasures or loop-holes.

Near the brink of the south-east cliff stands *Queen Elizabeth's Pocket-Pistol*, a piece of brass ordnance cast at Utrecht in 1544, and presented to the great Gloriana by the States of Holland. It is 24 feet long, is pierced for a 12-pounder, requires a charge of 15 pounds of powder, and has a range, it is said, of seven or eight miles. The sides are decorated with emblematical figures of Victory and Liberty, and armorial bearings. The Flemish inscription runs :—

“ Breckt scheuret at, muur en dal ben ik geheten,
Door berg en wal, boord mürren bal door mü gesmeten.”

ENGLISHED :—

O'er hill and dale I throw my ball ;
Breaker, my name, of mound and wall.

MOAT'S BULWARK, originally built by Henry VIII., was rebuilt on the improved principles of modern engineering in 1853. Communication with the castle is maintained by means of a long deep shaft. On the shore is placed a six 42-pounder battery, named the GUILDFORD, erected in 1777.

Dover Castle at present is a stronghold of considerable importance. It had fallen into great decay during the early years of the Hanoverian dynasty, so that Defoe, in his *Tour through England*, inveighs against the government of the day for having so entirely neglected its defences. After the outbreak of the great Revolutionary War, measures were taken to fortify a position of such importance in a proper manner.

CHURCH OF S. MARY-IN-CASTRO—ST. MARY IN THE CASTLE.

“ This ancient church,” says Mr. Puckle, in his work already alluded to, “ still holding its wonderful place within these precincts, is, except the Pharos, by far the most remarkable and primitive fabric that remains on these historic heights. The Castle-keep, the massive Norman defences, and the sweep of subsidiary towers, form an imposing array which strikes attention at once ; while their history, associations, and changes they have undergone are more familiar subjects ; but the case is widely different with regard to this old church's primitive fabric—a

perfectly unique monument of the early Christianity of England—unique, perhaps, among such memorials in Europe. History, properly speaking, it has none : for little has been really known about it ; and, by any documentary evidence, there is little enough that could be ascertained of its primitive foundation and original times, whatever they might be presumed to have been. For a long while the fabric itself was masked by its own untoward circumstances ;—smothered by a vast accumulation of soil ; used as a garrison coal-yard at one time, at another as a place of many miscellaneous stores ; and overlaid with remnants of mediæval churchwardenisms, which are often as bad as any of the nineteenth century. Within the twelve months of its substantial restoration, however, the analytical process the fabric had first to go through brought out many features, and opened facts to light, which seem to tell their own tale. This restoration having been undertaken by the Government, and entrusted to Mr. G. G. Scott, was happily overlooked on his behalf by an admirable superintendent of works, who treated the old walls as Izaak Walton, when fixing his bait, professed to treat his frogs, ‘ as though he loved them.’ ”

“ The foundation of the church has been ascribed to Eadbald, the energetic convert of Laurence of Canterbury, the early friend and after patron of Paulinus at Rochester, the chief promoter of the rudely-munificent Christian work at Lyminge. But,” says Mr. Puckle, “ the internal evidence of the fabric still less bears out a Saxon than a Roman foundation. And, remarkably enough, the knowledge we have of the date of the church at Lyminge rather helps to throw us back upon a much earlier time as the probable date of the church of Dover Castle. It is hardly too much to say that every early feature of this building is, more or less, at variance with any commonly-received examples of Anglo-Saxon work.” And from the careful examination Mr. Puckle was enabled to make along the foundations, he found the character of the masonry and stone employed “ suggestive of some very early date for the church’s foundation, not far from Roman times in England.”

The early English characters grafted on the architecture of the interior (which constituted its chief beauty in those days, as they do in its existing condition now) belong to some late period probably of the reign of Henry III.”

“ These were the pointed arches leading into the north and

south transepts, the delicate lancet-windows in the chancel side-walls, the double, or perhaps triple, lancet-lights (some of whose marks remained) in the eastern gable, the single sedile in the south wall of the chancel, the vaulted roofs of combined chalk and stone over the tower space and chancel, and here and there a transept-light.

“These works had a peculiar character in two ways. They did not extend westward of the nave-arch, but were confined to the upper, or, so to say, collegiate portion of the church. And they formed a kind of internal shell to the original mass of the fabric; not displacing, hardly interfering with, any portion of the older structure, but undersetting it with the light graceful lines and delicate ornamentation of a church of the middle of the 13th century. The great tower-arches, east and west, were left unaltered; those north and south, if originally of the same form (which we had no means of ascertaining during the restoration), were entirely changed into the four-centred early English arch, nearly equilateral, springing from imposts of about the original height, the archivolt rising to nearly the pitch of the transept roof—very solid, and even in thickness with the tower wall—with a simple soffit-moulding on the edge, and an attached shaft at each angle of the jamb from impost to ground-line. In the four angles of the tower, and of the chancel in like manner, nearly detached circular shafts, more massive, were carried up from the basement to the impost-level, and from them sprang the vaulting-ribs, carrying the light chalk groining which superseded the upper chamber floor of the tower, and the old roof of the chancel, as they had most likely been originally constructed. Two beautiful features were thus added to the interior.”

Descending into the town, we make the best of our way to our next point of interest (on the west side of the Market-place)—the ruins of

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND,

founded, as a college, by Withred, King of Kent, in 691, and completed in 726. It included twenty-four canons, who were exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and were inordinately wealthy. Henry II. suppressed the foundation, and then restored it as St. Martin's New-work, or Newark. The church connected with it was, however, maintained until 1528, and finally dismantled in 1542.

In the churchyard of St. Mary's, about 60 yards distant from the ruins, lies interred the dust of *Charles Churchill*, the satirist, who died at Boulogne, 1764. On the tombstone is sculptured a line, selected by himself from his poem of "The Candidate"—a line untrue in connection with his own career, and certainly not in sympathy with the associations of a graveyard—

"Life to the last enjoyed, here CHURCHILL lies."

The grave of the able, but erring poet, was visited by Lord Byron, and the tombstone repaired at his expense. It was here he meditated these well-known verses :—

"I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown
Which lay unread around it ; and I asked
The gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory tasked
Through the thick deaths of half-a-century ?

As he caught

As 't were the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he :—' I believe the man of whom
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
Was a most famous writer in his day,
And, therefore, travellers step from out their way
To pay him honour—and myself whate'er
Your honour pleases :—I did dwell
With a deep thought, and with a softened eye
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame,
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name."

Sir Walter Scott observes, with some truth, that "the grave of Churchill might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commemoration," but when he proceeds to compare the genius and character of the two poets, "both of whom died in the flower of their age in a foreign land," we are reminded of a certain famous parallel between Alexander of Macedon and Henry of Monmouth.

Of the once opulent and powerful

PRIORY-CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S, NEWARK,

there is not a memorial extant. The site of the nave is now beneath the modern houses, and a line of houses stands where formerly the mass-music swelled through "the columned aisles." The Great Gateway is still nearly entire, and there still remain the House-Refectory, Offices and Campanile, the Strangers' Refectory of State use. Above the dais may be seen faint medallions (of presumed apostles' heads).

From 1537 to 1597, Dover could boast its suffragan-bishops—Richard Ingworth, 1537-39 ; Richard le Stede, 1539-58 ; and Richard Rogers, 1569-97.

PARISH CHURCHES.

The town was formerly possessed of six parochial churches—ST. NICHOLAS, in Bench Street, in use as late as 1526, and finally pulled down in 1836 ; ST. JOHN, destroyed in 1537 ; ST. PETER, on a site now occupied by the Antwerp line, North Street, where the mayor was formerly elected, in use as late as 1611 ; ST. MARTIN, of which we have already spoken ; ST. MARY and ST. JAMES, which are still in existence. There were also a chapel, dedicated to *Our Lady of Pity* (near the pier), which was built by some Northern worthy on his escape from shipwreck, and suppressed in 1536 ; and ST. EDMUND'S, a church situated at the upper end of Biggin Street.

ST. MARY'S, Canon Street, was one of the ancient churches made over by the Bishop of Bayeux, Odo, Constable of Dover Castle, to the Crown (William I.) The original fabric, from the font to the west step, was of Anglo-Saxon times ; the next enlargement was from the font to the chancel-step, and *tower added*, about Stephen's time ; lastly, the chancel, as far as the present sacrarium-steps, was added about the reign of King John. The original church stands over a system of Roman baths, on whose concrete floors the Saxon columns stand. The whole fabric was (except the tower) rebuilt from the foundations, enlarged to double its capacity in 1843, and reconsecrated October 1844.

In the south aisle observe the small tablet to *Samuel Foote*, the dramatist, comedian, and mime, who died at the Ship Hotel, October 21, 1777, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. There is also a memorial to *Churchill*, commemorating him as the great "high priest of all the Nine,"—whose worship must

have been somewhat Saturnalian in character while controlled by so extravagant a genius.

The living of St. Mary's is an ancient rectory, left in total abeyance, without incumbent or minister, from the Reformation to the last century, and for the last five occasions presented to by the inhabitants.

The HOSPITAL of the MAISON DIEU was founded early in the reign of Henry III. by the chief justiciary of England, Hubert de Burgh, who dedicated it to St. Mary, and provided for the maintenance of a master, brethren, and sisters, and of such poor pilgrims as should resort thither. The chapel was built by King Henry III. in 1227, in whose hands the loyal Earl Hubert had placed the patronage of the foundation. He was present at its consecration. At the date of its suppression by Henry VIII. its gross annual income was estimated at £331, 16s. 7d. It was then adapted as a victualling-office. The premises were purchased in 1831 by the Corporation, and converted to municipal uses—the chapel was changed into a session-house, the refectory remodelled into a town-hall. Beneath the latter, which contains some mediæval halberds, axes, and partisans, is the town-gaol. In the hall are portraits of certain Dover celebrities : Charles II., by Vandyke ; James II. ; William of Orange ; Queen Anne, by Kneller ; George I. ; Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, by Ramsay ; and the Duke of Wellington. The four-light west window, with some fine stained glass by Wailes, was placed, in 1858, by Mrs. Bell, in memory of Rev. W. Kingsford. It presents figures of Kings Edward III., Henry III., Richard II., and Hubert de Burgh.

The MUSEUM, now arranged in a suitable building at No. 1 Norman Street, is open daily, except on Sundays and Thursdays, from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M., and contains a good collection of local antiquities and specimens of natural history ; minerals and fossils ; some Dover tradesmen's tokens, "a basket-hilted sword used by Cromwell," Roman coins and arms ; and other things both "curious and rare."

Our next visit must be to

THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

Dover is the only Cinque Port* which has remained of service to

* Cinque Ports (*i.e.* the five ports), five havens on the south-eastern coast of England, opposite France, and thus called by way of eminence, on

modern days. The old harbour-entrance was immediately under the eastern cliff, and is alluded to in the Itinerary of Antoninus, A.D. 320, when its channel was pointed out by two lighthouses—one in the castle, the other on the west cliffs. During the mediæval reigns it was, as now, the chief port of embarkation for France, and all persons quitting England were compelled to start from this harbour, *temp.* Henry III. The prices of conveyance between the English and French shores were fixed, by a statute of Edward III., at 2s. for a man and his horse, and 6d. for a man on foot. Edward IV., in the fourth of his reign, renewed the enactment, which made this the only port of embarkation in England; and it continued in force until repealed by James I. Privateers harassed the shipping off this coast in the days of the Tudors, and in 1605 a foray was made by some Dutch rovers upon a few Spanish ships which had slunk for protection into Dover haven.

Henry VII. finding the capacities of the harbour considerably weakened by the retrocession of the sea—the entrance was then beneath Archcliff Fort—commenced some important works; but Henry VIII. must really be regarded as the founder of the maritime prosperity of Dover. To divert the course of the Dour to the west, and prevent the rapid accumulation of shingle, he began, at a cost of £80,000, a vast pier of stone (A.D. 1533), built upon a superstructure of enormous piles filled in with chalk, and carried it 150 yards farther into the sea than the present pier-head. After his death, the magnificent enterprise fell into weak and incompetent hands, and was sorely neglected. The loss of Calais dealt a heavy blow at the prosperity of the port until Raleigh represented its importance to his sovereign mistress in the fol-

account of their importance as safeguards against invasion. These comprise Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich; to which were afterwards added the two ancient towns of Winchelsea and Rye. These places were anciently deemed of so much importance in the defence of the kingdom against invasion, that they received royal grants of particular privileges, on condition of providing during war a certain number of ships at their own expense. They are governed by a warden with the title of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and each had the privilege formerly of returning to Parliament two members under the title of Barons of the Cinque Ports; but since 1831 this privilege has been confined to Hastings, Dover, and Sandwich. We are told by Camden that William the Conqueror appointed the first warden of the Cinque Ports; but their charters are traced to the time of Edward the Confessor. The salary of the Lord Warden is £3000 a year (See Chitty's *Commercial Law*, vol. ii. p. 12).

lowing emphatic language :—" No promontory, town, or haven in Christendom," he says, " is so placed by nature and situation, both to gratify friends and annoy enemies, as this town of Dover. No place is so settled to receive and deliver intelligence for all matters and actions in Europe from time to time. No town is by nature so settled either to allure intercourse by sea or to retain inhabitants by land, to make it great, fair, rich, and populous ! Nor is there in the whole circuit of this famous isle, any port, either in respect of security or defence, or of traffic or intercourse, more convenient, needful, or rather of necessity to be regarded than this of Dover."

The Queen then determined upon improving and restoring the harbour, and provided the necessary funds by taxing every vessel which passed it at 3d. per ton, and allowing the free transportation of 30,000 quarters of wheat, 10,000 quarters of malt and barley, and 4000 tuns of beer. A commission was appointed, headed by Lord Cobham, to superintend the works ; and the channel was so deepened and enlarged, that ships of considerable tonnage could now enter, where before there had been only 4 feet depth of water. James I. formed the governors of the harbour into a corporation, entitled, " The Warden and Assistants of the Port of Dover." In 1652, there was 22 feet depth of water at spring tide, and the advantages of this harbour have since been largely experienced by our British fleets.

It may now be divided into three parts :—The PENT, or BREAK-WATER, $11\frac{1}{2}$ acres in extent, with a 60 feet wide entrance ; the BASIN, $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, and the OUTER HARBOUR, $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The quay, on the south side of the Pent, is 431 feet at its greatest length, and 30 feet in depth ; constructed, 1832-41. A dry dock is situated to the south of the outer harbour, and a wet dock on its west side. The commercial quay was finished in 1834. The entrance to the harbour is 150 feet in width, with a depth of water varying from 14 to 18 feet. It is yearly frequented by upwards of 3000 vessels.

The HARBOUR OF REFUGE, which is intended to consist of 600 acres, with a south entrance 700 feet wide, and an east entrance 750 feet, was begun in 1847, on the recommendation of Sir John Rennie, and other distinguished engineers. The solid massive Admiralty Pier at Cheeseman's Head, 800 feet long by 90 feet broad, was begun in April 1848. A second portion, 1000 feet in length, was commenced in 1854. It is estimated that the

proposed works will cost £2,500,000. At the recommendations of the Defence Commission (1860), certain fortifications will be speedily commenced which will ensure the military protection of the harbour.

Dover is one of the principal termini of the SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY, and is connected with Canterbury and Rochester by means of the LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAY. The branch of the South-Eastern, which runs from Dover to Folkestone is characterised by many engineering triumphs. The TIMBER VIADUCT, which is crossed soon after leaving Dover, is 2000 feet long. The SHAKESPERE CLIFF TUNNEL is 1417 yards long. The ROUND DOWN LEVEL, 7 acres in area, was formed by blasting the cliff. In January 1843, under the direction of General Pasley, a mass of 18 acres was rent away by the explosion of 18,500 lbs. of gunpowder. Next remark the SEA WALL, 5 feet 6 inches broad at the summit, 23 feet at the base, from 60 to 70 feet in height, and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile in length. The ABBOT'S CLIFF TUNNEL, cut through the chalk, is 1940 yards long. The WARREN CUTTING is carried through a romantic undercliff, nearly 2 miles in extent, which runs parallel to the curve of East Weir Bay. The MARTELLO TUNNEL, 776 yards long, terminates at a point near No. 1 Martello Tower. The FOLKESTONE VIADUCT crosses the valley on nineteen elegant arches, and is 780 feet long, and 105 feet high.

The SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH is laid down from Dover to Sangatte, near Calais. Another line is carried to Ostend. The former was substituted on the failure of a cable, laid down in August 1850, which communicated with Cape Grisnez.

[It may reasonably be supposed that England and France were formerly united by an isthmus. According to Sir Charles Lyell, the greatest depth of the straits between Dover and Calais is only 29 fathoms, exceeding but by one fathom the greatest depth of the Mississippi at New Orleans. The tide, rushing from the north with unresisting violence, may probably have broken through the isthmus, and thus have unconsciously produced that national rivalry, which, on the whole, has lent so great an impetus to European civilization.

Fossils.—In the marl stratum of the East Cliff may be found—echini, tenebratula carnea, t. semi globoso, and Inoceramus Cuvieri. At East Cliff and Shakespere's Cliff,—nautili, echini, alcyonia, tenebratula lacunosa, and plagiostoma spinosa. In the chalk strata generally,—iron pyrites, ammonites, teredo annularis, tenebratulæ, and inoceranus Lamarekii.

Dover has given an earldom to Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, created 1698; a barony to Henry Jermyn, created 1685; a dukedom to James Douglas, Earl of Queensberry, 1708; a barony to Joseph Yorke, 1788; and to George James Welbore Ellis, 1831. The title is now borne by his son, the Viscount Cliefden.]

To these particulars we may add the graphic description of

Dover furnished by Mr. Thorne in one of Knight's amusing topographical works:—"To an observant foreigner," he says, "who lands here on his first visit to England, Dover must appear a curious as it is undoubtedly an interesting place. Its castle, visible almost from the moment of quitting the opposite shore, at first towering aloft in the clouds, and then gradually unfolding the strength of its position and the long range of fortifications connected with it; the town, lying so snugly embayed between the lofty hills, and backed by the beautiful verdure of the valley that ascends behind it—must strike his imagination very forcibly, long before he enters the harbour; and the interest with which he is prepared to regard it is not likely to be weakened as he traverses its plain, busy streets; and, looking back over the narrow channel that divides it from the land he has just left, he reflects on the amazing difference of habit and character that everything he beholds indicates. Whether thoughtful or not, Dover must interest any foreigner. Though the very outpost, on the high-road to the continent, there is nothing continental in its appearance. Calais, Boulogne, every place on the opposite shore which Englishmen go to in numbers, puts on something of an English dress. But there is no reciprocity here! Though the highest point to France, it is entirely English. The houses are English, the people are English, the business is done in an English manner, and the amusements—or lack of amusements—are altogether English. Not an idea nor an innovation has been borrowed from 'over the water.' There is not a fountain, or a column, or a statue, or a picture, or a showy piece of architecture, to be seen in the whole town."

The hotels of Dover do not now deserve the opprobrium attached to them by Byron. The best, largest, and most agreeably situated is the Lord Warden Hotel, built by the South-Eastern Railway Company.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. A walk upon the heights, and a visit to the Harbour of Refuge, will not be overlooked by the tourist as occupation for his first evening. 2. From Dover to Folkestone, by rail; and return by road, diverging to Capel le Fern. 3. Across the hills to St. Radigund's Abbey, and then through River to Ewell, cross to Whitfield; and return through Guston and Charlton, about 12 miles. 4. Through West Cliffe, and Ringswold, to Walmer. Thence the tourist may keep on to Deal; or he may return from Walmer, *via* Ripple and Sutton, and keeping away from the shore, to West Langdon and Whitfield, entering Dover by the Charlton road, about 15 miles. 5. By the Charlton road to River, and keeping in a south-west direction to Alkham. Cross the heath to Swingfield, and then continue

into the Folkestone Road. The tourist may return from Folkestone by rail, having walked between 11 and 12 miles; or take the Cliff road to Dover, some 7 miles more.]

FROM DOVER TO CANTERBURY.

Keeping the old Romano-British road, across the hill, the tourist will reach at about 1 mile from the Castle, the village of

CHARLTON (population, 3124), *i.e.*, the ceorl's (or churl's) settlement—lying in the sweet woodland valley which opens at Dover upon the restless water of the Channel. The CHURCH, rebuilt in 1820, lies to the left, with the village grouped about it. It is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and contains many memorials of the Monins family. The rectory, valued at £300, is in the gift of the trustees of Keble College, Oxford. Upon the grassy slopes and fertile plains of this pleasant country Dover seems to be rapidly encroaching.

Still ascending the valley we gain, at two miles from Dover, and on the clear gushing stream of the Dour,

BUCKLAND (population, 2000), which nestles in a picturesque fashion between the sheltering sides of two ranges of lofty hills. It takes its name from its beech-trees (Saxon, *bóc*), and necessarily varies much in the quality of its soil—from the hard but glittering chalk of its higher land, to the rich dark loam of the valley. The manor anciently belonged to the Collards; one of whom, a worthy knight named John Collard, served under the banner of Ferdinand of Castile against the Moors, and did such doughty deeds that he was rewarded with a significant coat-of-arms,—“Girony of six pieces, *or*, and *sable*, overall, *three blackamoor's heads*, decouped.”

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Andrew, a small building with a nave, aisle, chancel, and small south chapel, and a low pointed tower, is chiefly Decorated. There are memorials to Rear-Admiral *Edward Baker*, d. 1751, and Vice-Admiral Sir *John Bently*, d. 1772.

The vicarage, valued at £350, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A road to the right here turns off, through an agreeable country-side, to the “hallowed ruins” of ST. RADIGUND'S ABBEY

(see p. 207), but *we* must still move forward, in the shadow of the hills, and, perhaps, in the track of many a devout pilgrim who has sped from distant lands to worship at St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury,—reaching at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Dover, the church and village of

RIVER (population, 487), in Domesday Book written *RIPA*, and *AD RIPAM*—and so named from its position upon the winding Dour. The village lies away from the road, on the further bank of the stream, and in a girth of pleasant meadow-land. The view here from the Canterbury road should be noticed by the tourist; “through the opening of the valley” he may look upon the distant town of Dover, and its churches,—and beyond,—the channel like a sea of glass, backed by the Boulogne hills, while on the height to the left, tower the venerable walls of Dover Castle.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, consists of a nave and chancel, of considerable antiquity, but has nothing of interest to delay the tourist. It was given by King John to the Abbey of St. Radigund's, Bradsole; resumed by the Crown at the dissolution of religious houses, and vested in the see of Canterbury. The value yearly is £156.

The walk from River to Alkham, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, across Minnis Heath, is a very pleasant one.

ALKHAM (population, 494) stands on a gently rising ground in the depth of the bold rugged hills which lend so picturesque a charm to the scenery of this part of Kent, and is luxuriantly girt about with many a clump of leafy elms. At Drelingore, on the south-east border of the parish, rises a Nailbourne, or intermittent stream, which flows, it is said, but once in seven years. At Chilton, among the chalk hills, wells out the little river of the Dour.

ALKHAM CHURCH is mainly Early English in character—with a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, transept, and tower surmounted by a low pointed turret. The piscina and sedilia are Early English. Against the south wall is an altar-tomb of Bethersden marble with a curious inscription in Lombardic characters—“*Hic jacet Herbertus, Simonis Proles, vir opertus, Ad Bona spe certus, Fidei Sermoni disertus.*” The trefoil-headed arcade of the chancel should be examined.

Alkham is a vicarage, valued at £152, in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury. With it is associated the perpetual curacy of CAPEL-LE-FERNE, a quiet and pleasant village, about six miles from Dover, and six miles from Folkestone, where the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, has many points of interest. It consists of a low square western tower, a nave, and chancel. In the latter the seats are ranged in long rows, without divisions, and with desks before them. There are three sedilia and a piscina. The three arches which divide the nave from the chancel are Early English. The advowson has long been annexed to that of Alkham, and both were conferred upon the monks of St. Radigund's by Hans de Crèveceur, *temp.* Edward I.

From its "Capella," or chapel, the parish (population, 183) takes its name. Some fine views of the Channel may be enjoyed from the bold and lofty downs which form its south boundary, and across which the Dover and Folkestone road is carried.

From Alkham the tourist should keep across the heath to

SWINGFIELD (population, 421), anciently written Swin (or Swain's) field, and the scene, according to some authorities, of King John's renunciation of the crown of England at the bidding of the Papal legate—

"Lo, John, self-stripped of his insignia—crown,
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
At a proud legate's feet! The spears that line
Baronial halls the opprobrious insult feel,
And angry ocean roars a vain appeal!"

This famous incident occurred, it is supposed, within the walls of the Commandery of the *Knights Templars*, afterwards occupied (A.D. 1312) as a Preceptory by the *Knights Hospitallers*, or Knights of St. John. Some Early English remains of the ancient building may be seen in the present farmhouse of St. John's, being apparently the end of the choir of the church. Beneath three circular windows, set in a lofty gable, are three long lancet windows. The arms of the Order are also visible.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, consists of a square western tower, a nave, and chancel, and is chiefly Norman. It stands on the edge of the common, or minnis (*Mynys*, Celtic, a heath), with the village near it, and formerly possessed some interesting memorials, for which, unfortunately, the tourist will

now look in vain. The advowson of its perpetual curacy, valued at £54, belongs to the present incumbent.

Richard de Swinfield, bishop of Hereford, d. 1316, was a native of this parish, and is said, with a notable affection for his own, to have placed Swinfield men in all the best offices in his cathedral.

At Denton, near this place, lived the erudite Twysden, to whom English lawyers are so deeply indebted; and it was also, at a later period, the residence of the accomplished and eccentric Sir Egerton Brydges, whose contributions to English literature will long be regarded with respect.

We return through a wild but picturesque country, passing North Court, and crossing Ewell Minnis, into the Canterbury road, at a point near the village of

EWELL (population, 403)—*i.e.*, At-well, or upon the stream, from its position at the head of the river Dour. The village lies in the valley which we have been so long ascending. Leland says of the river—"The principel hed, as they say, is at a place cawled Ewelle, and that is not past a iii. or iiij. myles fro Dover. There is also a great spring at a place cawled (Lydden?), and that ones in a vij. or viij. yeris brasted owt so abundantly that a great part of the water cummeth into Dover streme, but els yt reuneth yn to the se betwyxt Dover and Folchestan, but nearer to Folchestan, that ys to say withyn a ii. myles of yt. Surely the hedde standeth so that it might with no great cost be brought to run away into Dover streme."

Near the farm of Little Waterend, on the adjoining hill, may be observed the traces of a tumulus, and, apparently, of an ancient earthwork, or entrenchment. On the hill to the right the Temple farm marks the site of a grange which belonged to the Templars of Swingfield, and to their successors the knights of St. John. Some authorities assert that King John's resignation of his crown, A.D. 1213, took place here, and not at Swingfield.

Near the village, though included in the parish of River, is the manor of Archer's Court, formerly held of the crown on the singular tenure that its possessor should support the sovereign's head, if he was sea-sick, on his passage between Dover and Calais.


The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Peter, is a small and ancient Norman building, with a low square western tower,

a nave, and chancel. The vicarage, valued at £190, is in the patronage of T. W. Watson, Esq.

One mile further, and about five miles from Dover, we reach

LYDDEN (population, 231)—from *lud*, water, and *dun*, or *don*, a hill—straggling along the high road, with bold abrupt hills stretching upward from each side of the valley. Here rises another Nailbourne, whose waters only seek the light of day once in seven years. The Norman CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, resembles most of the little Norman churches so numerous in this valley, and boasts but of a nave, a chancel, and a low square western tower. An Early English arch, in the south wall, covers a recess apparently once occupied by an altar-tomb. The vicarage, worth £200, is presented to by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

From this point the tourist, who is fond of a digression, and is in no special haste to reach Canterbury, may take the road to the right, which climbs up the hills, to the village and church of

 COLDRED (population, 182), whose name is supposed by some authorities to indicate its bleak and exposed situation, and by others is derived from *Ceoldred*, king of Mercia, who, it is said, fought a great battle in this neighbourhood, against Ina of Wessex, in 715.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Pancras, is “very small and mean,” having only a chancel and nave. In the west gable are two niches for bells, unusual enough in this part of the country. There is an inscribed brass to *William Fyntch*, d. 1615, and a memorial for *Margaret Jeken*, d. 1616. It stands on a considerable elevation in the centre of a Roman (Celtic ?) entrenchment. The artificial mound to the north-east is very conspicuous.

The vicarage is annexed to that of the adjoining parish of Sibertswold.

Continuing our diversion eastward, we speedily gain the lawny slopes and dense woods of WALDERSHARE PARK (Earl of Guildford), an extensive and very fair demesne, abundantly stocked with deer. The house, once the residence of Lord North, George the Third’s Premier, stands in a rich leafy hollow almost in the centre of the park. On a knoll, in the south-west angle, rises the Belvidere Tower, which tourists are permitted to ascend, and from whose summit a glorious view of dale, and woodland,

and swelling hills, and obscure groves, and, in the distance, a noble sweep of flashing waters, may be enjoyed.

Waldershare passed from the Malmaines to the Monyns,—descended from Sir Simon de Monyns, one of the Conqueror's knight-adventurers,—and by the last representative and heiress of the old chivalric family was sold to Sir Henry Furnese, who, *temp.* William III., built the present stately mansion from the designs of Inigo Jones. The ancient house stood about a mile north-west, on a site now occupied by the farmstead of Malmaines.

Catherine, daughter of Sir Robert Furnese, d. 1733, became possessed on her father's death of this noble estate, and bequeathed it to her husband, Francis, Earl of Guildford, whose representative now enjoys it.

WALDERSHARE (population, 105) derives its name from its position among the *wolds*. Its CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, consists of a nave, chancel, and small wooden turret, and in its garniture of luxuriant ivy becomes a picturesque object not unworthy of the sketcher's note-book. It contains some noticeable monuments—noticeable for their pretension rather than their artistic excellence. Curiously ridiculous is the altar-tomb, bowed down by two heavy figures, to the Hon. *Susan Bertie*, *temp.* Charles II. In better taste is the marble pyramid, supported by four female figures, life size,—“the whole finely executed by Mr. Greene, of Camberwell,”—designed to perpetuate the memory of Sir *Henry Furnese*, a wealthy London merchant and Whig sheriff, d. 1717. Other memorials commemorate Sir *Edward Monins*, d. 1602, Sir *William Monins*, d. 1642, and *Edward Monins*, d. 1640. The east window is emblazoned with some objectionable female figures.

The vicarage, valued at £233, is included in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[Across Waldershare Park, to the north-west, lies EYTHORNE (population, 435), anciently written *Hegythe Thorne*, in a hilly country, and upon a chalky soil. EYTHORNE COURT is a large old house of stone, richly adorned with ivy. The CHURCH, dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul, is small and ancient, with an embattled western tower, and contains some monuments of the D'Aeths and Monyns. To the rectory, valued at £400, the Earl of Guildford and the Papillon family have alternate presentation, as the respective owners of Waldershare and Elmington manors.

Of far greater interest is the CHURCH in the adjoining parish—the parish of *Barson*, as the vulgar have it—more properly

BARFREYSTON (population, 133), lying on the open downs, in a breezy, healthy district. Hasted relates that when a former rector was buried in 1700, having died

at the age of 96, the minister who preached the funeral sermon was 82 years old, the clerk was 87, the curate who read the service was 87, the sexton was 86, his wife was 80, and the funeral was attended by several persons who were more than 100 years of age, belonging to the neighbouring parish of Coldred.

On the borders of this parish and those of Eythorne several tumuli and evident signs of a British or Roman encampment may be traced.

The Norman CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is one of the most curious in Kent, and was probably built by Hugh de Port, Constable of Dover, who obtained the manor in 1081, after Odo of Bayeux's disgrace and forfeiture of his estates. Norman workmen were employed, and Caen stone in its construction. Its exterior is richly decorated with rough carvings, and at the west end there is a noble Norman arch, with zigzag moulding and rude ornamentation. The south door and rose window are of unusual excellence. The nave is separated from the chancel by a Norman arch of fine proportions, supported by two wreathed pillars, and at the foot of the wall are two arched recesses, probably intended for tombs. There are mural tablets to *Thomas Boys*, d. 1599, and *Robert Ewell*, d. 1638. This curious and most interesting building (lately restored with much discretion and good taste) may be compared with the church of Patricksbourne, near Canterbury, which it much resembles. The walls are 2 feet 9 inches thick. The nave is 16 feet 8 inches, and the choir 13 feet 6 inches broad. Total length, 43 feet 4 inches.

The rectory, valued at £182, is in the patronage of St. John's College, Oxford.]

On our return to the Canterbury road we pass through the parish of SIBERTSWOLD (population, 422), *i. e.*, Sibert's downs, now often pronounced as Shebbert's well. On the hill known as Three Barrow Down rise three large *tumuli*, and an encampment defended by a deep fosse. The whole parish is rich in similar *vestigia* of a past age. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Andrew, is small, consisting but of a nave and a chancel, and has Norman portions. The memorials are numerous, but of no special interest. To the vicarage, valued at £255, and presented to by the Archbishop of Canterbury, is attached the vicarage of Coldred.

We regain the Canterbury road about 6 miles from Dover, and soon find ourselves among the leafy shades of

WOOTTON (population, 153), *i. e.*, the settlement in the woods. The church and village lie about three quarters of a mile left of the main road, at the south-east extremity of the pleasant grounds of WOOTTON COURT (Sir J. H. Brydges) formerly the seat of Sir Egerton Brydges, whose works are full of pictures of Kentish life and manners gathered in this vicinity. Some of his sketches of the Kentish squirearchy were indeed accepted as personal by certain of his neighbours, who retaliated upon their author with considerable effect, but in a highly unpleasant manner. The house was rebuilt by the Rev. E. Brydges about 1790.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Martin, consists of a nave.

chancel, and low western tower. The rectory, worth £272 per annum, is in the patronage of C. J. Murray, Esq.

Just beyond Wootton lies DENTON (population, 197)—*Danitone* in Domesday Book—which is also associated with the memory of Sir Egerton Brydges. It is a somewhat wild and dreary district, sequestered in the silence and solitude of the bleak, barren hills. To the south lies TAPPINGTON, or TAPTON, which for many years belonged to the Barham family, whose descendant, the Rev. R. Barham, has rendered its woods and groves lastingly famous in his “Ingoldsby Legends.” Here, according to tradition, black Sir Giles de Tappington committed the fratricide recorded by the poet, and the antiquated manor-house, with “its gable ends, stone stanchions, and tortuous chimneys,” still, in one of its quaint old chambers, presents the blood-stain on the oaken floor, which records for ever the murderer’s guilt.

DENTON CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, is another of the curious little Kentish churches to which we have already referred—with a small nave, a small chancel, and a small western tower. There is a grotesque mausoleum in the churchyard, erected for himself and family by *Thomas Whorwood*, d. 1745. A stone cross, let into the north wall of the church, bears marks of an ancient inscription. The interior contains memorials for *John Boys*, d. 1543; *Sir Anthony Percival*, d. 1641; *Phineas Andrews*, d. 1661; and *John Andrews*, d. 1667.

The rectory of Denton, valued at £190, is in the patronage of T. T. Wing, Esq.

We proceed from Denton to Barham, leaving BROOME PARK (Sir Henry Oxendon) on our right, in the shadow of some pleasant groves of beech. The house was built by one of the Dixwells, *temp.* Charles I.

BARHAM (population, 1105) village is situated on the slope of a hill, and gives name to the famous BARHAM DOWNS, the locality of many great historic scenes. Here was encamped an English army of 60,000 men at the time that John ignominiously resigned his crown (A.D. 1213) in the Preceptory at Swingfield. Here Simon de Montfort assembled his forces when preparing to oppose the disembarkation of Queen Eleanor. Here Henrietta Maria and her royal husband received the loyal congratulations of the English nobility after their union at Dover (May 1625). Here a camp was maintained during the great French war, when

Napoleon's Army of England was gathered on the distant Boulogne heights. This range of hills is nearly 4 miles in length, and is covered with the relics of ancient earthworks and tumuli, indicating many a fierce struggle, in the early days of English history, between Celt and Roman, Briton and Saxon.

Through Broome Park, and past Barham village, flows, in wet seasons, a "nailbourne," which swells the upper waters of the Lesser Stour. It is a tradition in the neighbourhood that from its surface, whether glassy and warm with sunshine, or dark and troubled, may be augured the good or evil fortune of him who questions "the spirit of the stream." The bye roads in this wild and hilly country were formerly the resort of "the minions of the moon," but more dreaded by the peasant on account of those wandering flames, Robin Goodfellow and his wicked sprites, who love to mislead the wanderer into dangerous morasses and unwholesome fens. When twilight gathers over them, and darkness gradually creeps into each obscure valley, they are still bleak and desolate and eery enough to render the shelter of a good inn, and the light of a blazing ingle, things to be appreciated by the traveller.

Barham was held of the see of Canterbury, *temp.* Henry II., by Sir Reginald Fitzurse, one of the four knightly assassins of Thomas à Becket. It is said to owe its name—the *ham*, or home of bears—to its rude Norman owners, the bear's sons, but the interpretation can scarcely be accepted by any one but an antiquarian. After the death of the Archbishop, Fitzurse fled to Ireland, where he assumed the name of Macmahon, which is identical in meaning with that of Fitzurse, and his Kentish lands went to his kinsman, Robert of Barham.

BARHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is a large Decorated building, with a nave, aisle, transept, chancel, and tall elegant spire. It contains "a magnificent pyramid of marble," commemorating numerous members of the Dinwell family, formerly of Brome; and the brass of a knight, a priest, and lady. The tombs of the Lades in the churchyard are chiefly *temp.* James I. and Charles I.

The rectory, valued at £700 per annum, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

On the other side of the Canterbury road—the White-way of olden topographers—which here skirts the range of the Barham Downs, lies, about a half mile distant, the village and church of

“Womenjole,” as it is called by “the sons of the soil,” or WOMENS-WOULD (population, 250), *i.e.*, Winlings Wold, as it is written. A lane turns off at a point nearly opposite to Broome Park, and then curving round DENNE HILL (Colonel Montresor), where observe the large and important earthworks, supposed to have been constructed by Cæsar on his march from Deal into the woodlands of Kent, enters the little village, passes the church of Womenswould, and strikes forward to join the Deal and Canterbury road.

WOMENSWOULD CHURCH, dedicated to St. Margaret, is a long low building, consisting of a nave and chancel, with a small transept, and a western tower. In the chancel, under Early English arches, are two recessed tombs without figures or inscriptions. At the east end a pretentious pyramidical monument commemorates *Thomas Marsh*, d. 1739. Near it, in a recess in the south wall, under three small Early English arches, is a nameless and dateless altar tomb.

The perpetual curacy is in the patronage of the see of Canterbury.

Three miles to the north-east is an ancient settlement of the Saxon Noningas, situated in a broad open country, with clumps of ash and beech scattered about the gently swelling uplands, and now known as NONINGTON (population, 875). As we descend into the hollow we pass FREDVILLE HOUSE (P. Plumptre, Esq.)—originally written FROIDVILLE, in reference to its cold and dreary position, where the lion of the country-side is (or was recently) noticeable in the Fredville oak, 27 feet in girth and 30 feet in height—and reach, in the valley, the village and church of Nonington. The latter is an Early English building, dedicated to St. Mary, and divided into a nave and chancel, north and south aisles, and western tower-steeple. On a stone in the south aisle are traced the figures of a man and two women, *John Hamon*, d. 1526, and *Margaret* and *Mary*, his wives. There are also brasses to *John Cooke*, vicar, d. 1528; and *Alicia Sympson*, d. 1581. The perpetual curacy of Nonington, worth £264, is presented to by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In this parish are Fredville House and St. Alban's Court. We have already spoken of the Fredville Oak. The park has, however, other noble trees which may almost dispute supremacy with the king of the forest. The manor was formerly a portion

of the barony of Saye, and was held of the Castle of Dover. Through a succession of owners it passed, *temp.* Richard III., to one William Boys of Bonnington, whose descendant, Major Boys, fought under the standard of Charles I., and was punished by the sequestration of his estates, so that his two eldest sons, John and Nicholas, "finding that there was no further abode at Fredville, to which they had become entitled, departed each from thence with a favourite hawk in hand, and became pensioners at the Charter-house in London"—(*Hasted*).

ST. ALBAN'S COURT (W. Hammond, Esq.) lies beyond the village, on low sloping ground. It has been in the Hammond family, with the exception of a brief interval, since the 30th Henry VIII. There are some good pictures here, especially a portrait, painted by Jansen during his residence at Bridge, of a certain Lady Bowyer, a woman of surpassing beauty, whom Walpole speaks of as "the Star of the East" (of Kent?).

Regaining the main Canterbury road, we pass, on our left, pleasant KINGSTONE (population, 310), and leave dull barren hills and breezy heaths for smiling fields and balmy glades ; for a country-side,

"Where we may trace each streamlet through the meadow,
Where we can follow every fitful shadow,—
Where we can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne"—

where Nature puts on her gentlest aspect, and beams and blooms upon us like a sylvan beauty. To look down from the Canterbury road upon the lowlands beneath, is to gaze upon a truly English picture, one of those fair leafy landscapes familiar to us in the canvas of Inskipp and Creswick. Even the downs have lost their ruggedness, and rear above us their verdurous sides all dappled with flocks of sheep, like ships upon a distant sea. It is here that the Canterbury races are held ; and the view from the Course is one which the tourist will enjoy. Roaming over these pleasant heights he will find himself treading in the footprints of the men of legendary England, and many an ancient earthwork and grass-grown tumulus will remind him that he follows in the track of those invincible legionaries who, led by "the great Julius," first flaunted before the eyes of the Celts the dreaded Eagle of Rome.

One of these Roman camps occupies the slope of the hill opposite Kingstone Church, and thence to the westward continues a line of similar military posts, while another line branches to the eastward from Denne Hill. The tumuli in this vicinity were opened by Bryan Fausset, and their contents are included in the collection known by the name of that persevering archaeologist.

KINGSTONE CHURCH has a chancel, a nave, a square western tower, and is dedicated to St. Giles. A monument in the chancel commemorates *John Nethersole*, d. 1546, and there are also memorials to *Robert Deune*, d. 1594, and *John Haslyn*, d. 1600.

The advowson of the rectory, valued at £500 yearly, is in the gift of Mrs. Wilkie.

[Crossing through GORSLEY (Gorse-lea) WOOD, we may reach, after a four miles' walk, UPPER HARDRES (population, 303). It gave name to a family settled here soon after the Conquest, which resided at Hardres Court until the death of Sir William Hardres in 1764. The manorial house is now a lonely farmstead. Thomas Hardres was with Henry VIII. at the siege of Boulogne, and was permitted to bear home to Hardres Court the city gates in commemoration of his doughty deed. The king honoured him, on his return, with a visit, and, as a mark of special favour, presented him with his own dagger, which, as well as the Boulogne trophy, was long exhibited here.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, is partly Early English in style, and has a nave, aisle, transept, chancel, and a low flat south tower. It contains numerous interesting memorials of the Hardres, and some painted glass. The rectory, which is valued at £700, is in the patronage of T. Kynaston, Esq. With it is associated the curacy of

STELLING (population, 333), a parish adjoining Upper Hardres in the south, and Barham on the west. The villages are about 2 miles apart, across a heath, partly enclosed, known as Stelling Minnis. STELLING CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, has a nave, aisle, chancel, and low square tower.

About 3 miles north is LOWER HARDRES (population, 265), on the ancient Stone Street, which may still be traced almost as far as Hythe. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is mainly Early English, with a nave, transept, chancel, south aisle, and low-pointed steeple. The font is of Bethersden marble. The rectory, valued at £317, is in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor.

Eleven miles from Dover, and 4 miles from Canterbury, on the banks of the Stour, and in the heart of the pleasant meadows which that "gentle river" enriches and enlivens, is the "halloed ground" of

BISHOPSBOURNE (population, 341), associated with the honoured memory of the great, erudite, and virtuous Hooker, on whom the living was conferred by Archbishop Whitgift in 1595. In this delightful valley he resided until his death in 1600, and

so much repute did "his books, and the innocency and sanctity of his life" obtain, that "many turned out of the road, and others, scholars especially, went purposely to see the man." Here he wrote the 5th book of his "Ecclesiastical Polity," which was published in 1597; and finished three others, which were not given to the world until after his death. Previous to this event (November 1600) his house was broken into and robbed. When he was apprised of the occurrence he eagerly inquired whether his books and papers were safe, and being answered in the affirmative, exclaimed, "Then it matters not, for no other loss can trouble me."

The RECTORY has been much modernised since Hooker's time, but a dining-room, with an antique roof of oaken rafters, and a small study adjoining, were probably made use of by him. There is a fine yew hedge in the garden, in whose shade he may often have walked, and, altogether, the "quiet parsonage" is one where a contented solitary, like Hooker, might enjoy to see "God's blessings spring out of his mother-earth, and eat his own bread in peace and privacy."

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a small Perpendicular building, restored about 20 years ago, and containing a nave, north and south aisle, north and south transepts, chancel, and tower-steeple. The east window, of five lights, is blazoned with the arms of Hooker, Canterbury, and Rochester—the latter in commemoration of Bishop Warham, who was rector here from 1619-38. In the chancel is Hooker's monument, presenting his painted bust, with a square cap, ruff, and black gown, surmounted by two angels holding a wreath. It was erected in 1632, by Sir William Cooper, a faithful adherent to Charles I., who was accustomed to speak of Hooker as his "spiritual father"—(*Walton*).

A brass commemorates *John Gibbon*, d. 1617. In the south wall of the nave a recess, above the capital of the pillar opposite the pulpit, formerly contained an image of the Virgin Mary, to whom the Church is dedicated. William Hawte, by his will, in 1462, bequeathed, among other relics, "a piece of the stone on which the archangel Gabriel descended when he saluted her," for the image to rest its feet upon—(*Hasted*).

In the Parish Register are numerous entries in the handwriting both of Hooker and Bishop Warner.

The rectory, valued at £600, is in the patronage of the see of Canterbury, to which, up to the time of Henry VIII., the

manor belonged. Hence the name of the parish . . . BISHOP'S BOURNE (or, narrow valley containing a stream).

The tourist will find it a pleasant stroll, or drive, through the green glades of BOURNE PARK (M. Bell, Esq.), following the course of the Lesser Stour. Some Saxon *tumuli* were opened, in 1844, on the uplands which rise, with a gentle swell, from among the leafy masses of its groves. To the east lies CHARLTON (F. Curtis, Esq.), at the foot of the hills, well-wooded and plentifully shaded.

Our next point of delay is also in the fair rich valley of the Stour, where the road from Chilham crosses the fantastic "nail-bourne" at the leafy village of

BRIDGE (population, 864), and joins the "Via Alba," or Canterbury road. The view from the surrounding hills over leas, and coppices, over brown cornfields and shadowy hollows, over the fertile lands of Eastern Kent, may safely be commended to the tourist's admiration. BRIDGE PLACE is a handsome seat. BRIDGE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, formerly belonged, as well as the manor of Bridge, to the monks of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, who held so many fat portions of bonny Kent, and supplied so many of its churches. It has some Norman portions, but the building is mainly Early English. It contains a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, transept, and spire steeple. Under an elegant arch, in the north wall of the chancel, lies the recumbent effigy of a man in robes, whose long loose sleeves are furred at the wrists. The hair is long and straight, and a small badge, or clasp, adorns the left breast. Above are two rows of emblematical figures: the Expulsion, the Temptation, Cain's Offering, Abel's offering, and the Murder of Abel. It may commemorate, perhaps, some official attached to the Abbey of St. Augustine. On the opposite wall, east of the south window, is a niche for a lamp or figure, and a scarcely legible inscription in memory of *Jacobus Kasey*, 31 years vicar of Patricxbourne, who d. M.V.C.XXII. West of the south window, notice the sculpture of a skull, with a snake writhing through the hollow eyes, and a hand with outstretched finger pointing towards it "as if it had been the cause of the person's death." Observe, too, the memorials of *Jane Harflete*, d. 1635; *Elizabeth* (second daughter of Sir Budley Diggs), d. 1645; and *Robert Bargrave*, d. 1649. There is also a monument to the *Baron de Montesquieu*, d. 1823, grandson of the great author of

the "Esprit des Lois." The doorway, on the south side of the chancel, is Norman.

Bridge Vicarage is attached to that of Patrixbourne. United, they are worth £350, and are in the patronage of the Dowager Marchioness of Conyngham. PATRIXBOURNE (population, 264) is easily reached from Bridge. Crossing the high road, and following a pleasant tree-shadowed by-lane that turns off to the right, we gain the village—which clusters upon the north bank of the Lesser Stour—after a few minutes' walk. Here we find ourselves among hop gardens and corn fields, in a fertile and well-cultivated district. The Norman CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is the only object of interest. It is divided into a nave, north and south aisles, transept, and chancel, with a spire-steeple of ordinary height. At the east end of the chancel, observe the three circular-headed windows, surmounted by a rose or Catherine-wheel-window, resembling that at Barfriston. Over the chancel door is a small stone figure, crowned and in armour—intended, perhaps, for St. Michael. The south door of the nave is remarkable. It is richly shrouded in ivy, which has also cast its glittering garniture about the tower, and is ornamented with sculpture of unusual excellence. In the tympanum is a figure of Peter, crowned with a glory of triple rays: underneath his feet lie dragons and a dog. Remark the finish and sharpness of the Caen stone mouldings. As the manor was bestowed by John de Pratis, about 1200, upon his priory of Beaulieu, or De Belle Loco, in Normandy, the Church may have been built by its monks, but we should rather ascribe to it a greater antiquity. The columns and arches in the interior (recently restored under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott) are certainly Early Norman. The windows are partly filled with Flemish stained glass (mediæval), and partly with modern.

The Vicarage, a pleasant building, bears the Conyngham crest, carved in stone, over the doorway. The advowson of the living, and the manor, belong to the Conyngham family. The Marchioness's stately mansion, BIFRONS, so called from its double front, is close to the church. It was built about 1775 by the Rev. Edward Taylor, who, "in commendation of his wife, placed this motto on the fore front—*Diruta ædificat uxor bona, ædificata diruit mala*" (a good wife rebuilds that which has been destroyed, a bad wife destroys that which has been builded up).

Crossing the willow-shaded stream, we reach, at $\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant, the little village of BEKESBOURNE (population, 352), which acquired its name from its early Norman lords, the Bekes, who held it of the crown on the tenure of finding one ship for the king, when he passed the seas, and a present to him of three marks. It afterwards belonged to the Priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, and Prior Gulston, *temp.* Henry VII., erected some considerable buildings here, which were purchased, at the epoch of the Dissolution, by Cranmer, and converted into an Archbishopal Palace. To this calm retreat, when persecuted and disgraced, he retired; and apprehending further injuries, concealed his will (it is supposed) behind the wainscot of the gallery, where it was discovered by the Roundheads, who pillaged and partly demolished the palace, at the time of the Civil Wars. Cranmer was removed from hence to Ford. His successor, Archbishop Parker, "who took great delight in its situation," frequently resided here, and "intended further to enlarge it," but died before he could execute his purpose. The ruins now extant are inconsiderable;—the gatehouse and adjacent offices, which survived the violence of the Roundheads, having been converted into a modern building. A stone is preserved, with the following inscription:—"T.C. 1552: Nosce Teipsum et Deum."

BEKESBOURNE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, stands on rising ground; is chiefly Early English, but has some Norman windows. The east windows have only two lights. There are a nave, a chancel, a transept, and low-roofed tower. In the chancel is the effigy of an armed knight, commemorating Sir *Henry Palmer*, d. 1611; and *Nicholas Batteley*, the antiquarian, who held this vicarage from 1685 to 1704, is interred in the nave.

The vicarage, in the patronage of the Archbishop, is valued at £250.

Returning into the Canterbury Road, *viâ* Patrixbourne, we see on our left, but nearly 2 miles distant, the old settlement of the Natingas, now called

NACKINGTON (population, 140), situated on the highway to Hythe, in the centre of richly-blossomed hop gardens. To the north-west lies HEPINGTON, formerly the residence of a distinguished archæologist, the Rev. Bryan Faussett, d. 1776, whose admirable collection of Saxon relics is now the property of Henry Meyer, Esq., of Liverpool. In this direction ran the ancient

Stane, or Stone Street, which connected Hythe with Canterbury. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is Early English, with Norman portions, and consists of a nave and two chancels, with a low wooden pointed turret. It contains a memorial to the Rev. *Bryan Faussett*, who was curate here from 1767 to 1776. The Archbishop presents to the living, which is valued at £52 per annum.

The tourist will regain the high road at a point about a mile distant from the sacred city. Here, for the present, we leave him, and, with the rapidity of flight of a poet or romancist, abandon these sweet inland vales and blooming pastures, for the chalky cliffs which "frown defiance" upon the seething waters of the Channel.

FROM DOVER TO DEAL.

A branch line, which passes by the villages of Martin Mill and Walmer, connects the two towns by rail—about half an hour's journey; but we continue our route along the coast. At about two miles from Dover we have, on our left, the village of

GUSTON (population, 400), A. S. Gocystone, where there is a small Norman church, dedicated to St. Martin, patron of the priory to which it anciently belonged, and where the landscape is wild and bleak enough to gratify an anchorite. Here, in the centre of a dreary waste, blooms "the violet of a legend." Do you see yonder "miserable tree," all lonesome and desolate, as if blasted by some solemn curse? It is called "the Lone Tree," and with it is associated the following story:—"In the days of the Commonwealth, two soldiers of the garrison of Dover Castle were jealous of each other on account of a woman, and, chancing to walk thus far together, one suddenly slew the other with a thick staff which he had in his hand. Horror-stricken at the crime he had committed, the murderer threw the weapon from him violently, and hastened from the spot; but the staff, falling in such a manner as to stick upright in the ground, immediately took root, and grew into the solitary tree which still remains as a perpetual testimony of this sanguinary deed"—(*Wright*).

The living (a perpetual curacy, worth £55 yearly) is another

of the numerous Kentish benefices attached to the see of Canterbury.

Turning off from the high road, on the right, we pass, on our way to St. Margaret's, the lofty and wind-swept position of WEST CLIFFE (population, 129), whose bold and romantic scenery has been much admired.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, consists of a nave and chancel only, and contains a memorial to *Matthew Gibbon*, d. 1629, grandfather of the historian. The vicarage is worth £34, and is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury. It has been recently annexed to the living of St. Margaret's.

The road now descends into a deep *combe*, and opens out upon the sea-shore. On the brink of the cliff, overlooking St. Margaret's Bay, stands the CHURCH of ST. MARGARET'S-AT-CLIFFE (population, 810), formerly belonging to the Priory of St. Martin's, Dover. This fine Norman church is well worthy of inspection. It has been very judiciously restored, at a cost of nearly £3000, and is pronounced to be "a most remarkably fine specimen of rich Norman architecture of the best period." The nave is divided from the aisle by massive columns with highly decorated arcades. The chancel arch is also decorated, and the caps of the columns contain some very curious work. A pointed arch supports the tower. The porch contains some beautiful work in a circular form, and is a study by itself. The cabling is perfect, and the panels contain some striking features,—viz. a fleur-de-lis, a Scotch thistle, a Greek cross, the English rose, etc.—and it has been suggested that these may mark the nationality of the masons who built the church, about the time of Henry I. or Stephen. The west doorway possesses curious mouldings emblematical of the Holy Trinity. The clerestory arcade is worthy of notice.

The S. aisle evidently contained a chapel, the E. window still bears the bracket for a figure over the altar.

The vicarage, valued at £300, and a house has long been attached to the see of Canterbury.

The parish of West Cliffe has been annexed for ecclesiastical purposes to St. Margaret's.


The old institution of the *Couvre feu*, or Curfew Bell, is still maintained in this lonesome "village on the rocks," during the winter months. A shepherd who fell over the cliffs, devised, in 1696, five roods of land for this purpose.

Leaving the quiet churchyard we descend, somewhat suddenly, upon the sea-shore, and find ourselves in the bold deep hollow in the cliffs called St. Margaret's Bay—where, in Archbishop Morton's time, one Thomas Lawrence "made a small pier or jetty to defend the fishing craft." Here, as the epicure in shell-fish will be delighted to know, the finest-flavoured lobsters in England, "of a small size, and of a remarkable dark-red colour," are to be obtained. The guillemots, which breed in the neighbouring cliff, are used as bait for them.

A short distance to the west stand the UPPER and LOWER SOUTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSES. The Upper stands on the rocks, 250 feet above the sea, and its tower, 30 feet high, the lights being refracted by glass prisms through plate-glass windows. Both are lighted by the electric light.

In this vicinity the botanist will find samphire, the night-flowering campion, sea-colewort, and garden marigold (*calendula officinalis*). This is the nearest point to the French coast, and on a clear night, the lights of Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne are here distinctly visible.

Regaining the high road, we pass, 1 mile west, the village of EAST LANGDON (population, 352), *i.e.*, the long down. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Augustine, contains a nave, small south aisle, chancel, and wooden turret (Norman). An ancient cope cloth of crimson velvet richly embroidered, with the words "*Jesu Maria*" and two female figures kneeling before two altars, with the inscription *Orate po. ana. Joh . . . odis . .*, is very old and curious. The rectory, valued at £175, is in the patronage of the Earl of Guildford.

 One mile to the north-west lies WEST LANGDON (population, 140), where Sir William de Aubeville, in 1192, founded an abbey for Præmonstatensian canons, in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary and St. Thomas of Canterbury. It was dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1535, its abbot, William Sayer, conscious of certain unclerical irregularities, offering little opposition. The royal com-

missioner, Leyton, had at first to force an entrance, from the abbot's anxiety to conceal a "tender damoisel" whom he loved, "not wisely, but too well," but the maiden was nevertheless discovered, and her apparel was found in the abbot's coffer.

The perpetual curacy of West Langdon, valued at £47, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[While in this vicinity the pedestrian might diverge to WHITFIELD (population, 210), but there is nothing in the village, and little in the CHURCH—a small Norman building, dedicated to St. Peter—to attract his curiosity. The perpetual curacy (£150 per annum) is in the gift of the Archbishop.]

We return to the high road, and still pursuing our way along the cliffs, varying here from 200 to 300 feet in height, pass OXNEY COURT (W. T. Banks, Esq.) At six miles from Dover we reach the village of RINGWOULD (population, 389), commanding, from its lofty site, some magnificent sea prospects. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is set upon a hill, like a beacon for the wind-tost mariners of the Channel. The nave and chancel are Early English, with Perpendicular insertions; the tower was built in 1628; but the whole building is undergoing repair and "restoration." It contains (or did contain) brasses for *William Avere*, *Alys* and *Anne*, his wives, d. 1405; *John Upton*, d. 1530; and *Elizabeth Gaunt*, d. 1580. Remark the fine yew in the churchyard.

The rectory, valued at £352, is in the hands of trustees.

South of the church, in a hollow between the hills, may be observed some slight traces of a Roman camp, an outpost, perhaps, of Cæsar's forces on their landing at Deal. Turning to the right, across the meadows, we reach the village of KINGSDOWN, which is a coastguard and fishing station, two miles south of Deal. At this point the traveller may descend to the sea-shore, and observe the fine elevation of the cliffs westward. "Their face being quite perpendicular, they appear like the walls and towers of some gigantic fortress. This effect is heightened by the parallel lines of dark flints, which look at a distance not unlike the brick bonding courses of the Roman masonry"—(*Wright*).

A bye-road, turning off to the left, near Ringwould Church, brings us to SUTTON (population, 169), whose manor was for many years in the possession of the Cecil family. The parish is small, with a thin stony soil; and the village in every way insignificant. Its small Norman CHURCH, dedicated to Saints

Peter and Paul, is, however, interesting. It has a nave, chancel, and circular apse. The circular-headed windows are surmounted with rude dog's-tooth mouldings. The north door has a sculptured tympanum. The west portion of the church was thrown down by an earthquake, April 6, 1680.

The perpetual curacy, valued at £107, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

About one mile to the north lies RIPPLE (population, 223), or Ripley, looking out upon the open fields. At a short distance from the church rises a small artificial mound, which antiquarians connect with Cæsar's military dispositions.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, has a nave, chancel, and wooden tower at the west end, surmounted by an elegant spire. The south door has a Norman archway. The west window is circular headed, and flanked with pilasters.

The rectory, valued at £250, is in the gift of Sir R. Sinclair, Bart.

We now stretch across the open fields to Walmer, a prospect of no ordinary beauty unfolding on either hand. We are in a country thickly studded with silent but eloquent memorials of our Saxon forefathers. Our feet are literally "among the graves." Here they fought, and here they dwelt; and here, upon the lonesome heights, overlooking the sea which was the cradle of their power, they have slumbered through the changeful years. Yonder is the once famous port of Sandwich, and along the marge of the glittering waves stretch those formidable cliffs of Albion which daunted the bold hearts of Cæsar's legionaries. To our left the waters ripple over that "dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried;" the famous Downs, the traditional *Lomea*, or Earl Godwin's Isle. Far away, on our right, spread the undulating hills and deep shadowy hollows peculiar to the chalk formation, crested here and there with an old Norman church, or a quiet farmstead, once, it may be, the home, or "ham," of an opulent Saxon thegn.

Nor, as we approach Walmer, does the interest diminish. Before our gaze rise the calm brow and inflexible face of the great English captain, and we remember the ominous morning of September 4, 1852, when the rolling artillery, as it thundered over sea and land, told of a hero's death.

“ Then down the coast, all taking up the burden,
 Replied the distant forts,
 As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
 And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

“ Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
 No drum beat from the wall,
 No morning gun from the black fort’s embrasure,
 Awaken with its call!

“ No more surveying with an eye impartial
 The long line of the coast,
 Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal
 Be seen upon his post.

“ Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
 The sun rose bright o’er head;
 Nothing in Nature’s aspect intimated
 That a great man was dead.”—(*Longfellow*.)

WALMER (population, 4309)—*i.e.*, the sea wall—lies on the Downs about 1 mile south of Deal. Its CASTLE was one of the numerous forts erected for the defence of the coast by Henry VIII., about 1539-40. It has long been regarded as the official residence of the Wardens of the Cinque Ports. William Pitt spent here a few days of occasional leisure, and it was inhabited by the Duke of Wellington for two months every autumn, from 1829 until his death in 1852. His bedroom is still shown. It contained an iron camp-bedstead, about 3 feet wide, with mattress and coverlet; and among the few ornaments of the house were an ivory statuette of Napoleon and a plaster cast of Jenny Lind. A chamber, 8 feet broad, is shown as the council-room wherein Lord Nelson and Pitt planned the great naval operations of the revolutionary war. On the lawn grows a willow transplanted from Napoleon’s grave. The Queen was at Walmer from November 10 to December 3, 1842.

About the centre of Castle Street stands “the Duke’s House,” where he resided when, as General Sir Arthur Wellesley, he held the command of the troops stationed in this district. There are some pleasant villas in the neighbourhood, which is much resorted to in the summer season for the advantage of its excellent sea-bathing.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is small and ancient; the south doorway and the chancel-arch are Norman, and enriched

with zigzag mouldings. The peculiar excrescence added to the building in 1826 will not fail to be duly appreciated by the visitor. "The Duke's Pew" is immediately in front of the pulpit. There is a memorial to *William Lisle*, d. 1637, twenty years Captain of the Castle.

The curacy, valued at £350, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The churchyard is enclosed by a deep circular fosse. Dr. Packe supposes that at this point Cæsar fought his first battle, and there are numerous traces of ancient encampments in the neighbourhood.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHAPEL, whose curacy is attached to that of St. Mary's, Walmer, was built in 1848-9.

One mile's breezy walk along the cliffs, and we reach Deal. But it should be noted that the tourist may also proceed by the sea-shore. He must, however, be careful to ascertain the hour of high water, as, if overtaken by the tide, he would find no safety in the glittering perpendicular wall of cliff that here defends the sea-girt Albion.

DEAL.

[Population, 8500. *Hotels*: Walmer Castle, Clarendon, Royal, Black Horse. Communication by rail, *viâ* Sandwich, with Minster, and thence with Ramsgate and Margate or Canterbury; also by rail, *viâ* Walmer and Martin Mill, with Dover and London—about two and a half hours' journey from the Metropolis.]

Lower Deal is on the sea-shore; Upper Deal a mile inland.

Leland, in his *Itinerary*, seems to indicate that Deal was nearer the sea in his time than it is at present. "Deale: half a myle," he says, "fro the shore of the sea, a Fuisscher village iii myles or more above Sandwic, is upon a flat shore, and very open to the sea, wher is a fosse or great bank artificial betwixt the town and se, and beginneth about Deale and renneth a great way up toward S. Margaret's Clyfe, yn as much that sum suppose that this is the place where Cæsar landed *in aperto littore*. Surely the fosse was made to kepe out ennemyes ther or to defend the rage of the se, or I think rather the casting up beche or pible." This gradual recession of the sea should be borne in mind when the question of Cæsar's disembarkation at this point is argued. Professor Airy, in the 30th volume of the "*Archæologia*," ingeniously supports the claims of Pevensey, and Romney Marsh and

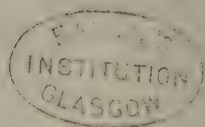
DEAL



Scale of Feet
0 500 1000 1500 2000

W. & A. R. To the Dept. of the Admiralty, 1872

INSTITUTION
ASSOCIATION



Folkestone have also had their advocates ; but a careful consideration of the various statements made by conflicting authorities induces us to believe that the great Roman landed his legionaries on the "plano et aperto littore" between Deal and Walmer. "Roman coins in great quantities, and other remains, have been found under the sand-banks in the neighbourhood of Deal. The coins, which are in bad condition, are chiefly of the Emperor Tacitus, who reigned in A.D. 275." Deal must therefore have been an important station at a comparatively early period of the Roman occupation.

Deal, as early as the year 1229, was esteemed within the liberty of the Cinque Ports, and annexed as a member to the port of Sandwich. Its mariners were even then in great repute for their skill and daring.

The historical associations of Deal may be summed up in a few words. Perkin Warbeck landed here in 1495, but met with a severe repulse from the men of Sandwich. In 1579, Anne of Cleves was a guest for a few hours in its castle, on her way to meet her unwilling bridegroom. The castle was built by King Henry in 1539. In August 1648 an attack was made upon it by the royalist forces, but they were beaten off by the governor, Colonel Rich. The royalist fleet lay at anchor in the Downs during the engagement, with Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.) on board. Queen Adelaide landed here on her first visit to England.

Closely connected with Deal and its history, is SANDOWN CASTLE, about half a mile north, on the low sandy shore. It is one of the many forts erected for the defence of the southern coast by Henry VIII. about 1539, when it was supposed to be the design of "divers great princes and potentates of Christendom to invade the realm of England, and utterly to destroy the whole nation of the same."

It consisted of a large central round tower, and four circular bastions with port-holes ; while it was strengthened with an additional battery on the side near the sea, which formerly was at a considerable distance from its walls. The entrance was by a drawbridge. The walls were massive, varying in thickness from eleven to twenty feet, but as a fortification it was useless against modern artillery. It was dismantled and the upper portion of the castle taken down and used for building purposes.

Its only historical interest is derived from its having been

the place of confinement of a great and good Puritan soldier, Colonel Hutchinson, who died here on the 11th of September 1664. His wife has immortalized the regicide's memory in a charmingly written biography, which has all the attraction of a romance. She states that he was imprisoned in this "lamentable old ruined place, not weather-proof, unwholesome, and damp," without crime or accusation. He was treated by the governor with considerable cruelty, and his devoted wife compelled to remain in "the cut-throat town of Deal," walking to and from the castle daily "with horrible toil and inconvenience."

Permission was obtained from the government, towards the close of the Colonel's imprisonment, for him to walk at certain hours upon the beach, where he amused himself with watching the vessels that sailed up and down the Channel, and conversing on the state of public affairs, and the eventual certain overthrow of the race of Stuarts. "When no other recreations were left him, he diverted himself with sorting and shadowing cockle shells, which his wife and daughter gathered for him, with as much delight as he used to take in the richest agates and onyxes he could compass, with the most artificial engravings."

A writer, who visited the Castle some few years ago, relates his impressions with much graphic force: "I was sitting," he says, "one evening on the beach close by Sandown Castle. While thus employed, a man came out of the castle gate, crossed the drawbridge, and passed me. In passing, he stopped a moment, and looking towards the Goodwin Sands, lying beyond the Downs, he said:

" 'The sands are very visible this evening, sir.'

" 'Are they more so than usual?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'What state are they in now? I mean, is there a firm footing on them?'

" 'O yes, you might play cricket on them. But when the tide returns, they will again become a quicksand.'

" 'Can any one see Sandown Castle now?'

" 'O yes, sir, I have just come out of it.'

"I resolved, therefore, to take a look at Sandown Castle. I crossed the drawbridge; and, passing under the dark portal, where a portcullis appears once to have been, and where there are three large holes from above, probably for the purpose of pouring shot or molten lead upon the assailants, I entered a

sort of court-yard, which runs (I think) quite round, between the ramparts and the central tower, which together form the Castle. I made my way by a ladder-stair to the ramparts, where I found a serjeant of artillery sitting upon a gun, which, by the *fleur-de-lis* upon it, seemed once to have belonged to a king of France.

"The serjeant shewed me," continues our authority, "a picture, as he said, of the 'famous Colonel Huskisson, who condemned King Charles.'

" 'I dare say, sir,' added the loyal artilleryman, 'he did it all for the best.'

" 'No doubt,' I replied ; 'but was not the Colonel's name Hutchinson, not Huskisson ?'

"The man of war looked for a moment with a mingled expression of wonder, pity, and contempt in his countenance, at the individual whose daring ignorance led him to dispute the authenticity of that legend which had been so often told without a murmur of contradiction.

" 'Do you know which was the apartment occupied by the Colonel ?' I asked.

" 'It is at the bottom of the tower, sir : I will shew it to you from the rampart. It is too dark to take you into it now ; and I don't like to open the windows for fear of the powder, as there seems to be some lightning in the air.'

"When we went round, he pointed to a window well nigh the bottom of the tower, and opening (though then the shutter was closed) upon the space between the central tower and the rampart.

" 'Is not that place damp ?' I asked.

" 'No, sir ; quite dry ; I have known troops quartered there for a considerable time.'

" 'And their health did not suffer from it ?'

" 'No, sir ; not at all.'

" 'Because I think Mrs. Hutchinson attributed the Colonel's death to the place of his confinement ; a low, damp situation near the sea, acting upon the constitution of a person accustomed to a healthy situation inland.'

" 'Why, sir, there might be a difference between being constantly confined, and merely sleeping in a place.'

"No doubt there would ; though, latterly, Colonel Hutchinson's friends obtained permission from the Secretary of State for

him to take a walk daily upon the beach. Moreover, the worthy Castellan's authority respecting the apartment in which the Colonel was confined, would seem to be as questionable as his version of the Colonel's name. Mrs. Hutchinson says it was 'a thorow-fare roome, that had five doors in it, and one of them opened upon a platforme.' Now this I take to be the room in which the picture which my guide said was Colonel Huskisson's hangs ; for that room has several doors in it, and opens upon a platform"—(*Table Talk*).

Colonel John Hutchinson was a gallant soldier of good family, and well deserved the passionate affection which his wife, a noble woman, cherished for him. He was a Puritan in religion, but no bigot ; simple in his manners, of refined tastes, and by no means narrow in his views. One of the regicides who signed the death warrant of King Charles I. ; he, at least, was not actuated by any motive of self-aggrandisement or selfish ambition. He was sincere in his patriotism and generous in his courage—altogether a man who deserved a better fate than to die in the death-damps of a miserable prison. But his wife's devotion has embalmed his memory ; and the name of John Hutchinson holds no inconsiderable place in the high record of England's Worthies.

"Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind."—*Byron*.

At Deal was born (1717) the learned Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who "could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus"—a task which she admirably performed—"and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." Through all the countryside she was regarded as a mystic "White Lady," with a wonderful power of reading the future ; a compliment to her extraordinary erudition which, we fancy, she did not estimate as highly as the praise and friendship of Dr. Johnson. Here, too, in 1753, was born William Byss, the historian of Sandwich.

The Barracks were erected in 1795. The Naval Hospital, with a frontage of 360 feet, is also used as a barrack. The

naval yard is occasionally employed. In the days anterior to the electric telegraph this was a semaphore station, corresponding with one at Betshanger. Between London and Deal there were then established ten telegraphic semaphores.

ST. LEONARD'S CHURCH, Upper Deal, is a large building, which, despite many repairs, restorations, and alterations, still retains some Norman characteristics. It contains a brass for *Thomas Boys*, d. 1560, who attended King Henry VIII. at the siege of Boulogne.

ST. GEORGE'S, in Lower Deal, consecrated in 1716 by Archbishop Wake, is noticeable for its extreme hideousness. ST. ANDREW'S, in West Street, is in better taste, and dates from 1850. The BAPTISTS' CHAPEL was founded by Captain Taverner, Governor of Deal Castle, who, having been deputed by Charles the Second's council to persecute, according to law, "the schismatics," was overcome—like Saul of Tarsus—by the force of truth, and baptized in the Delf at Sandwich, in 1663.

The rectory of St. Leonard's or Upper Deal, valued at £472, and the vicarage of St. George's, valued at £300, are in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, as is also the rectory of St. Andrew's, valued at £300.

The Deal boatmen, limited by statute to the number of fifty-six, are world-famous for gallantry and self-devotion. Not one of them but would have deserved the Roman civic crown for saving the life of a citizen! Their skill and daring are often put to the proof on this dangerous coast, for beyond the sheltered channel called the Downs, lie the treacherous GOODWIN SANDS, where, through so many disastrous winters, have been engulfed—

" A thousand fearful wrecks,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,—
All scattered in the bottom of the sea."—*Shakspeare*.

These sands lie at a distance, varying from 3 to 7 miles from the shore; are 10 miles long, and nearly 2 miles broad; and at low water are "so hard and firm" that pleasure parties often land, and cricket-matches have been frequently played, upon them. Their ancient name was *Lomea*,—i.e., loam-ey—indicating their soft, tenacious character. The channel of the *Downs* derives its name from the Saxon *dunes*, or sands; but the word *Goodwin* itself may be a corruption of the British *Gwyn*,

identical in meaning with the word *lomea*. The old tradition affirms them to have been an insulated estate, belonging to Earl Godwin, submerged in 1099 ; other accounts ascribe their formation to the vast and violent outbreak of the sea which we know to have taken place in the reign of Rufus. It is a belief among seamen that a ship of the largest dimensions, striking upon this fatal shoal, would be devoured by its quick sands in a few days. There are, however, 15 feet of sand resting here upon a foundation of blue clay. Various attempts have been made to erect upon them a permanent lighthouse ; two beacons, and a lighthouse, having been erected and destroyed in the last twenty years. There are now two floating lights ; one at the north Sandhead (5 miles north-east of Ramsgate), the other at the south Sandhead (5 miles north of the south Foreland).

Many a goodly vessel—aye, and many a stately fleet—has been wrecked on these fatal sands. We need not repeat the sad catalogue of these disasters—of which the most important was the loss of Rear-Admiral Beaumont's squadron of 13 men-of-war on the night of the 26th of November 1703, during a storm which lasted fourteen days. The usual signal that a ship has struck is, rockets sent up from the light-ships—a signal which instantly brings into action the buoyant boats and hardy arms of the Deal boatmen.

Between the sands and the shore stretches the famous channel, or roadstead of *the Downs*, a vast natural harbour, 8 miles long, and 6 miles wide, of which not an Englishman but has heard. The south wind is always dangerous here, but from other quarters *Æolus* may blow as he lists. The depth of water varies from 22 to 70 feet. It was in this channel that Blake fought with Van Tromp, on August 12th, 1652 ; here, with forty ships, he defeated Van Tromp's eighty, on November 29th ; and here the great seaman captured eleven Dutch men-of-war and thirty merchantmen, February 18, 1653. It has often been the rendezvous of our vast fleets on the eve of a great naval "campaign."

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. From Deal through Northbourne to Betshanger. Keep southward, through Tilmanstone, to Waldershare. Cross country to Sutton, and return, via Ripple, to Deal—about 13 miles. 2. Along the cliffs to St. Margaret's. Descend to the shore, and continue to Dover. Return through Griston Past Langdon, and Ringwould—not less than 20 miles. 3. From Deal, by Sandown Castle, to Sandwich. Return through Woodnesborough and Worth—equal to 11 miles. 4. To Betshanger, Knowlton, and Chiffenden. Strike across country to Woodnesborough, and return through Eastry, Ham, and Shodden—about 18 miles. 5. A long day's

excursion may be made, by rail, to Ramsgate. Returning by the coast-road, about 11 miles,]

FROM DEAL TO CANTERBURY.

Ascending from the low and open shore, whence Deal looks out upon the mast-thronged channel of the Downs, studded with ships of every rig and nation, as when the poet saw it with poetic eyes—

“ With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed ;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not why ;”—

we reach the breezy hills of SHOULDEN (population, 430), where the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, consisting of a nave, chancel, and square tower, and containing a few memorials to members of the Wyborn family, will hardly induce the tourist to tarry for any patient examination of it. To the south lies the farm and manor of COTTINGTON, which once belonged to the great Kentish family of the Criols, and is now a part of the endowments of Bethlehem Hospital.

Returning to Upper Deal, and keeping to the eastward for about a mile, we gain the village of GREAT MONGEHAM (population, 370)—*i.e.*, Monyngeham, or perhaps Monyn's ham, Monyn being a surname here *temp.* Henry III., with some fine elms scattered about its broad stretches of corn-field and meadow. The Early English church, recently restored by Butterfield, and dedicated to St. Martin, is large and handsome, with a Perpendicular tower at the west end. There is a newel staircase in one angle of the tower, which is very massive and stately. A monument in the north chancel, with figures of an armed knight and his wife, their five sons and one daughter, commemorates *Edward Crayford*, d. 1615—of the old race of the Crayfords, the site of whose mansion, west of the church, may yet be traced by the curious observer. In the chancel are some noticeable sedilia. The rectory (£469 per annum) is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[LITTLE MONGEHAM (population, 134) is the adjoining parish. It belonged to the monks of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and the rectory is in the patronage of their present representative, the Archbishop. It is valued at £350.]

From Great Mongeham, a bye-road which communicates with

the road from Deal to Canterbury, passes through the village of NORTHBOURNE (population, 880)—deriving its name from its position upon the Stour. From the hills here overlooking the valley a sea-view of great magnificence may be obtained. Ead-bald of Kent granted this manor in 618 to St. Augustine's Abbey, whose monks built the CHURCH, and dedicated it to their patron saint. The present edifice is Norman and Early English, and occupies, perhaps, the site of an older fane. Its large square tower rises from the intersection of nave and chancel. It is built of flint—the doors, quoins, and window-cases of stone. The windows are curiously different in construction. At the east end of the chancel are three lights, of which the uppermost is circular-headed. The lowest is set within an arched recess, flanked by pilasters. The west arch of the tower is richly ornamented, and pointed: the others are circular, with a broad trefoil, reversed, on the capitals of the lower pilasters. The south porch-door has an enriched tympanum, and the mason's mark on one of the stones is still tolerably distinct.

In the south transept (which was, perhaps, erected by one of the Sandys family) is a “most costly and sumptuous monument,” with recumbent effigies of an armed knight and a lady *en plein costume*, to Sir *Edwin Sandys*, d. 1639, and his wife. This monument was erected by him in his lifetime, and restored in 1830.

On the north-east point of the Downs, near Betteshanger, are the remains of an encampment formed for the forces collected under Captain Pike to watch the movements of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

BETTES-HANGER (population, 57) is hardly a village or a hamlet, but a fine PARK (Sir Walter James, Bart.), a few cottages, an interesting Norman church, and a pleasant valley sheltered by a belt of verdant hills. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a small Norman edifice—nave, chancel, and wooden turret—recently restored by Mr. Salvin. The south door has a circular arch, enriched with a zig-zag moulding. A small mortuary chapel, or mausoleum, by Scheemakers, commemorates Admiral *Morrice*, d. 1740.

A road to the right, leading in a direct northerly direction

to Sandwich, passes the considerable village of EASTRY (population, 1126), which stands on rising ground in the centre of a cluster of small hamlets. It was the place where the kings of Kent resided in early times. It now contains a High Street, Church Street, Brook Street, and Mill Lane, where stands the Union Workhouse, with its pretty little Chapel, built of the stones of Sandown Castle. South of the village is a large pond called Buttsole, and on the hill above is a picturesque and well-arranged Cottage Hospital. East of the road leading to Buttsole, about the year 1792, some workmen in digging out a cellar, came upon skeletons and other remains, indicating the existence of a Saxon cemetery at this spot. Other similar remains have since been found in the triangle formed by the Lynch, the "Five Bells" Inn, and Buttsole. At Eastry it was, as Simeon of Durham relates, that Ethelbert and Etheldred, two cousins of Egbert, king of Kent, were murdered with his connivance, about A.D. 670, by one of his courtiers, who buried their bodies under the king's own canopied seat in the hall of the palace, which probably occupied the site of the present EASTRY COURT, an interesting old house, with pleasant gardens tastefully laid out, which stands on the N. side of the church. The chapel of the Court now forms part of the kitchen offices. A subterranean passage, supposed to lead from Eastry Court to the parish church adjoining, has been bricked up in recent times. There is still a curious dark chamber in the roof at the N.W. corner of the house, with a large fireplace but no window, that has doubtless been used for purposes of concealment in troublous times. The CHURCH, dedicated to the B. V. Mary, is long and lofty, though somewhat narrow in proportion to the length. It consists of chancel, nave, with N. and S. aisles, S. porch, Western tower, with extensions of the aisles, and W. porch; and is chiefly Early English in character, though the W. door and some other parts show indications of Norman work. It contains some very good (modern) stained glass in the chancel; some interesting medallion frescoes over the chancel arch; and a curious incised circle, supposed to date from the 14th century, on one of the pillars. There is one fairly good brass to *Thomas Nevinson*, Esq., 1590, in the midst of the chancel before the altar, but no others of much importance.

In the lane leading to Woodnesborough there is a somewhat

interesting cavern cut out of the chalk, which the proprietor sometimes lights up for the inspection of visitors.

One mile south of Betshanger is **TILMANSTONE** (population, 447), where the only object of interest is the **CHURCH**, anciently part of the possessions of the chivalrous knights of St. John. A small antiquated building, dedicated to St. Andrew, which contains a nave, a chancel, and dwarf western tower. There is a figured brass for *Richard Fogg*, d. 1598, and *Anne*, his wife. A grave-slab commemorates another *Richard Fogg*, d. 1680, whom Hasted speaks of as "the father of fourteen children, famous(?) for his poetry and skill in heraldry." The stained glass in the east window is curious, and appears to have some reference to the legendary history of the Knights Hospitallers; a knight, whose shield bears a cross, thrusts a lance through the jaws of a beast lying at his feet. The second figure is a young man crowned. A third shews an older man crowned, and holding a globe and sceptre, who seems to be weeping. An aged man, kneeling, bears on his shoulder an infant (Jesus), holding a globe and sceptre, to whom he is looking up. The south window presents a palmer bearded, with book and staff in his hands.

The vicarage of Tilmanstone, worth £260, is attached to the see of Canterbury.

Resuming our road to Canterbury, we pass, at $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Deal, the beautiful demesne of **KNOWLTON PARK** (Admiral D'Aeth). Its stately mansion, on a gentle ascent, looks over a noble breadth of fair inland scenery and the sheeny waters of the distant Channel. It was built by Sir Thomas Peyton, d. 1684. The estate was afterwards in the possession of Admiral Sir John Narborough, whose two sons—Sir John and James—were both lost with their father-in-law, the gallant Sir Cloudesley Shovel, off the rocks of Scilly, October 22, 1707. The park, which is finely wooded, and changes agreeably from hill to dale, and lawn to grove, contains about 200 acres.

The village of **KNOWLTON** (population, 27) is half-a-dozen houses, prettily situated on the skirts of the park. The **CHURCH**, dedicated to St. Andrew, adjoins the gardens in the rear of the mansion, and is a small building, with a nave, chancel, and small wooden tower. The altar-tomb, of richly sculptured marble, representing a ship driven upon the rocks in

a violent gale, commemorates Sir *John Narborough* and *James Narborough*, wrecked with Sir *Cloudesley Shovel* on the rocks of *Scilly*, October 22, 1707. There are also noticeable monuments to Sir *John Narborough*, their father, d. 1688, and his daughter, Lady *D'Aeth*, d. 1721.

The rectory, valued at £150, is in the patronage of Admiral *D'Aeth*.

Just beyond *Knowlton Park* we enter the confines of the parish of CHILLENDEEN (population, 140), the road descending into a considerable valley or "bottom." It contains about 160 acres of chalky soil. The CHURCH is dedicated to All Saints. The archway, enriched with a zigzag moulding over the north door, is Norman. The patronage of the rectory (£130 per annum) is in the hands of the Rev. J. Coling.

[About half a mile from Chillenden, a bye-road to the right leads up an ascent to STAPLE (population, 590). The CHURCH, dedicated to St. James, consists of a nave, chancel, north aisle, remarkable font, and western tower-steeple. The Groves mortuary chapel has a circular painted ceiling, and contains some memorials of the Lynch family, long the proprietors of the manor of Groves.

From this point the tourist may strike across the country to ASH (population, 2096), on the Sandwich road; but we shall include it in our description of Sandwich and Richborough.]

Returning to the high road, we reach, 7 miles from Canterbury and $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Deal, the village of GOODNESTON (population, 392)—anciently Godwinston, *i.e.*, Godwin's ton—situated in a pleasant countryside, and circled with some noble elms. Adjoining are the fair grounds of GUNSTON HOUSE (the Rev. Sir George Bridges), which was rebuilt by Sir Brook Bridges, *temp.* George III.

The CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Cross, contains a chancel, transept, nave, south aisle, and western Perpendicular tower, and was erected by one of the Boys family, of Bonnington, in this parish, *temp.* Edward III., but has been considerably modernized. Over a blank window of the south aisle is a curious sculpture of a sow with a litter of pigs, and another sow sitting upright, with an infant in swaddling clothes in its lap, fastened by a chain to a rock behind. There are brasses for *William Goodneston*, d. 1423; *William Boys*, and *Isabel*, his wife, d. 1507; and *Thomas Engeham*, and *Elizabeth*, his wife, d. 1558. A monument, with kneeling figures, records the virtues of Sir *Edward Engeham*, d.

1636. In the south chancel observe the monument to Sir *Thomas Engeham*, d. 1621; he married a daughter of famous Mrs. Anne Honeywood, who, "hardly escaping martyrdom in Queen Mary's reign, lived to see about 400 descended from her." There is also a monument to *Brook Bridges*, d. 1717, who repaired and adorned the church.

The perpetual curacy, valued at £201, is in the gift of Sir B. W. Bridges, lord of the manor.

About 3 miles west of Goodneston lies, at the foot of a hill, the village of ADISHAM (population, 401), conferred, about 616, by Eadbald of Kent on the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, *ad cibum*, that is, for their refectory, subject only to three secular services—repelling invasions, and repairing bridges and castles. From these burthens no one was exempt, and, therefore, they were usually called the *trinoda necessitas*. As this exception was made in all Saxon grants to the church, it was usual, instead of a long examination of privileges, rights, and liberties, to insert the letters L.S.A., that is, *Libere sicut Adisham*, free as Adisham from all tribute and exaction.

The views from the Adisham Downs embrace the whole of Eastern Kent—its towns and villages, its gray church towers, its embowered mansions, its hills, meadows, and valleys—a landscape of which an Englishman may be justly proud as peculiarly English in character, and unrivalled for its rich soft loveliness and admirable fertility. Beyond stretches the glory of the sunlit sea, until the gleaming waters seem to blend with the vaporous and fleecy heavens.

ADISHAM CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Innocents, stands upon a hill. It is cruciform, with an embattled tower-steeple in the centre, and is mainly Early English in style. A piscina may be noticed in the south aisle. The font is ancient.

The rectory, valued at £952, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The new line from Canterbury to Dover traverses this parish, and proceeds south through Nonington, Womenswold, Sibertswold, Coldred, and Buckland.

Entering the valley of the Stour, we pass on our left the beautiful demesne of LEE PRIORY (Sir T. Brydges, Bart.), situated at a short distance from the river. The house which Walpole characterized as "the daughter of Strawberry, fairer than Strawberry herself," was Gothicised, under the direction of Mr. Wyatt,

about 1780-5, when it was in the possession of a Mr. Barrett. The three fronts of the house "convey an idea of a small convent;" the oriel window is, however, a mere piece of show. Sir Egerton Brydges resided here for some years, and established the well-known Lee Priory press, from which were issued so many choice and valuable reprints.

Crossing the Stour we see, to the right, the picturesque village of LITTLEBOURNE (population, 745), nearly 4 miles from Canterbury on the road to Sandwich. The monks of St. Augustine had here a vine-plantation, and at the bottom of Fishpool Hill, a number of ponds (now a wooded hollow), fed by a spring called Arrian's (Adrian's) Well, to supply the refectory with fish.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Vincent, and probably built by the monks, consists of a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and low pointed steeple. It is Early English in style. The windows have some remains of painted glass. There are no memorials of special interest. The vicarage (£200 per annum), is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury.

Half a mile farther up the river stands WICKHAM-BREUX (population, 481), deriving its affix *breux* from the family of Braose or Brewse, to whom the manor anciently belonged. The village is pleasantly built round a green, which the bright waters of the Little Stour enliven.

Its CHURCH, dedicated to St. Andrew, consists of a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and square Perpendicular tower. The east window contains some fragments of richly coloured glass, especially representing Herod's daughter beheading John the Baptist. There is a brass for *Henry Welde*, rector, d. 1420. Admiral D'Aeth presents to the rectory, which is valued at £790 yearly.

On the other side of the Stour is ICKHAM (population, 586), anciently YECKHAM, "from the Saxon *yeok*, a yoke of arable land, and *ham*, a village." The trout here have an excellent reputation for colour and flavour, and as the scenery in this neighbourhood is very charming, the angler will do well to spend a few days at Ickham. On the west side of the river, near Littlebourne, is the ruined chapel of WELL.

The CHURCH is dedicated to St. John. It is large and hand-

some, with a chancel, transept, nave, north and south aisles, and elegant spire steeple. An altar-tomb, under an arch in the scuth wall, with the recumbent effigy of a knight in armour, is supposed to commemorate *Thomas de Baa*, temp. Edward I., lord of the manor of Baa or Bay. A grave-slab, with an almost illegible inscription in Norman-French capitals, was designed to perpetuate the name of *Martin de Hampton*, rector, d. 1306. The Lee chapel (attached to the manor of Lee Priory) contains some interesting memorials; especially a recumbent effigy on an altar-tomb of *Richard de la Legh*, temp. Edward I., and a monument to Sir *William Southland* of Lee, d. 1638. There was formerly a chapel here, dedicated to St. Thomas, where a light was kept perpetually burning, and eighteen stalls were set up in the chancel of the church for the use of the prior and monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, when they made their visitations.

This is one of the richest livings (£997) in the county, and is attached to the see of Canterbury.

FROM DEAL TO SANDWICH

The country between Deal and Sandwich is chiefly notable for its dullness. The tourist, indeed, should leave the road, and descend as quickly as he can to the shore, or he will find his view of the sea shut out by a range of low bare hillocks of sand. "A dismaller walk, in proportion to its length, a pedestrian would not wish for on a wet day. By way of cheering him, perhaps, he may notice a monument that stands by one of the footpaths, in the shape of a gravestone, with an inscription recording the murder of some luckless wight on this spot"—(*Thorne*). About 2 miles from Deal the road suddenly turns inland, and crossing a small branch of the Stour, enters Sandwich.

A pleasanter route, however, may be indicated. Let the tourist leave Upper Deal by the Canterbury road, and at about 2 miles from the town turn to the right, and proceed northward through Ham, Worth, and St. Bartholomew. Woodnesborough lies to the west on a bye road, and should certainly be visited. Of these villages we shall speak briefly.

HAM (population, 36) is a small cluster of houses on a considerable hill, which overlooks the town of Deal, and the ship-

thronged roadstead of the Downs. The Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. George, is a simple but ancient and interesting building, consisting of a nave, chancel, and small pointed wooden turret. The living, a rectory, valued at £200, is in the patronage of Sir W. C. James, Bart.

After leaving the church and its few adjacent cottages, we descend the hill, cross Ham Bridge, and enter the parish of WORD or WORTH (population, 471), from the German *würth*, and Saxon *wyrd*, a plot of ground bordering upon water. Here are two streams, called the North and South Streams, which roll through the marshes in a north-westerly direction. The latter was the famous "water of Gestling," once rendered tidal by the sea, and noted for being the water wherein felons suffered the punishment of drowning, the tide bearing away their bodies into the Channel.

The Early English church, dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul, has a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and low wooden turret. A tomb in an arched recess of the chancel wall is ancient, but has neither date nor inscription. The vicarage, valued at £375, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

WOODNESBOROUGH (population, 813), or Woden's borough, occupies elevated ground, from which spring several streams flowing through the low land, in various directions, into the sea and the Stour. Near the church rises Woodnesborough Hill, evidently an artificial mound, and connected, perhaps, with the sacred ceremonies of the Saxons; though some authorities suggest that it is the burial-place and monument of Vortimer, others that it commemorates the slain in the great battle fought between Ceoldred of Mercia and Sua of Wessex, A.D. 715. Saxon sepulchral remains have been found here; and that this was an important Saxon settlement can scarcely be doubted.

The CHURCH is dedicated to St. Mary, and contains an ancient Early English tomb without name or date, and brasses for Sir *John Parcar*, vicar, d. 1513; *Nicholas Spencer*, d. 1593, to whom some Latin verses are consecrated; and *Mytchelle Heyre*, "sumtyme vicar of this church," d. 1528.

The vicarage, valued at £450, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester. Upton, the editor of "*Spenser*," held this living from 1737 to 1747.

We now push on to Sandwich, and enter the town by the HOSPITAL of ST. BARTHOLOMEW, a curious little hamlet of sixteen small houses and small gardens, with a pretty Early English chapel, which contains one or two interesting monuments, especially the altar-tomb and effigy of its founder, Sir *Henry de Sandwich*, 1244. A strange old town—a sort of memorial to the dead England of the feudal days—a noiseless, motionless, sleepy town, which seems to have been suddenly disinterred from its years-long grave, and not to have thoroughly roused itself into life and action! “Some half-dozen vessels of moderate burden,” says a graphic writer, “are seen on each side as you cross the bridge, and you take it for granted that within the town there will be the bustle usual in a seaport. Instead of this, however, there is a lifeless quiet, more marked than in many a country village of the smallest size and most sequestered situation. Unless on a market morning (which occurs once in a fortnight), you may walk from end to end of the long dreary High Street, and scarcely meet an individual; and if you meet one, he is sauntering listlessly along, as though there were nothing in the world for him to be doing. Still, Sandwich is hardly a place that a stranger would pass an hour in without wishing to know something more about. The streets are narrow and irregular, the houses generally rude, mean, and low; but then the streets cover a considerable space, the houses many of them are old, and appear to have been of a better grade, and the churches shew signs of having belonged to a more important place, and a more active population than they now do.” Something more of life and business has, however, been flung into the town, and galvanized it into a show of activity, by its communication with “the outer world” being improved. All honour to the railway!

SANDWICH.

[*Population*, 2846. *Hotels*: The Bell, Fleur-de-lis. 16 m. from Canterbury; 98 m. from London by rail; 13 m. from Dover.]

Few towns in England have undergone a greater and more striking change than Sandwich. It is now two miles from the sea, and the river on which it stands is only navigable for ships of small burthen; and yet it was formerly one of the wealthiest of our English ports. The marsh below the town is still called the

Haven, but the Stour meanders through it in so sinuous a course that its mouth is four miles distant from the town.

Mention is first made of Sandwich by Eddius, in his *Vita Wilfredi*, in which he says that the great missionary-priest and his company happily and pleasantly landed here—"prospere in portum Sandwich, atque suaviter pervenerunt"—about the year 666, after his mission to the Frisians. As the neighbouring PORTUS RITUPINUS declined, so Sandwich rose in importance. Here the Danes made continual incursions ; here, in 851, King Athelstan captured nine of their galleys ; and so highly was its position esteemed that Ethelred the Second decreed that every man possessing 310 hides of land should maintain a vessel at Sandwich. Ethelred visited the port in 1008 ; Sweyn in 1013 ; Canute in 1014, 1016, and 1023, when he bestowed it on the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury. Weak-minded Edward the Confessor fitted out a fleet here in 1052, but many years before, the writer of the *Encomium Emmæ* (the Life of Queen Emma), pronounced it—"omnium Anglorum portuum famosissimum"—of all English harbours the most important. In the Confessor's days it contained 307 houses ; in the Conqueror's, 383. It was made one of the Cinque Ports, and the principal rendezvous of the Cinque Ports fleet, to which, at first, it contributed 5 ships—*temp.* Edward II., 22.

In 1046, "Lothen and Irling came with 25 ships to Sandwich, and there took unspeakable booty in men, and in gold, and in silver, so that no man knew how much it all was." This was not the only hostile attack from which it suffered. It was burnt in 1217 by King Louis, who is said to have landed here with 600 ships. In August 1457 it was surprised at night by 4000 French, under Marshal de Brèze, but the Earl of Warwick came to the rescue, and they were driven back with terrible loss. The visits of royal, or eminent persons, have also been of frequent occurrence. "Thus, on the 20th of March 1194, Richard I., on his return from imprisonment, landed here, and in token of gratitude for his deliverance, walked on foot from hence to Canterbury. Here, too, it was that Edward the Black Prince landed, in 1359, with his royal captives. It was from Sandwich that Thomas à Becket took boat, on his flight from England, in November 1164 ; and here he landed on his return, thirteen months afterwards"—(*Thorne*). Queen Elizabeth included it in one of her royal progresses, August 31st to September 3, 1573.

Meanwhile, the town had been rapidly falling into "the sere and yellow-leaf." From between 800 and 900 houses, and a naval force of 1500 mariners—from being able to fit up and despatch to sea 15 armed ships of war—it sank into comparative poverty and decay. The river Stour, or, as it was then called at this point, the Wantsume, gradually failed in its waters, and the sand accumulated with terrible rapidity. A "caryke that was sonke in the haven, in Pope Paulus' tyme, did much hurt to the haven, and gathered a great bank." In the time of Edward VI. there were but 200 houses in the town.

In the reign of Elizabeth it suddenly took a fresh lease of life, not as a maritime, but as a manufacturing town. The Walloons, driven to England by the fire and sword of persecuting bigots, settled themselves here—"workers in serges, baize, and flannel"—to the number of 406, and gave an extraordinary impetus to its prosperity. Some of these "gentile and profitable strangers," as Archbishop Parker named them, cultivated market-gardens, and grew a notable species of celery. Their descendants lived here in Pennant's time. The marshes in the neighbourhood—the scene, in the old smuggling days, of many a successful "run"—are still called by the Flemish name of "polders." But other districts became the site of our manufactures in cloth and wool, and Sandwich once more toppled from its high estate. No other Queen progressed through its streets like Queen Elizabeth, to encourage its inhabitants, and commend the speeches and verses which they addressed to her. Perhaps, a Board of Railway Directors may now-a-days do quite as well.

Sandwich was first incorporated by Edward III. by the name of "the reeve, jurats, and commonaltie," and continued so incorporated until Charles II. granted it a new charter, which created a mayor and twelve jurats, who were, *ex officio*, justices of the peace. The CUSTUMAL of Sandwich, first written in 1301, but evidently referring to privileges and customs of an earlier date, may be found in Boys' History of Sandwich, and contains some curious illustrations of life and manners in the "good old times." The title of Earl of Sandwich has been borne by the Montague family since it was conferred on the gallant sea-captain of Charles the Second's time. Who does not remember that notable First Lord of the Admiralty, the patron of Captain Cooke, and the inventor of "Sandwiches?"

The town of Sandwich is in shape an oblong, occupying an area elevated only a few feet above the surrounding marshes. The streets are narrow, and jostle one another with a curious irregularity. The houses are mostly of an ordinary character, while a few preserve their old-world aspect. Of the walls which once encircled them, a broad promenade, commanding some quaint Flemish-like pictures of "still life," is the only trace. Of their five fortified gateways, only one—Fisher's, or Key Gate, towards the haven—remains. Canterbury Gate was demolished in 1780; Woodnesborough, New, and Sandown Gates, at different times within the last half-century.

The GUILDHALL is a small Elizabethan building of two stories, containing a council-chamber. In the interior of the town there are some good samples of old street architecture. "The wood carving on a house in Strand Street may be especially pointed out; and another ancient house in the same street, said to have been occupied by Queen Elizabeth when she visited the town in 1572, contains a room of that period, with an extraordinarily fine carved chimney-piece. In a house in Lucksboat Street there are twenty-two panels in oak, with very spirited carvings of grotesque heads, supposed to be of the time of Henry VIII."—(*Wright*).

The only remains of Sandwich Castle, which formerly stood on the south side of the town near Sandown Gate, are the foundations which are now threatened with removal. It was bravely defended in 1471 against Edward IV. by Falconbridge and his men; and, on promise of pardon, finally surrendered, together with 13 ships. The PRIORY, for Carmelite or white monks, founded by Henry Cowfield, a German, in 1272, was afterwards largely endowed by William, Lord Clinton, *temp.* Edward I. The buildings were considerable, and the church was very stately. It became the place of sepulture of the principal townsmen. Its site and estates were granted by Henry VIII. to Arden of Feversham.

ST. THOMAS'S, *alias* ELLIS'S HOSPITAL, was founded in 1342 by a wealthy draper, named Thomas Ellis, in honour of Thomas à Becket. It maintains eight poor men and four poor women, who must be above fifty and unmarried. The present hospital is a modern building.

ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, on the north-west side of the Corn Market, was certainly founded before 1280, but by whom is unknown. Its brethren were wont to solicit alms in the churches, and of the herring-fishers collected in the harbour. It had a range of small rooms, called the Harbinge, wherein travellers were lodged and entertained as at Winchester and Rochester.

This dull and antiquated town is not without its worthies : here were born Henry of Sandwich, Bishop of London, 1262 ; Admiral Rainier ; Burchett, author of a laborious "History of the British Navy ;" and Sir John Mennes, a noted traveller. Here, too, was born Sir Roger Manwood, the son of a draper—"a goodly and pleasant gentleman,"—who became Queen Elizabeth's Baron of the Exchequer ; "erected and endowed a fair free school at the place of his nativity ;" and died in 1593. This GRAMMAR SCHOOL was founded in 1563-66, and its rules and ordinances were drawn up by Sir Roger himself. The books to be used are "the Dialogs of Castilio, the Exercises of Aphomius, Virgill's Eglogs, or some chaste poet, Tully, Cæsar, and Livie.' Of the scholars to be taught in the school, the children of the inhabitants "were to be freely taught, without anything taken but of benevolence, at the end of every quarter, towards buying of books for the common use of the scholars." Richard Knolles, whose "History of the Turks" was commended by Dr. Johnson, and eagerly devoured by Byron, was the third master, and nominated by Sir Roger.

The SCHOOL HOUSE is a quaint, old, high-gabled building, not at present devoted to its original purpose.

Let us now turn our attention to the Churches of Sandwich. They are three in number, and respectively dedicated to St. Mary, St. Peter, and St. Clement.

ST. MARY'S, a vicarage, worth £117, and ST. CLEMENT'S, a vicarage, worth £310, are both in the gift of the Archdeacon of Canterbury.

ST. PETER'S, a rectory, worth £144, is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH is situated in Strand Street, and occupies the site of a building raised by Queen Emma. Its steeple fell in 1667, and brought down with it a great portion of the interior of the church, which was then reconstructed in the ungainly architectural fashion of the day, but contains several interesting features for the antiquary. The present low

steeple over the south porch was erected in 1718. The font is octagonal with Decorated faces, and the letters CW. II. RS. DE. 1C. PoD. 1662. The monuments are too numerous for recapitulation. A large stone, despoiled of its brasses, commemorates Roger Manwood and his family; a monument of stone, with kneeling figures, *Abraham Rutton*, d. 1608, and his wife Susan. A recessed monument, under an arch in the north wall, is dedicated, it is said, to Sir William Loverick, of Ash, and Emma his wife, great benefactors to this church after it was burnt by the French, *temp.* Henry IV.

ST. PETER'S, which stands in the centre of the town, has an interesting crypt and some fine mediæval tombs. Its steeple fell down on Sunday, October 13, 1661, and demolished the south aisle, of which the ruins remain. The tower was rebuilt, and contains an ornamental window of geometrical design. Among the ruins of the south aisle were portions of a handsome tomb, under an arch in the wall, to Sir John Grove, *temp.* Henry VI. In the north aisle there are several memorials. A brass for *Thomas Gilbert*, d. 1597, and a coffin-shaped stone, decorated with a cross resting on an heraldic armorial for *Adam Staunar*, priest. An Early English recess incloses a tomb, supporting recumbent figures of a man and woman, to *Thomas Ellis*, merchant, who founded, about 1392, St. Thomas's, or Ellis's Hospital. In 1564, this church was appropriated to the Walloons. The curfew is rung here daily.

ST. CLEMENT'S is the largest and handsomest church in Sandwich. Its low Norman tower stands in the centre, and is ornamented on each side with an exterior arcade of three ranges of arches. It was formerly surmounted by a spire and surrounded with battlements, but these were removed about 1670-3.

The *Miserere* stalls in the chancel are said to have belonged to a religious fraternity which carried in procession through the town, on his annual festival, the figure of St. George. The nave has its ceiling of oak richly carved. The north and south aisles terminated in chantries. North of the tower stands the font, an octagonal basin, with a stone shaft,—ornamented with the arms of England and France, with eight grotesque faces, and fruits, flowers, and foliage. Both font and ceiling are of the time of Henry VII. There is a brass to *Elizabeth Spencer*, d. 1583; and a mural monument, with the figure of a woman kneeling,

for *Frances Rampston*, d. 1611. The Dutch residents, in the 17th century, were allowed to hold their services in this fine old church, upon payment of 40s. yearly, and afterwards upon bearing a third part of all expenses of repair.

From the urns and other relics which have been discovered in the churchyard, it has been concluded that it occupies the site of a cemetery formerly attached to the neighbouring town of Richborough, the Roman Ritupæ. [See EXCURSION, "A DAY IN ROMAN ENGLAND."]

FROM SANDWICH TO CANTERBURY.

The road from Sandwich to St. Augustine's city is one of no great interest, but passes through a rich and fertile country. The walk is about 12 miles in length. At 3 miles from Sandwich we reach ASH (population 2096), reminding us of the sacred tree—*Ygdrasil*—of the Teutonic mythology, and the Kentish kings, "sons of the Ash-tree." Accordingly, we find that numerous Saxon weapons and ornaments have here been excavated from Saxon cemeteries, throwing a curious light upon the manners and habits, the social and public life of those bold children of the North, the founders of Imperial England. Richborough, the ancient Ritupæ, is included in this parish; and the Decuman gate of the Roman castle is almost in a direct line with the spire of Ash Church.

ASH CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is a stately cruciform building, Early English in style, consisting of a nave, chancel, transept, north and south aisles, and a tall elegant spire which rises from the centre. The stained glass in the east window is by Willement, and the church has been recently restored with commendable care. Against the north wall is a noticeable altar-tomb, with recumbent effigies of a knight and his lady, *temp.* Edward II. His armour affords an interesting example of "the gradual change from mail to plate-armour. Instead of a mail hauberk, several successive plates of steel are rivetted on a tunic of cloth which reaches nearly to the knees. The gauntlets are formed in the same way; and between them and the elbows appear the sleeves of the leather haubeton. The short surcoat is also an early example. Meyrick assigns the date 1320 to this effigy." There is also a monument in the north wall, with the

effigy of a knight in armour, to one of the Leverick family ; and another, with figures of a knight and his wife, to Sir *John Goshall*, temp. Edward III.

The vicarage (and perpetual curacy of Trinity), valued at £365, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Three miles further, on the bank of a tributary of the Little Stour, called by the natives the Wingham River, and in "a healthy pleasant country," stands the village, or rather town of WINGHAM (population, 1083), the birthplace of *Henry de Wingham*, Chancellor of England and Bishop of London, d. 1261—"a man of merit," according to Fuller, and of "modesty and discretion." Cowper, the Lord Chancellor, was created, in 1706, Baron Cowper of Wingham.

Archbishop Peckham, in 1286, founded in Wingham Church a college for a provost and six canons. The provost's lodge adjoined the churchyard, and the lodgings for the canons, now Canon Row, were situated opposite. The inn here, which has a peculiar gable-end, seems a portion of the ancient buildings.

WINGHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a large Decorated and Perpendicular building, lately restored, and of great interest. It consists of a nave, chancel, transept, north and south aisles, and "slim spire steeple." There are a few remains of painted glass. On each side of the chancel are seven stalls, and in the pavement several gravestones, despoiled of their brasses, cover the remains of the provosts and brothers of Archbishop Peckham's College. The south chancel, or Dene chapel, contains an elaborate monument to the Oxendens of Dene, erected in 1682, consisting of a pyramid of marble rising out of the embraces of some weeping cherubs, whose tears are "mill-stones," and whose ugly faces are not calculated to excite much sympathy in the spectator's breast.

Elizabeth, daughter of the Marquis of Juliers, and widow of John Plantagenet (son of Edmund Earl of Kent), after having taken the veil at Waverley, was secretly married to Sir Eustace D'Ambretiscourt, by Robert de Brome, a canon of this church (A.D. 1360), for which offence both she and her husband were enjoined different kinds of penance during their whole lives. The lady had to repeat daily the seven penitential psalms, and the fifteen graduals ; once every week to wear no *camicia* (chemise), and to eat only bread and a mess of pottage ; and

once every year to visit the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. She died in 1411.

The perpetual curacy of Wingham, valued at £114, is in the patronage of Sir Brooke Bridges.

The tourist, continuing his route to Canterbury, will pass, at various distances, from Ickham, Littlebourne, and Wickham-Breux, on his right—Beaksbourne and Patrixbourne on his left. At one mile from Wingham he gains the Deal road, and crossing the Little Stour, proceeds to Canterbury.

SANDWICH TO RAMSGATE.

A short distance from Sandwich, to the right of the road, a farm-house called STONAR, on the bank of the Stour, marks, perhaps, the site of the ancient *Lapis Tituli* of Nennius, and the town of Stonar, destroyed by the French in 1385.

STONAR (population, 44) was formerly an island, encompassed by the sea and the estuary of the Wantsume.* The diversion in the channel of the latter left it a low marshy level, and the gradual rise of the port of Sandwich soon reduced it to a state of the forlornest poverty. The incursion of the French in 1385 completed its overthrow. Yet this is a spot of some historic interest. Here Vortigern defeated the Jutes; here Vortimer, it is said, was slain and buried; here landed Thurkill at the head of his ferocious Norsemen.

Continuing our way across the marshes, we enter the ISLE OF THANET—the Island of the Fire-Beacon—once completely insulated by the broad channel of the Wantsume—in Bede's time three furlongs broad, but now an insignificant stream—and soon see before us the white cliffs of Ramsgate, glittering beyond the blue waters of Pegwell Bay. Keeping now to the left, we reach a farm-house “on a strip of high ground rising out of Minster Marsh,” and pause, for this is EBBE'S FLEET, the scene of the mythical landing of Hengist and Horsa—certainly the scene of the landing of St. Augustine. In all England there is no spot which for an English Christian can possess a purer or higher interest.

* The foundations of the church of Stonar were discovered within this century.

THE LANDING OF HENGIST AND HORSA.

The landing of Hengist and Horsa is placed at *Ebbe's Fleet* by the Saxon Chronicle ; but it is doubtful whether these famous personages ever had an historical existence. "These worthies," says Mr. Wright, "appear to have belonged rather to the mythic poetry of the heroic ages of the north than to the sober annals of Saxon warfare in our island." The names are nearly synonymous in meaning, each signifying a horse, an animal revered by the Saxons, and in this sense the settlers in the Isle of Thanet may appropriately be termed "the followers of Hengist and of Horsa."

That Ebbe's Fleet was, however, an important landing-place in those pre-historic times, can hardly be doubted. Between the point where the Ramsgate cliffs terminate at Pegwell Bay and the Dover cliffs begin, at St. Margaret's, is a wide stretch of level ground, which was then in great part covered with water. "The sea spread much further inland from Pegwell Bay, and the Stour or Wensome (as that part was then called), instead of being a scanty stream that hardly makes any division between the meadows on one side and the other, was then a broad river, making the Isle of Thanet really an island nearly as much as the Isle of Sheppey is now, and stretching at its mouth into a wide estuary which formed the port of Richborough. Ebbe's Fleet is still the name of a farm-house on a strip of high ground rising out of Minster marsh, which can be distinguished from a distance from its line of trees, and on a near approach you see at a glance that it must once have been a headland or promontory running out into the sea between the two inlets of the estuary of the Stour on one side, and Pegwell Bay on the other. What are now the broad green fields were then the waters of the sea. The tradition that 'some landing' took place there is still preserved at the farm, and the field of clover, which rises immediately on its north side, is shown as the spot"—(*Stanley*). It was here, then, that conquerors or colonists would naturally seek to effect a landing.

The real nature of the Saxon colonization of Kent seems to have been much misunderstood. During those continual wars between successive usurpers of the imperial title which desolated unfortunate Britain in the latter years of Roman dominion, "the

Saxon and Roman ships had frequently ridden side by side in friendly alliance." The Romano-British fleet was partly composed, there can be no doubt, of Saxon mariners. "It is not unlikely that they had formed settlements on the eastern coast, called after them the *littus Saxonicum*, long before the Roman legions had relinquished the island. Richborough, the chief station of the Roman navy, would be the last post deserted, and a comparison of various traditions on the subject, with the few facts that are known, would lead us to suppose that these Saxon settlers came rather as the allies of the Romans than under any other character, and that they established themselves in Thanet under the protection of Regulbium and Rutupiæ, rather than in fear of those strong fortresses. As the support of the Roman power was eventually withdrawn, supremacy in the province of Britain was left to be contended for in a confused struggle between the new Saxon settlers, the older and more civilized Romano-British population, and the barbarian Picts and Scots of the north. It is not improbable even that much of the Roman population, who had long been accustomed to fight under the same banner with the Saxons in support of their own usurpers, joined with them in this new struggle for power; the two peoples must have been long in the habit of mixing together; along the Saxon coast the population was probably a *mêlée* of the two; even Roman legions in Britain consisted in some instances of Saxon, or at least of German soldiers; and when the followers of Hengist and Horsa had obtained an acknowledged right to the Isle of Thanet, their numbers and strength were soon increased by fresh arrivals from their native country. When the Roman eagle at last bid adieu to the shores of Britain, it is likely enough that Rutupiæ and Regulbium were left in their possession, and from thence, after their occupation had been for a brief period restricted to the Isle of Thanet, they issued forth to make themselves masters of a more extensive domain, the chief seat of which was established at the Roman city of Durobernum, to which the Saxons gave the name of Cantwara-byrig, or the city of the Kentish men, which it still retains under the slightly altered form of Canterbury. We have proofs that in the Isle of Thanet itself the Saxon settlers intermixed with the Roman population, in the circumstance that the two peoples are found burying in the same cemeteries; and it appears that Richborough and Reculver were favourite residences of the first Kentish kings subsequently to the adoption of Canterbury as

their capital. Richborough still continued to be the port of communication with Gaul"—(*Wright*).

THE LANDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

The years rolled on ; the Saxons extended their supremacy over all England, and divided it into independent kingdoms ; and the time came for the subversion of Paganism and the introduction of a purer faith. The reader will remember how Gregory the Great, seeing, in the market-place at Rome, "a group of three boys, distinguished from the rest by their fair complexion and white flesh, the beautiful expression of their countenances, and their light flaxen hair," inquired who they were, and whence they they came, and what their religion. Learning that they were Angli, or Angles, and from the province of Deira, he punned upon the similarity between Angli and *Angeli*, and Deiras and *de irâ Dei*, and eventually determined upon sending a mission to convert these handsome believers to the true faith. From the priory of St. Andrew, on the Cælian Mount at Rome, he accordingly despatched the Prior, Augustine, and forty of his monks as missionaries to England.

They crossed the seas in safety, and landed at Ebbe's Fleet in the Isle of Thanet. "The rock was long preserved on which Augustine set foot, and which, according to a superstition found in almost every country, was supposed to have received the impression of his footmark." There he landed—in the ends, in the angle of the world—and patiently waited to ascertain how he would be received by Ethelbert the noble-bright, great-grandson of Eric, son of Hengist, surnamed "the Ash," and father of the dynasty of "the Ashings," or "sons of the Ash-tree," the name by which the kings of Kent were known. This worthy chieftain was married to a Christian princess, Bertha of France, and through her influence only could a favourable reception be anticipated.

According to Lewis, the meeting between pagan king and Christian missionary finally took place "under an oak that grew in the middle of the island, which all the German pagans had in the highest veneration." A singular meeting !—of whose vast consequences in relation to the world's welfare neither of the principal characters could form the vainest opinion. "The Saxon king, 'the son of the Ash-tree,' with his wild soldiers round, seated on the bare ground on one side—on the other side, with a huge

silver cross borne before him (crucifixes were not yet introduced), and beside it a large picture of Christ painted and gilded, after the fashion of those times, on an upright board, came up from the shore Augustine and his companions, chanting, as they advanced, a solemn litany, for themselves and for those to whom they came. He, as we are told, was a man of almost gigantic stature, head and shoulders taller than any one else; with him were Lawrence, who afterwards succeeded him as Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter, who became the first Abbot of St. Augustine's. They and their companions, amounting altogether to forty, sat down at the king's command, and the interview began."

The influence which "old associations" exercised upon the minds of these gallant missionaries is curiously shewn in the names of the Saints to whom the earlier Kentish churches were dedicated. Thus, the tourist will not fail to remark a St. Andrew—in remembrance of Gregory the Great's monastery upon the Cælian Hill; St. Peter and St. Paul—after the two apostles of the city of Rome; St. Martin, St. Augustine, and St. Lawrence. A Kentish church, in this immediate neighbourhood, if consecrated to either of these saints, advances an almost indisputable claim to a great antiquity.

Up to the beginning of the present century the rock was preserved on which Augustine set his foot when landing, and which was supposed to have received the impression of his footmark; though it was called, of later years, "St. Mildred's rock,"—an evidence of the popularity of that "nardi flua virgo" whose fame in the Isle of Thanet eclipsed, at one time, that of Augustine himself. Compare the tradition of the footmark of Mahomet in the Mosque of Omar, and that of his mule on Sinai. The stone was thought to possess the power of flying back to its original place if ever removed—(*Lambarde*). It became an object of pilgrimage, and a little chapel was built over it.

From this point we cross, through some blooming meadows, to MINSTER (population, 2062), where there is now a station on the railway between Canterbury and Ramsgate. Opposite the leaf-encircled church rippled, in the old days, the waters of Minster creek, beneath the keels of the galleys bound for Minster. It is now a tract of well cultivated ground.

A curious legend is connected with this place. Egbert, king of Kent, had commissioned his favourite and chief officer

Thunor to murder his two cousins, whose claims to the crown were not inferior to his own. Thunor executed the bloody deed, and buried the bodies in Ethelbert's hall of state. The place of concealment was revealed by a supernatural light which always hovered about it, until Egbert, alarmed into repentance, sent messengers to Dompneva, sister of the murdered princes, to pay the blood-money (*wergyld*), and solicit her forgiveness. The royal lady asked for land whereon to found a monastery, and the king granted her as much as a hind could run over at one course. In the presence of the king and his nobles this race was carried out. Thunor endeavoured to stop the fleet creature by riding across her path; but the earth suddenly yawned wide, swallowed him up, and flung him into the infernal shadows to keep Dathan and Abiram company. The spot was long known as Thunor's Leap. In all, the hind ran over 48 carucates, or plough-lands (nearly 10,000 acres), keeping her course direct across the island, in a line marked out by the broad bank, or lynch, since called "St. Mildred's Lynch."

On the land thus acquired, Dompneva founded a nunnery for seventy nuns, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary. Its church was consecrated by Archbishop Theodore (about 670). Dompneva herself became the first abbess, died, and was buried in her pious foundation. She was succeeded by her daughter Mildred, who acquired a wonderful reputation for holiness of life, and after her death was canonized. Eadburga, the third abbess, built a larger and statelier nunnery, which was consecrated by Archbishop Cuthbert, and dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul, and to its church she removed, about 750, the body of St. Mildred, at whose tomb many miracles were afterwards performed.

The nunnery flourished exceedingly until 1011, when it was destroyed by the Danes under King Sweyn, who put to the sword its nuns and abbess. King Cnut bestowed its site and endowments, as well as the body of St. Mildred, upon the monks of St. Augustine. At first the sacred corpse refused to move, and when at last it yielded to the abbot's prayers, he was compelled to bear it away by night and in great haste, to escape the wrath of the men of Thanet.

MINSTER CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a noble building, erected by the monks of St. Augustine, and comprising a nave, north and south aisles, transept, chancel, and lofty spire. The nave is Norman; the chancel and transept Early English. There

are eighteen collegiate stalls in the chancel. At the north end of the transept is the tomb of Edila de Thorne, despoiled of its brass. In the south aisle of the nave is shewn the old Bible-pew, with a fragment of a brass-bound cover still chained to the woodwork. Two large altar-tombs of black marble are richly sculptured with death's heads and similar emblems. There is an ancient iron-bound chest, with an oaken lid, preserved here.

On the top of the spire was formerly a globe, surmounted by a great wooden cross, over which was a vane, surmounted in its turn by an iron cross. These were removed by a noted fanatic, Richard Culmer, or "Blue Dick," who obtained a grant of the sequestration when Méric Casaubon was ejected. He "got these crosses demolished by two persons of the parish, whom he had hired, after he had himself, before day, by moonlight, fixed ladders for them to go up and down, from the square of the tower to the top of the spire."

The vicarage of Minster, valued at £733, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

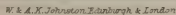
Adjoining the churchyard is MINSTER COURT (John Swinford, Esq.), which was fitted up by the monks of St. Augustine as a residence for those to whom the care of the manor was entrusted. An attempt was made to destroy it, in 1318, by their tenants, who, enraged at the levies and distresses issued by the abbot, gathered together to the number of 600, armed with bows and arrows, swords and staves, set fire to the gates, and kept the monks imprisoned for the space of fifteen days.

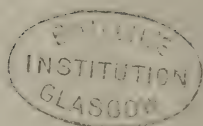
Of the ancient buildings, the remains are few. A noble barn, or *Spicarium*, with a roof of chesnut, 352 feet in length, 47 in breadth, and 12 feet in height, was accidentally burnt in 1700. A Norman house, with a Norman window, which seems to have been the original grange, is still standing; but it is now connected with other buildings, and its interior has been completely modernized. The chapel stood on the south side of the house; the gateway, with the arms of the abbey carved upon it, on the north.

We cross from Minster into Ramsgate by way of Osengall Downs, the site of a remarkable Saxon cemetery (*See EXCURSION IV.*), and a point from which the tourist may enjoy a view of wondrous beauty, richness, and extent. Inland lie the blue hills of Kent, and rising, massive and stately, from the bosom of the valley of the Stour, the gorgeous towers of Canterbury Cathedral



EMILIO
INSTITUTION
GLASGOW






attract the eye ; while before us are the long line of the chalk cliffs and the broad silver of the Channel. To the north, over the grassy lowlands of the Medway, we catch a glimpse of the estuary of the Thames, and the low rich shores of Essex.

RAMSGATE.

[Population, 20,000. *Hotels*: The Granville ; The Albion, Hiscock's Royal, Castle, etc. 79 m. from London by rail, 72 m. by road ; 5 m. from Margate. *Baths*: The Royal, West Cliff, Royal Victoria, on the Sands ; and Royal Clarence in Bath Place.

 Steamers leave London Bridge every morning in the season for Margate and Ramsgate.]

RAMSGATE, the favourite resort of the more aristocratic order of London tradesmen, derives its name from *Ruim*, the ancient British appellation of the Isle of Thanet, and *gate*, a localism for a passage, or opening in the chalk-cliffs. Its history may be said to date from 1748, when the formation of its harbour was first decided upon, but its rise into importance as a watering-place commenced within the present century. During the season it is crowded with visitors, who lend an air of pleasant life and motion to its streets, and compensate, it is to be supposed, its lodging-house keepers for the dulness of their spring and winter.

In Leland's time there was here "a smaule peere for shyppeis," which was enlarged in the reign of George I., so that vessels of 200 tons could lie alongside. But a destructive storm on the 16th of December 1748, when a number of vessels driven from their anchorage in the Downs found shelter in this little harbour, first directed the attention of the public to its possible importance. Its present magnificent pier was therefore commenced. The LIGHTHOUSE on the west head was built in 1792, and various improvements and alterations have been, at different times, effected. At first, from the silting up of the sand, it was apprehended that the harbour would never be available for large vessels ; but Smeaton, the engineer, discovered a remedy—constructed an artificial reservoir at the harbour-head, and six sluices, which, opened at low water, completely swept away the accumulated sand and mud.

The TWO PIERS, built of Purbeck and Portland stone, cost £60,000. The east pier has a small fort at its head, and is 3000 feet by 26 ; the west pier is 1500 feet by 24. The OBELISK, near the entrance to the east pier, of massive granite, modelled

after the pyramidal wonders of Egypt, is designed to record, for the benefit of ages, the fact that George IV., of "fine-gentleman" reputation, embarked from Ramsgate for Hanover, and his return in 1821. We do not admire the adulatory tone of the inscription carved on two sides of the Obelisk, in exceedingly legible letters :—

To
George the Fourth,
King of Great Britain and Ireland,
The Inhabitants and Visitors of Ramsgate,
And the
Directors and Trustees of the Harbour,
Have erected this
OBELISK,
As a grateful record
Of his gracious Majesty's condescension
In selecting this Port
For
His Embarkation on the 25th September,
In progress to his Kingdom of Hanover,
And his happy return
On the 8th of November,
1821.

Georgio Quarto
Magnæ Britanniae et Hiberniae
Regi Illustrissimo,
Quem sui unice colunt
Venerantur Externi
Hunc Obeliscum
Oppidani villæ de Ramsgate
Et ejusdem inquilini
Quique portus gerunt curam
Quique ibidem fisco præsent
Pio animo poni curaverunt
M. DCCC. XXII.

The king on this occasion decreed that the harbour should henceforth rejoice in the epithet of "royal."

Ramsgate is finely situated. It stretches along the coast from *East Cliff Lodge*, on the N.E., to *Cliff's End Point*, on the S.W., for upwards of two miles and a half, houses of various pretensions being planted along almost the whole extent. The principal points are :—The *Lodge* (Sir Moses Montefiore) ; *Augustan Stairs* ; the *Terminus* of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway ; the crowded and lively *Sands* ; the *East Pier* ; the *Harbour*, enclosing 46 acres of water, with an entrance 240 feet wide ; the *West Pier* ; *West Cliff* ; *Jacob's Ladder*, a zigzag flight of 92 steps, leading to the beach ; the *Marine Parade* ; and

Cliff's End. Beyond spreads the pleasant fishing-cove called *Pegwell Bay*.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, 148 feet long by 68 feet wide, was completed in 1829 at a cost of £24,000. Sir William Curtis, the London alderman, of gastronomic and ungrammatical renown, lies buried here. CHRIST CHURCH was built in 1847; HOLY TRINITY in 1849. ST. AUGUSTINE'S (Roman Catholic), a fine specimen of Early Decorated, 90 feet in length, was designed by the late Welby Pugin (died Sept. 14, 1852), whose Gothic villa, named after the same saint, is situated upon the parade, facing the sea. Ecclesiastical architecture and the sea "were, in his opinion, 'the only things worth living for.' He was indifferent to the roughest weather; and rendered frequent help with his own cutter in cases of shipwreck."

What is called the OLD CHURCH was built in 1785. Among the modern buildings are ST. BENEDICT'S MONASTERY, also designed by Pugin, for twelve monks of the Benedictine order; and ST. JAMES'S HALL, in Broad Street, built in 1861.

The humours of Ramsgate Sands have been sketched with admirable vigour, truth, and effect, by W. P. Frith, R.A., in his picture of "Life at the Sea-Side," which was recently engraved for the London Art Union. A glance at that able illustration of sea-side manners and customs will save pages of verbal description.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. Along the cliff, by Broadstairs and Kingsgate, to Margate; return through St. Peter's and Upton. 2. To Minster, and thence to Monkton. Cross the island to St. Nicholas, Birchington, and Margate. Return by rail. 3. To Pegwell Bay, and thence to Richborough, returning to Ramsgate by way of Ozengall Downs, an antiquarian tour of great interest. See EXCURSUS IV. 4. Short excursions into the island will suggest themselves to every tourist, as there is scarcely a village in it but is worth a visit, either on account of its picturesque beauties or historical associations.]

This, perhaps, is a convenient opportunity for a pause in our travels, while we put together a few particulars in reference to

THE ISLE OF THANET,

which may be read in a sunny half-hour of leisure on Ramsgate's firm sands. "TENET—TANET-LOND (Saxon, *tene*, a fire or beacon), probably received its name from the many beacons or watch-fires lighted up on this important outpost, to give warning of approaching sails—

"To tell that the ships of the Danes
And the red-haired spoilers were nigh."

Its British name was RUIM, a headland (as in Rum Head, Plymouth Sound). Its fertility was not overlooked by the sagacious Romans, who had many settlements here, though the exact extent of their occupation is unknown. The Saxons (or Jutes) held it as an important position, and one of their largest cemeteries in England has been discovered at Ozengall, near Ramsgate. In Bede's time it would seem to have stretched out further seaward, and he describes it as capable of being apportioned among 600 families. It is now nine miles long from Sarre to the North Foreland, and eight miles broad between Margate and Sandwich ; has a population of 43,000, and contains 23,500 acres of arable land, and 3000 for pasturage. It is now, as the old chronicler described it, *felix tiellus sua fecunditate*—and, as the author of the Life of St. Augustine still more warmly exclaims, "*Insula arridens, bona verum copia, regni Flos et Thalamus, amenitate, gratia, in qua tanquam quodam elysio!*" The chancel of Monkton Church was formerly decorated with this eulogistic inscription:—

" Insula rotunda Thanatos
Quam circuit unda,
Fertilis et munda nulli
Est in orbe secunda! "

And the monks asserted that it had been unusually blessed by Heaven, as the asylum and scene of the early missionary labours of St. Augustine. Nor snake nor rat could pollute its hallowed ground, and it smiled with an abundance of the rich yellow corn—" *frumentariis campis felix.*" For the soil, a light mould on a chalky subsoil, enriched by the rank-smelling kelp, so plentifully afforded by the sea, can endure—is even the better for—a considerable quantity of rain ; so that, as the local couplet has it—

" When England wrings,
The island sings! "

Leland's description of Thanet is purely topographical. " It is yn lengthe," he says, " from Nordmuth to Sandwich yn strayt gorney vii myles and more, and yn brede from the river of Sture, and goith not far from Mergat, that is to say, from south to north iiii myles, and so is yn circuit, by estimation, a xvii or xviii myles. At Nordmuth, where the entery of ye se was, the salt water swellith yet up at a creek a myle and more toward a

place called Sarre, which was the commune ferry when Thanet was fully iled.

“Ther hath bene a xi paroehe chyrches in Thanet, of the which iiii be decayed, the residew remayne.

“In the ile is very little wood.

“There cum at certen tymes sum paroches out of Thanet to Reculver, a myle off, as to ther mother chyrche.

“Sum paroches of the isle at certen tymes cummeth to Minstre, being in the isle as to theyr mother and principal chyrche.

“The shore of the Isle of Thanet, and also the inward part, is full of good quarries of chalke.”

In 1563, the island contained 532 families, or about 2200 inhabitants. In 1736, when Lewis published his history of Thanet, there were 2200 families, or 9000 souls. Its inhabitants were, according to Camden, a sort of amphibious creatures, equally skilled in holding helm and plough, as having to do both with sea and land, who were little known to, and knew little of the rest of England. Lewis says, “they made two voyages a year to the North Seas, and came home from the latter soon enough for the men to go to wheat season, and take a winter thresh, which last they have done time enough to go to the sea in the spring.” But their avocations do not seem to have insured the general prosperity of the island, if we are to credit the old local description—

“Ramsgate capons, Peter’s lings,
Broadstear scrubs, and Meregate kings.”

They were notorious wreckers, and called their inhuman pursuit *paultring*, dividing the booty into *greile shares*—that is, says Hasted, cheating shares. Smuggling was also a favourite occupation, and many of the old fishermen can still point out the spots where bold and successful “runs” were made, and describe the stratagems by which the revenue officers were baffled.

Thanet bestows an earldom on the Tufton family, which dates from 1628. It has given birth to these celebrities,—Nicholas Thorne, the chronicler, a monk of St. Augustine’s, A.D. 1283; Stephen de Birchington, of Christ Church, Canterbury, author of a History of the Archbishops down to the year 1369; and Robert Jenkin, a theological writer, born at Minster in 1656. The principal families named in the Heraldic Visitations were—the Claybrokes of Manston, the Petits of Dandelion, the Johnsons of Nethercourt, the Tenches of Birchington, the Northwoods of Dane

Court, the Spracklyns of St. Lawrence, and the Paramors of St. Nicholas.

The island is divided into eight parishes :—St. Nicholas, including Sarre and All Saints ; Monkton ; Minster ; Birchington, including Wood or Woodchurch ; St. John, including Margate ; St. Peter ; St. Lawrence, including Ramsgate and Stonar.

We shall now transport the tourist by rail to MARGATE, and afterwards, deviating from our usual plan, briefly describe in alphabetical order the principal points of interest in the island, in order to accommodate equally the visitor to Ramsgate, Margate, or Broadstairs.

MARGATE.

[*Population*, 16,030.

Hotels: Cliftonville, White Hart, Royal, York, King's Head, Pier, Elephant, Kent, etc.

Distances: Deal, 17 m. ; Broadstairs, 3 m. ; Ramsgate, 4 m. ; Sandwich, 13 m. ; London, 74 m. ; Canterbury, 19 m.

Steamers: During the season there are boats from London Bridge Wharf in the morning, which call at Blackwall and Tilbury. The boat calling at Blackwall proceeds to Ramsgate.

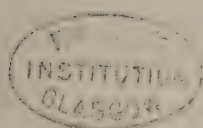
Baths: Clifton, New Town, Austen's, Philpott's, etc.]

MARGATE is, deservedly, a favourite sea-side resort of the Londoners. Its cliffs are bold and picturesque ; its sands are broad and firm ; its inland scenery is rich and varied ; and it overlooks a breadth of waters which, in their infinity of change, afford a thousand glorious prospects. Lodgings here are plentiful, and moderately cheap, and the lodging-house keepers now-a-days are hardly amenable to Peter Pindar's criticism—

“ Soon as thou gett'st within the pier,
All Margate will be out to crow ;
And people rush from far and near,
As if thou hadst wild beasts to show.”

Nor is it now “ a Bartholomew Fair”—as the poet Gray called it—“ by the sea-side.” It is less aristocratic than Brighton, but more modish than Gravesend, and the tourist may spend here a few days with considerable advantage.

Its principal buildings are the *Pier*, the *Lighthouse*, the new *Jetty*, the *Town Hall*, *St. John's Church*, *Trinity Church*, *St. Paul's Church*, Cliftonville ; *St. James's Independent Chapel*, Westgate ; the *Deaf and Dumb Asylum*, *Orphan Asylum*, *Alexandra Philanthropic*



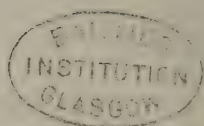
MAR



ATE

BAILLIE'S
INSTITUTION
GLASGOW





Home for the Aged, Church Institute, Hawley Square, Reading Room open to visitors, the Sailors' Observatory and Reading Room, and the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary.

The latter excellent institution is placed in a healthy spot at Westbrook—a pleasant stroll from the town. It was founded in 1792 for the relief of scrofulous patients. The enlargement of the original building becoming in a short time absolutely necessary, two hundred beds were thrown open during the summer and autumn months. The expenses thus incurred have been almost entirely defrayed by voluntary aid, and from small weekly payments from each in-patient. The majority of cases are sent from London and its suburbs, but many find their way from other parts of the country. Professor Erasmus Wilson, at his private expense, has added a new wing of imposing appearance; he has also built a handsome chapel within the walls of the institution, the windows of which will be of stained glass illustrating subjects in the gospel history bearing upon the benevolent design of the infirmary.

THE TOWN HALL is a simple but not inelegant edifice, built in 1820 at a cost of £4000, and exemplifying the characteristics of the Tuscan order of architecture. There are portraits of Margate dignitaries, and a bust of Sir Thomas Staines in the larger apartment.

THE NEW ROAD and PROMENADE from the Marine Terrace to the Parade, made at considerable cost, is an important feature in the improvements of the borough.

THE old JETTY—JARVIS'S JETTY, as it was called—was replaced in 1835 by a new and commodious structure, formed of wrought-iron girders, resting on iron columns sunk into the bed of the sea. It is 1240 feet long, and 20 feet above high-water mark. The Jetty has been considerably extended, at a cost of £25,000, and has now a *grand hexagonal promenade*, which serves as landing places for steamers and yachts.

THE stone PIER, designed in part by Rennie, was built in 1810-15—a strong, but certainly inelegant structure—greatly promotes the comfort of steamboat passengers. At the extremity of the pier, a species of double pier—for the promenade is raised considerably above the level of the part reserved for wharfage—stands the LIGHTHOUSE, an elegant columnar building of substantial stone, completed in 1829 at a cost of £800.

The old sailing hoys, immortalized by Elia in his admirable

essay on "the Margate Hoy," were wont to occupy three days and nights in their voyage from London. The first steamer made its *début* in July 1817, accomplishing the distance in nine hours. Bathing-machines as at present constituted, with their cone-like canvass awning, were first introduced by Benjamin Beale, a Quaker, and a native of Margate.

The Margate roads are much resorted to by vessels of moderate tonnage. They are protected by the well-known Margate Sands—dry at low water—whereon many a disastrous wreck has taken place. The chief buoys are at the Swatch, Woolpack, Wedge, and North Spit, which guide the mariner into what is called the Queen's Channel. Beyond it is the Prince's Channel. Off Reculver and Herne Bay the roadstead is known as the Copperas House Channel, and in the distance stretches the dangerous tract of the Flats, where at low water there is not above two fathoms.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, in the southern portion of the town, is the parochial church, and in its general character well adapted to a sea-side town. A topographical writer says :—"It is a large building of field flints, rough cast, coins, and doors, the cases and windows of hewn stone. In it there are three aisles and three chancels, of which the north chancel is dedicated to St. James. The building is low and of considerable length, and seems to have been raised at several times. The roofs of the north and south aisles and chancels are covered with lead on that side which is outermost, and on the north side of the high or middle chancel is a square building of hewn stone, with battlements, a flat roof covered with lead, and the windows guarded with a double set of iron bars crossing one another. The floor sunk four or five feet below the chancel seems, by its placing at the entrance to it just by the communion-table, to have been intended for a vestry, but it appears that for a great many years (from 1616 to 1702) this place was employed for a storehouse, in which was kept the gunpowder, shot, match, etc., for the use of the fort, and was repaired by the deputies. In the year 1700 this room was made a vestry of ; a handsome deal floor was laid even with that of the chancel, the windows were glazed, and a chimney built. At the west end stands the tower, which is small and low, with only a short spire on the top of it." There are some fine antique brasses, with dim inscriptions that tell of certain worthies of the Old Time ; *Richard Notfield*, d. 1416 ; *Nicholas Canteys*, d. 1431 ; *Thomas Smith*, d. 1443 ; *Sir John*

Daunderlyon, d. 1445, a beautiful brass of a knight in plate armour ; *Luke Spraklyn*, d. 1591 ; and *Thomas Cardiffe*, d. 1515 ; an ancient font, and richly blazoned windows. St. John's Church has lately been most successfully restored at a cost of about £7000, supplemented by numerous gifts of pulpit, lectern, gas standards, painted windows, and clock.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Cliftonville, built 1872, at the eastern end of Margate, is a Gothic structure, with square tower, and will seat about 800 persons. There is a fine reredos over the Holy Table ; and at the S. E. end a good organ by Forster and Brindley, Sheffield.

Among other objects to be noted by the tourist are TRINITY CHURCH, built in 1829—a structure of considerable pretensions, with a tower 135 feet high ; the ASSEMBLY ROOMS, a combination of Ionic basement with Doric column, which has a dancing area, 90 feet long by 43 wide ; the GROTTO, with its 1850 feet of designs in shell work ; and Sanger's HALL by the SEA and ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, with its fine room for music and dancing, afford amusement and recreation to thousands of visitors.

The CEMETERY,* comprising 8 acres of land, was beautifully laid out by the late Mr. Cormac, of whom Paxton was a pupil.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA.

[Hotels : Beach House, Nottingham Castle, Railway.]

Proceeding along the Canterbury road for a few yards, on the right hand the newly built town of Westgate-on-Sea, with its handsome villas and railway station, between St. Mildred and Westgate Bays, comes in view. The roads and promenade, gardens and sea beach, thronged with visitors during the summer months, and its rapid growth, speaks much for its success as a healthy and delightful summer retreat. An Iron Church has lately been erected.

Westgate, like most places in Thanet, as "Ingoldsby Legends"

* SALMSTONE GRANGE, a picturesque group of buildings on the road to the cemetery, was formerly a manor belonging to St. Augustine's monastery. So long as the monks had this estate they kept it in their own hands, collected the tithes, and ploughed the land with the assistance of lay brethren. The mansion-house served them for a country retirement, where the chapel and infirmary still are. On the dissolution of this monastery (Lewis tells us) it fell to the Crown, and in Queen Elizabeth's reign was given to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

remind us, has a history of its own. Lewis, in his "History of Tenet," tells us Westgate was anciently a little manor, held by William de Leybourn, 3 Edw. II. ; and from his daughter it passed to the Abbey of St. Austin's, near Canterbury. On the dissolution of the Abbey it came to the Crown, and was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas Moile, and ultimately came into possession of Sir N. Crispe.

Near the old farm-house, now removed to make way for some more stately mansion, Domneva's deer of legendary story was let loose, and ran from thence across the island, the land traversed by the hind in its course going to the enrichment of Minster Abbey, founded A.D. 630.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, Westgate, consecrated January 1873, on the Canterbury road, near the village of Garlinge, is a pretty Gothic building, with oak shingle spire and tower at S.W. corner, and is built of Kentish rag and bath stone. The eastern window, by Gibbs, is of rich stained glass, illustrating events in the life of our Lord. The organ, built by Forster and Andrews of Hull, is a handsome and sweet-toned instrument. Daundelion Gates are opposite the church porch and tower.

ENVIRONS OF RAMSGATE AND MARGATE.

BIRCHINGTON (population, 885), nearly 4 miles west of Margate, occupies a gentle ascent, well-girdled with elms, and commanding some noble views of the sea, and a fine vista through the valley of the Stour terminated by the towers of Canterbury. South of the village stands the manor house of QUEX or QUEKES, occasionally visited by William III. on his way to London, where Henry Crispe—"commonly called *Bonjour Crispe*, from his having been kept a prisoner in France for some time and never learning more French than these words"—was seized, in 1657, by a royalist named Captain Golding, who carried him off to Bruges, and detained him there until he paid a ransom of £3000. William the Third's bedchamber is still shown, though the house has been modernised and partially rebuilt.

The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, has three chancels, north and south aisles, a nave of six bays, and a tower at the north-east end surmounted by a shingled spire. The north chancel belongs to the manor of Quekes. It contains brasses to *John Quex*, d. 1449 ; *Richard Quex*, d. 1459 ; *John Heynes*, clerk, d. 1523 : *Margaret Crispe*, d. 1508 ; and an effigy for *Sir Henry Crispe*, d.

1575. In the churchyard formerly stood the WAX HOUSE, where the lights used in the church processions were fabricated.

HEMMING'S BAY, on the sea-shore here, is so called, it is said, in memory of Hemming, a Danish chieftain, who landed with his companion Anlat and their followers, in the year 1009.

BROADSTAIRS (population, 4322), lies on the east coast of Thanet, about 2 miles north-east of Ramsgate, in a position of extreme beauty. Its characteristics were admirably sketched by Dickens in an early number of *Household Words*, as those of "Our Watering Place." The present PIER, "a queer old pier, fortunately without the slightest pretensions to architecture, and very picturesque in consequence," was built in 1809, in the place of a wooden pier, erected *temp.* Elizabeth, and carried away in a violent storm. There are some relics, in the Baptist meeting-house, of the ancient chapel of St. Mary of Bradstowe (*i. e.*, the broad-place), and in passing which vessels out at sea were wont to lower their top-sails and implore the Virgin's protection. YORK GATE was the defence of the sea-passage, or broad-stairs, which gave name to this picturesque watering-place. It was built by George Culmer in 1540, and repaired by Lord Henniker in 1795. TRINITY CHURCH, a pleasant modern building, was built in 1829. Its curacy, valued at £180, is in the gift of the vicar of St. Peter's. The Broadstairs mariners, towards the close of the last century, were largely occupied in the Iceland and North Sea fisheries. *Hotels*: BALLARD'S (excellent), Albion, Nelson, etc.

DAUNDELION, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Margate, was the ancient manorial residence of the knightly family of Dent-de-Lion, one of whom is commemorated in the local rhyme referring to the bell of St. John's, Margate—

"John de Daundelyon with his great Dog,
Brought over this bell on a mill-cog."

The Dog is supposed to have been the name of his ship. On the bell itself, which is Flemish, is cut the inscription:—"Daundeleon, I.H.S., Trinitati sacra, sit hac campana beata."

The gateway, built *temp.* Henry IV., is all that remains of the ancient mansion. It is embattled, furnished with numerous loopholes, and built of brick and flint in alternate rows. Over the entrance are the armorial bearings of the Dent-de-Lions.

Roman relics of considerable value and importance were excavated under the right side of the gateway towards the close of the seventeenth century.

KINGSGATE was formerly called St. Bartholomew's, and bears its present name in commemoration of the landing here of Charles II., and James Duke of York, June 30, 1683. There are no remains of the gate and portcullis which once defended this pass. Near the cliff stands a villa, built under the superintendence of Lord Newborough, by Henry Lord Holland, in imitation of "Tully's Formian villa," which suggested to Gay the epitaph, beginning—

" Old, and abandoned by each venal friend,
Hoar Holland took the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution."

The position is certainly not adapted for an Italian villa ; bold rugged cliffs and a seething sea are scarcely the suitable accompaniments of a Ciceronian retreat ; and Pennant well remarks, that Lord Holland might truly say—

" Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formianæ
Pocula colles."

The " noble Lord " collected here some admirable antiques, but of these none are now remaining, and disfigured the grounds with some sham antiques, which, fortunately, are rapidly passing into decay. The red brick castle, ARX RUOCHIM,—Harley Tower, of flint, " built in compliment to Lord Mayor Harley," 1768,—Whitfield Tower, near Northdown, so named after a former proprietor of the estate,—the Convent, with its five cells, affording " a comfortable asylum for five poor families," have ceased to exist in their original shape. Harley Tower has been heightened and repaired as a landmark. The castle and the convent have been converted into private residences.

At HACKENDOWN BANKS, near the cliff, two large barrows were opened by Lord Holland, who found therein some human skeletons and interesting relics, and raised a curious circular tower upon the site. They are traditionally said to be the graves of certain Danes and Saxons slain here in a fierce fight, about 853,

when the Danish pirates defeated Earl Alcher and his Kentish men, and Earl Huda of Surrey.

The NORTH FORELAND (between Kingsgate and Broadstairs) is the extreme north-eastern point of Kent, and commands "a sea-scape" of wonderful magnificence. The *Lighthouse* here, 63 feet high, with patent reflectors, occupies the site of a structure of wood, with a light enclosed in a glass lantern, built by Sir J. Meldrum in 1636, and burned down in 1683. The present building was at first octagonal in shape, and two stories high; the open iron-grate at the top was fed with coals, and the fire was kept alight by the keepers, who worked at their bellows throughout the night. Two stories of brick have since been added, and the light has been greatly improved.

The North Foreland is Ptolemy's *Cantium*. Off this point was fought the great engagement, lasting four days (June 1st to 4th, 1666), between an English fleet of fifty-four sail, under Monk, and a Dutch fleet of eighty under De Ruyter and De Witt. The English were defeated, but not disgraced. For a good account of the battle, see Campbell's "Lives of the Admirals."

ST. LAWRENCE (population, 6839) parish includes the town of Ramsgate. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Lawrence, consists of a nave, chancel, transept, north and south aisles, and tower in the centre, standing on four Norman pillars, whose capitals are curiously carved. The exterior arcade is formed of small octagonal pillars. There is a good brass to *Nicholas Manston*, d. 1444, and some memorials of the Sprakelyn family are of interest. *The Granville*, a large and elegant new hotel, has been opened here for visitors to Ramsgate.

At ELLINGTON, in this parish, half a mile west of Ramsgate, was a manor-house belonging to the Sprakelyns. Adam Sprakelyn, of this family, became the hero of a fearful tragedy. Riotous living diminished his estate and inflamed his temper, and in a fit of unreasoning jealousy he murdered his wife Catherine with an axe, and slew her favourite dogs, 11th December 1652, for which crime he was apprehended, tried, and hung at Sandwich.

PEGWELL BAY, below Ramsgate, is famous for its shrimps. Paley describes, with graphic simplicity, a circumstance which he witnessed here:—"Walking in a calm evening, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark

cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it is this ;—what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure, have we here before our view!"

At this point begins the line of chalk cliffs which forms the sea-boundary of Thanet. Here, at the spur of land known as Ebbe's Fleet, landed the Jutes under Hengist and Horsa, and the monks from the Cœlian Hill, under St. Augustine.

MANSTON COURT was the residence of the Manston family as early as the reign of John. The mansion-house has been converted into a farmstead, but the remains, now overgrown with ivy, of the CHAPEL are considerable, and picturesque in character.

MONKTON (population, 388) is 7 miles south-west of Margate, and about 3 miles from the Minster Railway Station. The manor was granted by Queen Edgiva to Christ Church, Canterbury, *ad cibum*—that is, to supply the expenses of the conventual refectory. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, consists of a nave, aisle, chancel, and square western tower. The architecture is curious, from its illustration of various styles. There are remains of painted glass in the windows. A memorial to the "modest gentlewoman," *Frances Blecheden*, d. 1611, singularly states that "she enjoyed three husbands." There is a brass, without inscription, for a priest—date 1450.

The vicarage, to which the curacies of Acon and Birchington were formerly annexed, is valued at £320, and is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ST. NICHOLAS-AT-WADE (population, 604)—*i.e.*, "ad Vadum"—was one of the two great "wading-places," or fords, across the Wantsume, near the point where Sarre Bridge now stands. The village and church occupy the crest of a considerable hill, overlooking a pleasant landscape.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was probably erected by the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, about 1300. It

consists of a nave, north and south aisles, north and south chancels, transepts, and square western tower. The nave is divided from the south aisle by three Norman arches. The circular columns attached to the piers have enriched capitals. The north chancel opens into the nave with two Early English arches. The windows are all Decorated. There is a fine Early English font. The tower is late Decorated. Observe the brass to *Valentine Everard*, d. 1559, his two wives, and son. "The porch has a parvise chamber. The church is built of sea-worn flints, with much rough brick (Roman?) interspersed. The eastern dripstones of the tower-window, encrusted with nests of the 'temple-haunting martlet,' represent heads of a bishop and prior. The whole building proves the care and expense bestowed by the monks on their off-lying manors"—(*Murray*).

The vicarage of St. Nicholas-at-Wade, valued at £161, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ST. PETER'S is a delightful little village 3 miles south-east of Margate, with a fine Perpendicular church. There are three aisles and a noble chancel, with curiously carved ceiling, and a stalwart tower of flints, strengthened with stone buttresses. In the quiet churchyard—a lone, still, singularly impressive spot—there are many gravestones with the quaintest possible inscriptions. Underneath one of them lies "the Kentish Sampson," *Richard Joy*, who lived in the reign of William III., could pull against a strong horse, lift 2200 pounds weight, and do many other remarkable feats. He is made "to point a moral" in the following verses:—

"Herculean Hero, famed for strength,
At last lies here his breadth and length;
See how the mighty man has fallen!
To death the strong and weak are all one
And the same judgment doth befall
Goliath great, as David small."

The vicarage, valued at £455, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[Richborough, Osengall, and Reculver are embraced in EXCURSION IV.—A Day in Roman England, page 452.]

From RAMSGATE to ROCHESTER.

The direct route, by London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, proceeds *viâ* Faversham and Sittingbourne. The South-Eastern route—that followed here—passes through Canterbury.

We will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.—MARLOWE.

From Ramsgate we are soon borne, by rail, to Minster, through a country of which we have already given a tolerably full description. About 3 miles from Minster we pass, on our right, the village of Monkton, and on our left, across the Wantsume,

STOURMOUTH (population, 621), at the point of junction of the Stour with that once considerable river. The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is small and old, with a brass to *Thomas Mareys*, d. 1475. The font is Norman. The rectory, worth £130 yearly, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury.

Two miles south, at a short distance from the Stour, and on tolerably high ground, stands PRESTON (population, 542), *i.e.*, Priest's town—a waun which formerly belonged to the convent of St. Augustine. The CHURCH is dedicated to the Kentish virgin—*nardiflua virgo*—St. Mildred, and consists of a nave, north and south aisles, transept, chancel, and low pointed steeple. The memorials are of little interest. The vicarage, valued at £399, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury.

A mile to the eastward of Preston lies ELMSTONE (population, 66), a small and sparsely populated hamlet, with much pleasant heathy ground about it, and its church raised, like a landmark, on the brink of a hill. It is an ancient building, with a bust and monument to *Robert Saques*, d. 1671, which need not

draw the tourist out of his direct route. The rectory, valued at £240, is in the gift of W. Delmar, Esq.

We soon reach the GROVE FERRY STATION, and find ourselves in a land of strawberries. To the right, at a mile and a half distant, is CHISLET (population, 1140), upon a hill, with a prospect extending over the marshes as far as Reculver. The Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a goodly pile, with its nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and quaint turret-crowned steeple, which, stout, firm, but diminutive, springs from the intersection of nave and chancel. The chancel windows are long lancets, and the interior corbels terminate in monastic heads of remarkable vigour and fidelity, apparently portraits. There is a piscina in the south wall.

The vicarage, valued at £325, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A mile and a half west lies HOATH (population, 359), in low, damp, and marshy ground. The Archbishops had a palace at Ford, in this parish—"a habitation," says Archbishop Parker, "in such a soil and such a corner as he thought no man could delight to dwell here." Abbot retired here after his involuntary homicide; and Archbishop Whitgift often hunted in its park.

The CHURCH, or CHAPEL, is dedicated to the Virgin and the Holy Trinity. It is a small plain Early English building, with a nave and chancel, and a low square wooden turret at the west end. There are brasses for *Isabella Chakbon*, without date, and for *Anthony Maycot*, d. 1535, with figures of himself, his wife, two sons, and five daughters. Its cure is annexed to the vicarage of Reculver.

To the left of the line, nearly 2 miles south, stands the village of STODMARSH (population, 135), which, it is said, derives its name from the Saxon *stode*, a mare, and *mersc*, a marsh, denoting its situation in a mare-breeding district. The village skirts a pleasant green, watered by a small stream, which, fringed with alders and willows, rolls onward towards Wickham-breux. Its Early English church contains a nave and chancel, and low pointed turret. There is a brass for *William Barnevyle*, d. 1464, and some good painted glass in the north-west window

The deaconry, valued at £128, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

WESTBERE (population, 197) lies on the right of the line as we near the Sturry station. The village is situated on the slopes of the hill, with its church above it, and the lowlands stretching away far to the northward. Soumer thinks that an estuary of the sea formerly overflowed this level, and says that, in his time, if a well was dug or sunk to any great depth, oysters and marine shells were generally discovered. The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is a small Early English building, with a nave, chancel, and pointed wooden turret. Each side of the chancel arch is decorated with a figure, carved in stone; one represents a deformed cripple, the other "a person in the attitude of sickness." The memorials are numerous, but uninteresting.

The rectory, valued at £223, is in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor.

STURRY (population, 997)—*i.e.*, Stour-ey, or Stour island,—is about 1 mile from Canterbury, on the northern bank of the Stour, and, owing to the propinquity of the railway station, has become a busy and populous hamlet. There are some remains, near the church, of its manor-house, built *temp.* James I., as the residence of the Lords Strangford, but now a farmstead of some consideration. King Ethelbert gave the manor to St. Augustine's, Canterbury, whose abbot had here a summer palace, and threw across the Stour a bridge of stone. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is large and stately, with a Norman chancel, and a nave, north and south aisles, and lofty spire, which are mainly Perpendicular. The corbels of the windows on the outside are carved into heads, two of which, on the window at the west end of the north aisle, have been conjectured to represent King Ethelbert and St. Augustine. *Thomas Childmas*, d. 1496, a great benefactor to the church, is commemorated by a brass in the nave.

The vicarage, valued at £255, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

On the opposite bank of the Stour lies FORDWICH (population, 237)—*i. e.*, the settlement at the ford—one of the limbs or members of the Cinque Port of Sandwich. The sea poured into

this hollow prior to the great natural revolutions of North-Eastern Kent, and ships could sail up to Fordwich, and there discharge their cargoes. In the Saxon times it could boast of a collector of customs ; the Domesday Book states that, at this point, were then situated ten mills and seven fisheries ; and even in Leland's time it had "a poor mayor." It now possesses no remains of its former consideration but its notable *trout*, which Fuller eulogises in his usual quaint fashion. They differ from all others, he says, in—"1. *Greatness*, many of them being in bigness near to a salmon. 2. *Colour* ; cutting white (as others do red) when best in season. 3. *Cunning* ; only one of them being ever caught with an angle ; whereas other trouts are easily tickled into taking, and flattered into their destruction. 4. *Abode* ; remaining nine months in the sea, and three in the fresh water. They observe their coming up thereinto, almost to a day ; and the men of Fordwich observe them as exactly, whom they catch with nets and other devices."

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, has a chancel, nave, south aisle, and tall spire steeple. It stands in a low and marshy situation, near the river. There is a brass for *Afra Hawkins*, d. 1655.

The rectory, estimated at £200 per annum, is in the patronage of the Cowper family. To the earldom of Cowper was formerly attached the viscounty of Fordwich.

BRANCH ROUTE TO HERNE BAY AND WHITSTABLE.

[Herne Bay and Whitstable, 62 m. from London, are reached by London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. From Herne Bay to Sturry, 6 miles, on the South-Eastern line, conveyances may be had.]

We pass through a pleasantly-wooded country, and across a tract of open gorse-covered heath, to

HERNE, situated about 2 miles inland from the watering-place of Herne Bay, a village of some size. Its CHURCH is a large and handsome building, Decorated and Perpendicular in style, dedicated to St. Martin, and consisting of a nave, north and south aisles, transept, north and south chancels, and square Perpendicular tower. The octagon stone font is Decorated. The brasses are in tolerable preservation, and commemorate *John Darley*, vicar, "qui pater morum fuit, et flos philosophorum ;" *Peter Hall*, d. 1420, and *Elizabeth*, his wife—the

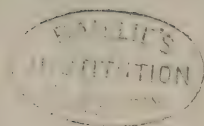
former a good specimen of complete plate armour ; Lady *Fineaux*, d. 1539 ; and *Christine Phelps*, d. 1470, whose husband was the Lord Mayor of London who led the London trainbands to the field of Barnet, and was knighted for his services. Her hands are outspread, so as to form a cross, and the inscription calls upon us to “pray for the soul” of the worshipful lady “who has departed from this vale of sorrow”—*qui migravit ab hac valle miseriæ*. There are also brasses for *Anthony Loverick*, d. 1511, and *Robert Sethe*, d. 1572.

Nicholas Ridley, the Protestant martyr, Bishop of Rochester, was vicar here from 1538 to 1549, and caused the “Te Deum Laudamus” to be sung in Herne church for the first time in English. On resigning the benefice, he thus addressed his parishioners:—“Farewell, Herne, thou worshipful and wealthy parish, the first cure whereunto I was called to minister God’s word. Thou hast heard of my mouth oftentimes the word of God preached, not after the popish trade, but after God’s gospel. Oh, that the fruit had answered to the seed ! But I bless God for all that godly virtue and zeal of God’s word which the Lord by preaching of his word did kindle manifestly both in the heart and the life of that godly woman there, my Lady Fiennes.”

The vicarage, valued at £360, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Near the church is STROUD PARK (J. May, Esq.), a pleasant estate enough, and to the south-east, across Herne Common, lie the remains of FORD PALACE, the most ancient (except Canterbury) of the archiepiscopal residences once attached to the primacy. It was almost entirely rebuilt by Archbishop Moreton, *temp.* Henry VII. Here, in 1544, Cranmer entertained the portly Defender of the Faith, and here, in 1552, he revised the articles of the Protestant Faith, with the assistance of Vicar Ridley. Here, too, on the accession of Queen Mary he was arrested, and removed to the Tower.

Archbishop Parker solicited Elizabeth for permission to enlarge the archiepiscopal palace at Bekebourne, and pull down this of Ford, which he represented as “old, decayed, wasteful, unwholesome, and desolate,” but the Queen would not consent. Whitgift was wont to hunt in its park, and Archbishop Abbot chose it for his place of retirement after his unintentional homicide at Bramshill, Hampshire, where, while shooting with Lord Zouch, his arrow unfortunately smote a keeper to the death. Ford



HERNE BAY



was demolished, and its materials sold, by order of the Parliament, and though restored to the see of Canterbury by Charles II., has never been "re-edified." Part of the old gateway remains, and the sites of the fish-ponds and vineyard may still be traced.

HERNE BAY (*Hotels*: Royal Pier, Dolphin. *Pop.* 2816) is a pleasant watering-place founded in 1830. It is nearly 2 miles from Herne village; occupies a sheltered and agreeable situation; has excellent sands; is "quiet" to a fault; commands a magnificent sea-view; and boasts of a PIER 3640 feet long, built by Telford in 1831-2; and a "marine parade," 1 mile in length and 50 feet in breadth. CHRIST CHURCH, consecrated in 1840, is a neat building in the modern style. The clock-tower was the gift of Mrs. Thwaites, and cost £4000. Canary-grass, first introduced at Sandwich by the Flemish refugees, is much cultivated in this neighbourhood. On the Pudding Pan rock, it is supposed a Roman galley loaded with pottery was wrecked, as the Whitstable fishermen often dredge up fragments of red Samian ware.

Reculver (*see* EXCURSION IV.), may be visited from this point. Five miles west lies Whitstable. The Kent branch railway connects Herne Bay with Reculver, Margate, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate. About 4 miles from Herne Bay we pass

SWALCLIFFE (population, 176), Swalecliffe, or Swaycliffe, lying about a mile from the shore, in a somewhat lonesome country. The CHURCH is small, consisting only of nave, chancel, and shingled spire, and is dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The rectory, worth £292 yearly, is in the gift of the Cowper family.

WHITSTABLE (population, 4882), a long straggling town on the sea-shore, whose support is chiefly derived from its extensive oyster-fisheries, for which it has been famous from the days of the Romans. The Mid Channel oysters, dredged from a vast natural bed which stretches between Shoreham and Havre for about 40 miles, have rather injured the market for "natives," but gastronomes, at least, will hardly desert their "old loves"—so warmly commended by Kitchener—for the newer but coarser crustacea. An interesting article in the "*Quarterly Review*," Badham's "*Ancient and Modern Fish-Tattle*," and a paper in

“Household Words,” may be consulted by the tourist on these points. Messrs. Gann and Austen cultivate a large oyster-farm at Cheyney Rock, on the coast, and there is also a large oyster company or guild at Whitstable. The spawn or “spat” of the oyster is often brought from remote localities, and requires to remain in the “bed” three years to become a fitting dish for the oyster eater’s palate. The runs of fresh water from the Thames and Medway are considered to improve their flavour. The Whitstable fishery, as an appendage to the manor, is regulated by a yearly court which meets in February.

The coal trade is another important addition to the resources of Whitstable. A large number of colliers frequent its bay, and their cargoes are conveyed by rail to Canterbury, and thence to London and various parts of Kent. In 1799 there were but six colliers which yearly visited this port.

In the neighbourhood may be found, by the persevering botanist, the prickly sea-grape, hog’s fennel, wild colewort, the yellow-horned poppy, spurge thyme, erithmum spinosum, or thorny samphire, black saltwort, and sea holly.

WHITSTABLE CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, stands on a knoll outside the town—a prominent object as viewed from the sea. It consists of a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and Perpendicular embattled tower. There is a brass for *Thomas Brande*, d. 1440, and another, without date, for *Joan Meadman*. The font is Decorated.

The vicarage is valued at £300, and is attached to the patronage of the see of Canterbury.

Beyond the town is TANKERTON TOWER (Wynn Ellis, Esq.); and away to the right lies SEASALTER (population, 1240), which can hardly be commended to the tourist as an attractive, or even a healthy locality. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Alphege, is a small Early English building, with a nave, chancel, and pointed wooden turret, situated in Whitstable. At Codham’s Corner, were discovered, in 1779, the stone foundations of a large building, which is supposed to have been the ancient church.

The vicarage, valued at £300, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury.

Following from Whitstable the railway line to Canterbury,

we pass, at four miles from Whitstable, the village of BLEAN (population, 660), in the parish of "Saints Cosmus and Damian in the Blean"—so called from the saints to whom the church was dedicated, and its position in the ancient forest of the Blean, which stretched over the country as far as Boughton, sheltered wild boars as late as Henry the Eighth's reign, and may still be traced by numerous coppices and patches of vigorous chestnut-trees.

"In the rentals of the manor of Blean there is mention made of the payment of gate-silver (a custom not often met with). It seems to be a payment made by the tenants of the manor for the repair of the gates leading to and from the Blean, to prevent their cattle from straying and being lost"—(*Hasted*).

The CHURCH here is dedicated, as already mentioned, to Saints Cosmus and Damian, and is a small Early English building, with a nave, chancel, and low pointed turret, with no memorials of interest.

MAIN LINE RESUMED :—To CANTERBURY.

Leaving Blean we pass, on our right, the grounds of BEVERLEY PARK, and nearing Canterbury, see to the left of the line, about one mile distant, St. STEPHEN, or HACKINGTON (population, 640), surrounded by trees of admirable growth and leafiness. The latter, we are told, is its proper name, and it owes its *sobriquet* of St. Stephens to an image of that saint which stood in the church, and was much visited by pilgrims on account of its supposed miraculous powers. It lies upon the slope of the hill, which here gently rises from the bank of the Stour, and looks out afar upon the glorious towers of sacred Canterbury. On one side are the almshouses, founded by pious Sir Roger Manwood ; on the other side, near the church, stands HALES' PLACE (Miss Hales), commanding a very rich and interesting prospect.

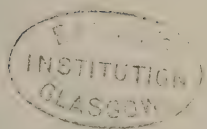
Archbishop Baldwin, *temp.* Henry II., commenced, near the church, the foundation of a college for secular canons, but was stoutly opposed by the monks of Christ Church, who obtained a papal bull, enjoining the discomfited prelate to pull down what he had already erected, and pronouncing the site as "*maledictum et profanum*."

The manor formed part of the possessions of the Bellamonts,

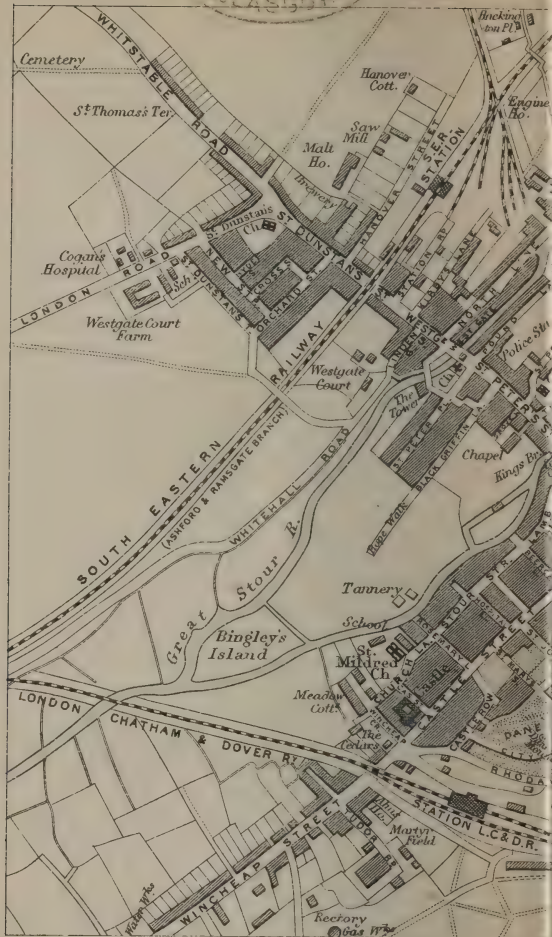
or Beaumonts, Earls of Leicester, and passed from the widow of Earl Robert, d. 1206—who, on her husband's death, devoted herself to the service of God at this place, and was buried, in 1219, in its church—to Simon de Montfort, father of the great adversary of Henry III. In Queen Elizabeth's time it belonged to Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who built here a large "Place House," or manorial mansion, where he died in 1592, founded the almshouses known by his name, and the Grammar School at Sandwich. In the south aisle of the church he erected a superb mausoleum for his family and himself.

In 1675 the estate was sold to Sir Edward Hales (knighted by James II.), who formed a fine park, and was so ardent a loyalist that he accompanied the king on his flight from Sheppey, while a band of disaffected rioters was killing his deer and pillaging his house. His greatgrandson pulled down the ancient house, and erected the present commodious red brick Georgian mansion, which he surrounded with leafy groves and avenues of elms and chestnuts, and adapted it for the suitable residence of an English squire, despite the meanness of its architectural pretensions.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Stephen, is mainly an Early English building, and is of unusual interest. It is cruciform in design, with a nave, chancel, north and south transepts, and western tower, surmounted by a low spire, and strengthened by stalwart buttresses. The west door is Early English, but enriched with the Norman zigzag moulding. The south door inside the porch, and the arches of the transept, may be Norman, and belong, perhaps, to an ancient building, enlarged and remodelled by Archbishop Baldwin. Observe the Decorated windows, inserted at a later period, and the large Perpendicular chancel-window. The font is Perpendicular, and was given by Sir Roger Manwood, about 1591. In the transept, against the west wall, the tourist will observe the painted alabaster monument to Sir *Roger Manwood*, completed in 1592, before Sir Roger's death. There are figures designed to represent his two wives, three sons, and two daughters, and underneath, a skeleton carved in white marble, recumbent on a mattress. A brass commemorates *John Deve*, vicar, d. 1473. Against the north wall is a singular painting of a monument of Queen Elizabeth, with her effigies lying at full length on a tomb; above is a canopy resting upon marble pillars, and enriched with various armorial bearings.



CANT



ERBURY





CANTERBURY.

[Population, 21,704. *Hotels*: Fountain, Rose, Fleur-de-Lys, Red Lion, etc. 66 m. from London by road; 62 m. by L. C. and D. Railway; 15 m. from Ashford; 15 m. from Ramsgate; 16 m. from Dover; 31 m. from Folkestone.]

Its History.—Briton, Roman, and Saxon have each in their turn founded a settlement upon the pleasant island formed here by the two branches of the Stour—at a distance of only six miles from the sea-shore at Whitstable—in the depths of an agreeable and fertile valley, sheltered to the north-east and north by a wide tract of umbrageous forest-land, and commanding to the south some of the richest meadows in Kent. Hills of a moderate elevation encircle it, and fresh pure springs welling from their sides plentifully water it. The air is wholesome, and the position seems endowed by nature with superior attractions for those who dwell in cities.

The Roman Durovernum in site and extent may, perhaps, have been identical with the modern Canterbury. It hardly maintained its pride of place under the earlier Saxons, and in the seventh century would seem to have been a mere collection of huts, defended by a rude wall. The advent of St. Augustine, in 597, and the conversion of King Ethelbert and his chiefs—the establishment of a Christian church and monastery—all contributed to advance its prosperity. It was the metropolitan city. It was the first home of Christianity in England. It was blessed by Augustine, and Lawrence his successor. True, it waned a little before the commercial importance of London and the regal splendours of Winchester, but it was duly esteemed by the faithful, and when consecrated by the “martyrdom of Becket” rose at once to its culminating point of wealth and honour. Certainly for thoughtful Christians, then as now, it had a high and holy interest. “From Canterbury, the first English Christian city—from Kent, the first English Christian kingdom—has, by degrees, arisen the whole constitution of Church and State in England which now binds together the whole British empire. And from the Christianity here established in England has flowed, by direct consequence, first, the Christianity of Germany,—then after a long interval, of North Germany,—and lastly, we may trust, in time, of all India and all Australasia.”

The first great historical event with which Canterbury naturally associates itself, for a thoughtful mind, is

THE ADVENT OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

He had landed at Ebbe's Fleet, in the Isle of Thanet ; he had left, as it was said, his footprint on the solid rock ; he had held his memorable meeting with "the son of the Ash-tree" on the hill which overlooks Ramsgate and Pegwell Bay ; he had crossed the broad ferry of the Stour to Richborough, or Retesburgh, and advanced by the old Roman road, then bordered with shadowy woods, to St. Martin's height, where pious Queen Bertha and her French chaplain, Bishop Lindhard, had already dedicated a simple fane to the True God. "Then, in the valley below, on the banks of the river, appeared the city—the rude wooden city as it then was—embosomed in thickets." As soon as the great missionary chief and his forty monks perceived it, they arranged themselves into an imposing procession. Already, perhaps, upon the brain of Augustine flashed some dim and heaven-born perceptions of the glory of the work he was about to do ; of the wonderful results which it would entail. How his heart must have swelled as "the tall silver cross" and the board painted with the figure of Christ, were lifted up ; as the choristers whom he had brought with him from Pope Gregory's school on the Cœlian hill, well trained in the Gregorian chants, burst out in a solemn litany :—"We beseech thee, O Lord, in all thy mercy, that thy wrath and thine anger may be removed from this city, and from thine holy house. Alleluiah !" And so they came down St. Martin's hill, and entered Canterbury. The first place which Ethelbert gave them was "Stable Gate,"—by an old heathen temple, near the present St. Alphege's Church,—where they rested or "stabled" until he had decided upon his future course. In due time they were allowed to worship openly at St. Martin's, and "no doubt the mere splendour and strangeness of the Roman ritual produced an instant effect on the rude barbarian mind"—(*Stanley*). Next came the baptism of Ethelbert, June 2, 597, which was followed, on Christmas Day in the same year, by the baptism, in the Swale, of ten thousand of his subjects.

The next stage of his mission was the conversion of a Pagan temple into a Christian sanctuary. "Augustine dedicated the place to St. Pancras, and it became the church of St. Pancras, of which the spot is still indicated by a ruined arch of ancient

brick, and by the fragment of a wall, still shewing the mark where, according to the legend, the old demon who, according to the belief at that time, had hitherto reigned supreme in the heathen temple, laid his claws to shake down the building in which he first heard the celebration of Christian services, and felt that his rule was over." Augustine's choice of a patron saint would seem to have been suggested by the circumstance that the monastery of St. Andrew, on the Cœlian hill at Rome, from which he had set forth on his holy but perilous mission, was built upon lands which had belonged to the family of St. Pancras.

"But Ethelbert"—we continue our quotations from Mr. Stanley's interesting epitome—"was not satisfied with establishing those places of worship outside the city. Augustine was now formally consecrated as the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ethelbert determined to give him a dwelling-place and a house of prayer within the city also. Buildings of this kind were rare in Canterbury, and so the king retired to Reculver, built there a new palace out of the ruins of the old Roman fortress, and gave up his own palace, and an old British or Roman church in its neighbourhood, to be the seat of the new archbishop, and the foundation of the new cathedral." Such was the origin of the glorious minster—the stately church of our Saviour—which is now the central point of Protestant Episcopacy.

Lastly, in the neighbourhood of the Church of St. Pancras, Ethelbert granted to the great missionary priest the ground on which was to be built the monastery, called at first the Abbey of Saints Peter and Paul, after the two patron apostles of the city of Rome, but finally named in honour of its founder, which became "the mother school, the mother university of England, the seat of letters and study, at a time when Cambridge was a desolate fen, and Oxford a tangled forest in a wide waste of waters."

Augustine himself expired, it is believed, on the 26th of May 605, and was interred by the road-side, where now stands the imposing pile of the Kent and Canterbury Hospital.

The wealth, fame, and importance of the metropolitan city, and its vicinity to the islands of Thanet and Sheppey, the usual landing places and winter residences of the Danes, exposed it to frequent incursions. In 851 it was ravaged with fire and sword

by a body of Norse rovers, who landed from a fleet of 350 ships; and again, in the autumn of 1009, it only escaped from the ravages of an immense Danish army on payment of a heavy ransom. In 1011 it was set on fire, its churches demolished, its women and children put to the sword; and so terrible was the slaughter, that out of 8000 inhabitants only four monks and 800 of the common people escaped. "A fearful spectacle!" exclaims the old chronicler, "the face of an ancient and most beautiful city laid in ashes; the dead bodies of its citizens, who had either been murdered by the sword, cast into the fire, hung up to gibbets, or flung headlong from the walls, strewn thickly about the cities and roads, dyeing both earth and water black with blood, while above the uproar and the tumult, the clashing of swords, and the groans of the wounded, rose the shrieks of the women and the children led away into a fearful captivity."

The Norman Duke sat upon Harold's throne, and Canterbury still remained a fief of the church. Lanfranc, William's able and unscrupulous councillor, was raised to the primacy, and Norman monks speedily usurped the place of the Saxon. In 1070, the church dedicated to the Trinity was consumed by fire. In 1161, in 1174, in 1180, and in 1247, great conflagrations broke out, which, on each occasion, wrought terrible havoc; but the city nevertheless thrived mightily, and prospered largely, for it was enriched by the thousands of devout pilgrims who yearly worshipped at the shrine of Thomas á Becket. And here we must pause to sketch the salient details of the great archbishop's "martyrdom," or "murder," availing ourselves of the graphic and valuable summary afforded by Mr. Stanley, in his "Historical Memorials."

THE MURDER OF THOMAS A BECKET.

In the beginning of December 1170, after a fictitious reconciliation with Henry II., Thomas á Becket landed at Sandwich, to resume his archiepiscopal duties, and with extraordinary splendour moved forward to the metropolitical city. He arrived there, with a mind full of gloomy presentiments, and already feeling, as it were, the crown of martyrdom upon his brow. His enemies were many, bitter, and powerful, and he knew that from the sovereign himself he could expect but a covert hostility. Nevertheless he did not abate his pretensions one jot, nor was his brow less haughty, nor his frown less truculent. Around him

on all sides he discharged those spiritual weapons with which the Church of Rome has always its quiver full.

A burst of anger on the part of Henry II., and a hot speech greedily taken up by Becket's enemies, brought on the catastrophe sooner, perhaps, than the archbishop himself expected. Four knights, Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Moreville, William de Tracy, and Richard le Bret, hastily left the royal court, embarked for England, and arrived at Saltwood Castle on the 28th of December. "Early on the morning of the next day they issued orders in the King's name for a troop of soldiers to be levied from the neighbourhood to march with them to Canterbury. They themselves mounted their chargers, and galloped along the old Roman road from Lymne to Canterbury, which, under the name of Stone Street, runs in a straight line of nearly 15 miles, from Saltwood to the hills immediately above the city. They proceeded instantly to St. Augustine's Abbey, outside the walls, and took up their quarters with Clarembald, the abbot."

After a brief pause they remounted their horses, and accompanied by a dozen armed men, rode onwards to the archbishop's palace. It was Tuesday, the 29th of December,—Tuesday, which had always been "a significant day" in Becket's changeful career. The archbishop had finished his dinner and retired into his private room. Thither the four knights, who now over their coats of mail had thrown the ordinary cloak and gown, proceeded. An angry altercation ensued, but Becket clearly perceived that his death was resolved upon. "This is the hour," he exclaimed, "and the power of darkness." Yet he stoutly refused to comply with their demands, and maintained his usual dignity of port and aspect.

The knights retired ; threw off their cloaks and gowns under a large sycamore in the palace garden ; buckled on their swords ; and so, in full armour, returned to the archbishop's chamber. Two of his servants, Osbert and Algen, barred the door against their coming, but by a back-way they contrived to effect an entrance. Meanwhile his attendants half-compelled, half-persuaded him to attempt his escape. "The whole march was a struggle between the obstinate attempt of the primate to preserve his dignity, and the frantic eagerness of his attendants to gain the sanctuary. . . . At last they reached the door at the lower north transept of the cathedral, and here was presented a new scene."

It was about 5 o'clock, and the dim winter shadows were

slowly gathering round arch and pillar, and filling up the roof with a heavy doom, and struggling against the rays of the altar-light. As the archbishop ascended the eastern staircase, the murderers rushed into the church. In the obscurity they could dimly discern a group of figures mounting the steps. "One of the knights called out to them, 'Stay.' Another, 'Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the king.' No answer was returned. None could have been expected by any who remembered the indignant silence with which Becket had swept by when the same word had been applied by Randulf of Broc at Northampton. Fitzurse rushed forward, and, stumbling against one of the monks on the lower step, still not able to distinguish clearly in the darkness, exclaimed, 'Where is the archbishop!' Instantly the answer came—'Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the archbishop, and priest of God ; what do you wish ?' And from the fourth step, which he had reached in his ascent, with a slight motion of his head—noticed apparently as his peculiar manner in moments of excitement—Becket descended to the transept. Attired, we are told, in his white rochet, with a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, he thus suddenly confronted his assailants. Fitzurse sprang back two or three paces, and Becket passing by him took up his station between the central pillar and the massive wall which still forms the south-west corner of what was then the chapel of St. Benedict. . . In the final struggle which now began, Fitzurse, as before, took the lead. But as he approached with his drawn sword, the sight of him kindled afresh the archbishop's anger, now heated by the fray ; the spirit of the chancellor rose within him, and with a coarse epithet, not calculated to turn away his adversary's wrath, exclaimed, 'You profligate wretch, you are my man—you have done me fealty—you ought not to touch me.' Fitzurse, roused to frenzy, retorted—'I owe you no fealty or homage, contrary to my fealty to the king,' and waving the sword over his head, cried, 'Strike, strike !' but merely dashed off his cap. The archbishop covered his eyes with his joined hands, bent his neck, and said, 'I commend my cause and the cause of the church to God to St. Denys of France, to St. Alfege, and to the saints of the Church.' Meanwhile, Tracy, who, since his fall, had thrown off his hauberk to move more easily, sprang forward, and struck a more decided blow. Grim, who up to this moment had his arm round Becket, threw it up to intercept the blade, Becket exclaiming, 'Spare this defence'

The sword lighted on the arm of the monk, which fell wounded or broken ; and he fled disabled to the nearest altar, probably that of St. Benedict within the chapel. The spent force of the stroke descended on Becket's head, grazed the crown, and finally rested on his left shoulder, cutting through the clothes and skin. The next blow, whether struck by Tracy or Fitzurse, was only with the flat of the sword, and again on the bleeding head, which Becket drew back as if stunned, and then raised his clasped hands above it. The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak ; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain, he said,—‘Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.’ At the third blow, which was also from Tracy, he sank on his knees—his arms falling—but his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice, which might just have been caught by the wounded Grim, who was crouching close by, and who alone reports the words—‘For the name of Jesus, and the defence of the church, I am willing to die.’ Without moving hand or foot he fell flat on his face as he spoke, in front of the corner wall of the chapel, and with such dignity that his mantle, which extended from head to foot, was not disarranged. In this posture he received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow, accompanied with the exclamation (in allusion to a quarrel of Becket with Prince William), ‘Take this for love of my lord William, brother of the king.’ The stroke was aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head—which, it was remarked, was of unusual size—was severed from the skull, and the sword snapped in two on the marble pavement.”

Away from the scene of blood now rushed the murderers, appalled at the horror of their own deed, and as they escaped from the city a fearful storm of rain and thunder broke over their heads, as if heaven gave actual expression to its wrath at the sacrilege they had committed. With their future careers we have, however, nothing to do, though the monastic historians have involved them in a thousand curious legends. Their end was wretched, and over their graves was rightly inscribed—

“Hic jacent miseri qui martyrisaverunt

Beatum Thomam Archiepiscopum Cantuariensem”—

Here lie the unhappy ones who made into a martyr the blessed Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury.

A few years passed by, and the murder was elevated into a martyrdom—the archbishop, whom the Church of Rome had not too warmly loved in his plenitude of power, was canonized, and extolled as a saint by a myriad tongues ; while from all parts of Christendom flocked devout pilgrims to his hallowed shrine. These Canterbury pilgrimages are too interesting an episode in the history of the city to be passed over with a mere cursory notice, notwithstanding the restrictions imposed upon us by our narrow limits.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.

Canterbury was at this time approached by three principal routes. Pilgrims from the East of Europe landed at Sandwich, and proceeded through Ash, Wingham, and the fertile valley of the Stour. Others came from Southampton by the line still known as “the Pilgrims’ Way,” which crossed the Itchen at Stoneham, and struck forward to the Surrey Downs, passing to the east of Guildford, near Reigate, across Merstham parish, and entering the county of Kent not far from Chevening. Then it traversed the Weald by Kemsing and Wrotham to the Medway, crossing the river at Snodland, and progressing past Dettling, Thurnham, Hollingbourn, and Harrietsham, to Charing. From Charing it crossed the woodlands to Chilham, and kept along the north bank of the Stour, always avoiding large towns and populous villages, and creeping along the sides of the hills “immediately above the line of cultivation.” A third route was from London, nearly in the track of the present high road to Canterbury, and is that which is adopted by Chaucer’s pilgrims in the immortal “Canterbury Tales.”

The pilgrims were gathered from every rank of society, and were rendered tolerably “equal” by the object of their journey, which brought them into constant juxtaposition, and effaced, for the time, the ordinary class distinctions. A stirring scene must the great highway have presented in the palmy days of Becket’s notoriety ! When every village along the line of road could boast of its hostelry, and every hostelry was full—as Robert of Gloucester says—of

“ Bishops and abbots, priors and parsons,
Earls and barons, and many knights thereto ;
Sergeants and squires, and husbandmen enow,
And simple men eke of the land—so thick thither drew.”

So Chaucer introduces us to the knight, the yeoman, the prioress ; to priest, and monk, and friar, and nun : to wives of Bath and scholars of Oxford ; to lawyers, squires, pardoners, manciples, reeves, millers, and physicians, who, as they pressed onward to the sacred city, were wont to beguile the way with song, and jest, and narrative, that, with such solace, "the travail and weariness of pilgrims might be lightly and merrily borne out." The favourite time of the year for these pious pleasure-parties was the fresh and vigorous spring—

"When zephyrus eke with his sweet breath
Inspired hath in every holt and heath,—
Then longen folk to go on pilgrimages.
And especially from every shire's end
Of England, to Canterbury they wend,
The holy blissful martyr for to seek,
That them hath holpen when that they were sick."

They set out, it appears, from the Tabard or Talbot Inn, in Southwark, no doubt selected as their rendezvous, because it was "the last inn on the outskirts of London before entering on the wilds of Surrey." A halt took place at the second milestone, at a spring which, from this circumstance, was called "the Waterings of St. Thomas." They passed by Deptford and Greenwich, Rochester, Sittingbourne, through the deep shadows and up the steep ascents of the forest of Blean—and on the crest of the hill, where the woodlands end, paused for awhile at

"The little town,
Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down,
Under the Blee in Canterbury way"—

and soon before their enraptured eyes, far up into the rosy sunset, rose the glorious towers of the great Cathedral.

Apart from these annual pilgrimages, every fiftieth year was held a grand jubilee, in commemoration of St. Thomas à Becket's translation, "when indulgences were granted to all who came, and the festival lasted for a fortnight, dating from midnight on the vigil of the feast. There were from the first consecration of the shrine to its final overthrow, six such anniversaries, 1270, 1320, 1370, 1420, 1470, 1520. What a succession of pictures of English history, and of the religious feeling of the time, would be revealed if we could but place ourselves in Canterbury as those successive waves of pilgrimage rolled through the place,

bearing with them all their various impressions of the state of the world at that time ! . . . What a sight, too, must have been presented, as all along the various roads, through the long summer day, these heterogeneous bands—some on horseback, some on foot—moved slowly along, with music, and song, and merry tales, so that ‘every town they came through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the sound of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking of the dogs after them, they made more noise than if the king came there with all his clarions and many other minstrels.’ . . . ‘And when one of the pilgrims that goeth barefoot striketh his toe upon a stone, and hurteth him sore, and maketh him bleed,’ then ‘his fellows sings a song, or else takes out of his bosom a bagpipe, to drive away with wit and mirth the hurt of his fellow.’ Probably at the first sight of the Cathedral this discordant clamour would be exchanged for more serious sounds, hymns, and exhortations, and telling of beads ; even Chaucer’s last tale, between Harbledown and Canterbury, is a sermon : and thus the great masses of human beings would move into the city”—(*Stanley*).

Let us now glance briefly at the principal localities in Canterbury associated with the pilgrims. The Star Inn, in St. Dunstan’s parish, which was one of their lodging-houses, no longer exists, but “the site, and in part the buildings of the lodgings which, according to the Supplementary Tale, received the twenty-nine pilgrims of Chaucer, can still be seen, although its name is gone, and its destination altered. ‘THE CHEQUERS OF THE HOPE’ occupied the antique structure, which, with its broad overhanging eaves, forms so picturesque an object at the corner of High Street and Mercery Lane.” MERCERY LANE itself is said to have derived its name from the wares exposed in its shops to tempt the pilgrims who passed through it. Illustrious personages were lodged in St. Augustine’s Abbey. Many found a welcome in the city’s numerous hospitals or convents—St. John, St. Gregory, St. Lawrence, and St. Margaret—the Gray, the Black, and the Austin Friars—and the Priory attached to the Cathedral.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

A.D. 1129, King Henry I. kept his court here “with great solemnity.” A.D. 1189, Richard I. received here the homage of William King of Scotland. A.D. 1204, King John celebrated

Christmas; and A.D. 1263, King Henry III. kept the same great festival with unusual splendour.

A.D. 1272, there happened a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, and an inundation which laid level many houses and buildings, and drowned many men, women, and children.

A.D. 1347, there was a great and famous tournament, whereat the flower of English chivalry was assembled, and one Thomas de Grey, of Codnor, won golden opinions from king, knights, and people.

A.D. 1361, a fearful storm wrought much mischief in the city.

A.D. 1376, September 29th, Edward the Black Prince, purest and noblest of our mediæval heroes, was interred, with great pomp, in the Holy Trinity Chapel of the Cathedral. Twenty-seven years later, the body of Henry the Fourth was laid by his side.

A.D. 1382, at mid-day, May 21st, an earthquake shattered the east window of the chapter-house, and the west window of the church, "as well as other edifices of note, both within the monastery of St. Augustine and without."

A.D. 1469, Edward the Fourth made an entry into Canterbury, and caused Nicholas Faunte, its mayor, and others who had abetted the bastard Falconbridge, to be executed. The offended monarch seized, or suspended, the liberties of the city, and appointed John Bromton *custos* of it, but restored to the citizens their rights and privileges on the 20th of January following.

A.D. 1520, Charles V. was met at Dover by King Henry the Eighth, and the two sovereigns rode into Canterbury under one canopy, with Cardinal Wolsey riding before them, attended by the chiefest of the nobility of England and Spain. The streets were lined with all the clerks and priests that could be collected from within twenty miles of the city, dressed in their copes and surplices, and uplifting their crosses and censers. After paying their devotions within the Cathedral, the two kings were sumptuously entertained by Archbishop Warham.

A.D. 1573, "Great Gloriana" kept her court here, in her palace of St. Augustine's monastery, and was right splendidly feasted by Archbishop Parker, at the archiepiscopal palace.

A.D. 1593, 1595, and 1635, the plague visited the unfortunate city with terrible severity.

A.D. 1625, June 12, Charles I., with Henrietta Maria of France, celebrated their nuptials in the royal palace.

A.D. 1648, Great tumults broke out in the city between Puritans and Episcopalians—Roundheads and Cavaliers—at the instigation of the mayor, Michael Page, and Richard Calmer, the fanatic ; the notorious “Blue Dick” displayed his religious zeal by laying violent hands on the fair images, the richly-glowing glass, and gorgeous decoration of the Cathedral.

A.D. 1660, Charles II., on his triumphal way to London, lay here for three nights.

3. *Principal Buildings.*—The first, chiefest, and most interesting of all the objects which adorn and dignify this fine old city, is necessarily the great temple of Protestant Christianity—

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Dimensions.	Feet.	Dimensions.	Feet.
Length inside from east to west .	514	Height of the Arundel steeple .	100
Length of the choir	180	„ of Bell Harry tower .	235
Breadth of the choir	40	„ of do. within, to the	
Length of nave	214	vaulting	130
Breadth of nave and side aisles .	71	Area of Great tower	35 by 35
Height of it	80	Vaulting of choir from the pave-	
Length of lower cross aisles .	124	ment	71
„ of upper cross aisles .	154	Vaulting of chapel behind the altar	58
Height of the Oxford steeple .	130	Square of the choristers . . .	134

Historical Account.—Canterbury Cathedral occupies the site of the ancient Roman or British church, traditionally ascribed to King Lucius, which Ethelbert bestowed on St. Augustine—“the first instance in England, or in any of the countries occupied by the barbarian tribes, of an endowment by the State, . . . the earliest monument of the English union of Church and State”—and whose arrangements, according to Eadmer, were identical with those of the Basilica of Rome. There, as at St. Peter’s, the altar was originally at the west end ; and a crypt was made in imitation of the catacombs where the bones of the apostles had been discovered. In accordance with the British practice, the chief entrance was by the south door. These arrangements could hardly have been found existing by Augustine, and was either adopted by him or Archbishop Odo (940-960), who repaired the roof and walls, and remodelled the church.

In September 1011, it was set on fire by the Danes, and the monks were massacred by “several kinds of cruel death” before the eyes of Archbishop Alfege, who was afterwards removed to Greenwich, and himself foully murdered. It lay in ruins for



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

some years, until restored by Knut, who hung up his crown of gold in the nave (A.D. 1023), and surrendered to the monks the body of the martyr Alfege. But it was beset by calamities, and again set on fire, so that when the Norman Lanfranc succeeded to the primacy, he found it in such a lamentable and disgraceful condition, that he was struck with astonishment, and despaired of ever seeing it re-edified.

Of this earlier structure no remains exist, and its only memorials are the position of the chief entrance (the south porch); the name of Christ Church, in which Augustine consecrated it; and the present crypt, suggested by the Roman catacombs.

Lanfranc (1070-1089) pulled down the ruins of the timber-built church of St. Augustine's, and raised upon its site a stately structure of stone, rebuilding it from the very foundations—with palace and monastery, the wall which surrounded the court, and all the offices belonging to the monastery within the wall—occupying in the pious work nearly seven years. He then re-dedicated it to the honour and service of the Holy Trinity. His successor, Archbishop Anselm (1093-1109), greatly adorned and enriched the splendid building, and entrusted its general superintendence to Priors Ernulf and Conrad, who pulled down the eastern end, and built it on a larger and greater scale. The chancel was so gorgeously remodelled by the magnificent genius of Prior Conrad that it is still known as Conrad's "glorious choir." Archbishop Ralph (1114-1125) made further additions to its splendour, and appears to have raised the great tower over the altar of the Holy Cross, which, being surmounted by a pinnacle and a golden cherub, was then, and is now named, the Angel steeple—the "*Angelus arce micans*" of John of Salisbury.

Completed in all its superb grandeur and shapely symmetry, it was solemnly dedicated by Archbishop Corboil, May the 4th, 1130, in the presence of Henry I., David of Scotland, and a vast assemblage of English and Scotch nobles and prelates, and with "a splendour and magnificence," says Gervase "which had never been heard of on earth since the dedication of Solomon's temple."

It was under the vaulted roof of this glorious church that Becket was martyred in 1170, and it was in "Conrad's choir" that his body was watched by the monks during the hours of woe and wrath which followed his murder, when, as the wax

lights sunk down in the cathedral and the first gray streaks of the winter morning broke through the stained windows, they fancied that the right arm of the dead man was slowly raised in the sign of the cross, as if to bless his faithful followers—(*Stanley*).

In 1174, a fire broke out which destroyed this splendid choir and some of the adjacent buildings, to the great sorrow and alarm of the people, who “were astonished,” says Gervase, “that the Almighty should permit such deeds, and, maddened with excess of grief and confusion, tore their hair, beat their hands and heads against the walls and pavement, and cried out against the Lord and his saints, the patrons of the church.” The choir, however, rose phoenix-like from its ashes, even in fairer and more splendid form and fashion than before. William of Lens was appointed chief architect, and was assisted by the most skilful English and foreign workmen. But in 1178, just after an eclipse of the sun had portended change, and frightened kings and nations, he fell from a scaffolding, and was so severely injured that he was compelled to retire to France. The work was then entrusted to William the Englishman, “English by nation, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest,” who completed the choir and the eastern end of the church in 1184. From this time forth the church was dedicated to St. Thomas the Martyr.

In 1376, the transepts, each side of the Angel Tower, were rebuilt by Archbishop Sudbury, and, in 1379, the same prelate pulled down the old nave, and designed the re-erection of another, but was hindered by his premature death on a shameful scaffold. The monks, however, continued the alterations at their own charge, largely assisted by the contributions of Archbishops Courtney and Arundel (A.D. 1378-1410). In the north tower, Archbishop Arundel added a lofty spire of lead, and Prior Goldstone II., about 1495, raised the great central tower.

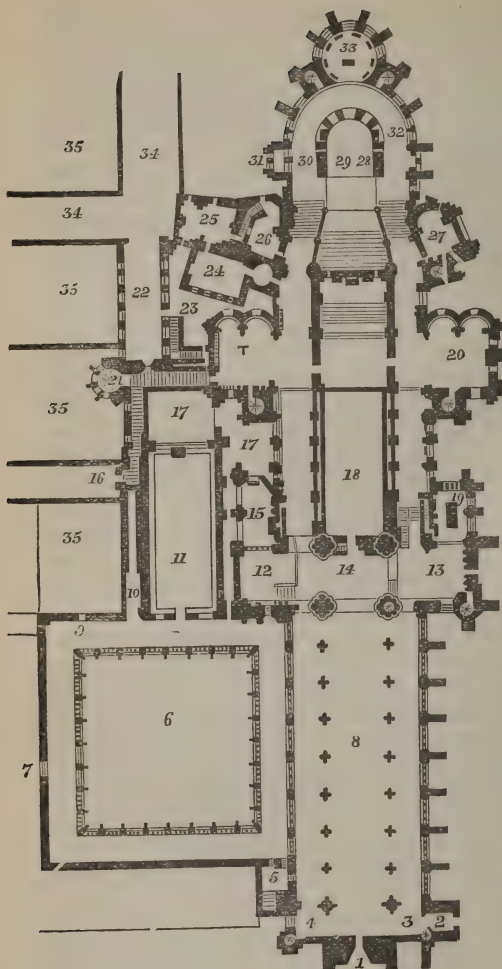
Imagine the glorious structure now perfected and completed—the boast of the English priesthood—the admiration of wayfarers and pilgrims from every part of Christendom—in a word, the magnificent pile which John of Salisbury, nearly four centuries previous, had lauded in limping Latin.

“Hæc est illa domus, quæ Christum prima recepit,
 A qua suscepit insula tota fidem.
 Insula tota fidem cepit, fideiq. parentem
 Prædicat, extollit, audit, honorat, amat.”

It had owed much of its splendour to the blood of Thomas à Becket ; but now of the superstitious observances of the Papal creed it was speedily to be purified, and to be devoted to a purer, certainly to a less ostentatious service. When Erasmus visited it in 1512, the reaction had already begun, and although he could vividly extol “ the grandeur with which it rose into the heavens, so as to strike awe even at a distant approach ; the vast towers, saluting from afar the advancing traveller ; the sound of the bells, ringing far and wide through the surrounding country,” —he had but little sympathy for shrines and relics, and it would seem that less intelligent tourists than the scholar of Rotterdam went thither to admire and wonder, but certainly not to reverence or worship.

At length the end came. In 1538, the religious houses were smitten with a heavy hand, and saints fared badly under the rule of Henry the Eighth. The royal wrath was especially bitter against Thomas à Becket, whose notions of ecclesiastical authority were not such as commended themselves to the great Tudor sovereign. His commissioner, Dr. Leyton, made his appearance at Canterbury, and away went the costly shrine, and its jewels, and the golden head ; and Becket’s name “ was rased and put out of all books ;” and his images and pictures were everywhere destroyed. “ There is hardly an illuminated psalter or missal, hardly a copy of any historical or legal document, from which the pen or the knife of the eraser has not effaced the once honoured name and figure of St. Thomas wherever it occurs. At Canterbury the arms of the city and cathedral were altered. Within the church some fragments of painted glass, and the defaced picture at the head of Henry the Fourth’s tomb, are his only memorials. So completely were the records of the shrine destroyed, that the Cathedral archives throw hardly the slightest light either on its existence or removal. And its site has remained, from that day to this, a vacant space, with the marks of the violence of the destruction even yet visible on the broken pavement.”

Its Topography.—We pass up Mercery Lane—a great resort of the old Canterbury pilgrims who might here obtain some cheap *souvenirs* of their visit, leaden brooches, adorned with the saint’s mitred head, and lettered “ Caput Thomæ,” just as within the Cathedral itself they eagerly purchased the “ ampullæ,” or small bottles of water tinted with his blood, vended by the priests—



- 1 Entrance.
- 2 S.W. Porch.
- 3 Do. Tower.
- 4 Consistory Court.
- 5 Door into Cloisters.
- 6 Cloister Garden.
- 7 Door in Cloisters.
- 8 Nave.
- 9 Cloisters.
- 10 Passage under Ground
- 11 Chapter House.
- 12 Western Transept.
- 13 Do.
- 14 Lanthorn.
- 15 Dean's Chapel.
- 16 Entrance to N.E. Transept.
- 17 Open Ground.
- 18 Choir.
- 19 St. Michael's Chapel.
- 20 Eastern Transept.
- 21 Baptistry.
- 22 Library.
- 23 Open Ground.
- 24 Audit Room.
- 25 Treasury.
- 26 Prebend's Vestry.
- 27 St. Anselm's Chapel.
- 28 Tomb of Edward, Black Prince.
- 29 Trinity Chapel.
- 30 Tomb of King Henry IV.
- 31 Chapel of do.
- 32 Theobald's Tomb.
- 33 Becket's Crown.
- 34 Passage under Ground.
- 35 Gardens.

GROUND-PLAN OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

we pass up Mercery Lane, and crossing the site of the ancient rush-market, once sanctified by the presence of a gorgeous gilded rood, find ourselves at the gate of the precincts, and in the shadow of the mighty pile which looms grandly and solemnly over the whole city, we enter through this gate, CHRISTCHURCH GATE, built by Prior Goldstone in 1517, and reach

The SOUTH PORCH, which, under the Saxon kings, was the place where all disputes not referrible to the King's court, or the hundreds or shires, were adjudged, and, consequently, acquired a peculiar importance in the eyes of the people. The present porch (Decorated English) was erected about 1400 by Prior Chillenden. Its vaulted roof is richly carved with a cluster of shields of arms, twenty-eight in number, including those of England, France and England, the see of Canterbury, Archbishops Chicheley and Courtenay. The panel over the entrance was originally sculptured with figures of Becket's murderers, which do not now exist. There were three extant when Erasmus visited the Cathedral, and they were popularly called *Tusci*, *Fusci*, and *Berri*. Their exaltation, as he remarks, does them no more honour than does the appearance of Pontius Pilate, Judas, and Caiaphas upon sculptured altar-tables. The figures of the Virgin and St. John, with an altar surmounted by a crucifix between them, and some fragments of a sword—all in allusion to Becket's martyrdom—are, however, still discernible.

We now pass into the NAVE, whose "spatiosa majestas"—whose lofty columns of stone and dim aerial roof cannot but stir the dullest mind into emotions of awe, admiration, and reverence.

'This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet.'

The style of this noble Nave—rebuilt in 1380-1411, under Archbishops Sudbury, Courtenay, and Arundel—is a light Perpendicular, and "the arrangement of the parts," says Professor Willis, "has considerable resemblance to that of the nave of Winchester, although the latter is of a much bolder character. In both a Norman nave was to have been transformed, but at Winchester the original piers were either clothed with new ashlaring, or the old ashlaring was wrought into new forms and mouldings where possible; while in Canterbury the piers were altogether rebuilt.

Hence the piers of Winchester are much more massive. The side aisles of Canterbury are higher in proportion, the tracery of the side windows different, but those of the clerestory are almost identical in pattern, although they differ in the management of the mouldings. Both have 'herne' vaults, and in both the triforium is obtained by prolonging the clerestory windows downward and making panels of the lower lights, which panels have a plain opening cut through them, by which the triforium space communicates with the passage over the roof of the side aisles."

It is divided into eight bays, each consisting of an ample arch supported by filleted pillars, and is paved with Portland stone. The frescos on the roof were painted by Mrs. Austin. Not one of the ancient stained windows is now complete. The great west window is a curious mosaic of fragments removed from the others, and incongruously patched together. Under the point of the arch the Confessor's arms are impaled with those of Richard II., supported on the north side by those of "the good Queen," Anne of Bohemia, and on the south, of his second wife, Isabel of France. The memorial windows are by Austin. The windows in the clerestory, and that on the south side in illustration of the first portion of the "Te Deum Laudamus," are by the same artist.

In the north aisle may be observed the monuments of *Adrian Saravia*, a prebendary of Canterbury, the friend and correspondent of Hooker, d. 1612 ; *Orlando Gibbons*, organist to Charles I. ; Sir *John Boys*, d. 1614, founder of the hospital without the north gate ; and Admiral Sir *George Rooke*, d. 1708, whose bust rejoices in a full bottomed wig. The memorials to the heroes of our Indian wars are numerous, and there is a fine recumbent effigy, by Lough, of Dr. Broughton, bishop of Sydney. The front panels are enriched with the arms of the six Australian sees.

The NORTH WING of the MAIN TRANSEPT is known as "the Transept of the Martyrdom," from its having been the scene of Becket's murder. It was entirely remodelled by Prior Chillenden, when the present nave was erected, and only the west door by which he entered, and the Caen stones near the wall, which his blood bedewed, remain. When Erasmus visited it, Becket's altar—the altare ad punctum ensis—was of course in existence. He describes it as built of wood, small and simple, and consecrated to the blessed Virgin. "At the foot of this altar," he says, "the holy martyr is reported to have sighed his last farewell to the

Virgin when at the point of death. Upon it lies part of the sword (Le Bret's) by which his head was cloven, and his brain being contused, death quickly followed. We religiously kissed this piece of the sword, rusty as it was, out of our love and reverence for the altar." A portion of the brains, enclosed in a ball of rock crystal, was also exhibited. A handkerchief, dipped into his blood as it welled over the pavement, a fragment of his tunic, and other relics, are preserved in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome.

In this hallowed "angle," the marriage of Edward I. with Margaret of France was celebrated, September 9, 1299.

The great window of the transept, given by Edward IV., was partly demolished, in 1642, by Richard Culmer, or "Blue Dick," who laid a heavy hand on Becket's "glassie bones," and was indignantly beset by a more reverent townsman, narrowly escaping a stone, flung with so good a will, "that if St. Richard Culmer had not ducked, he might have laid his own bones among the rubbish." It presented, with a remarkably "soft and silvery" light, figures of God the Father and of Christ, and "seven large pictures of the Virgin Mary, in as many several glorious appearances, as of the angels lifting her up into Heaven, and the sun, moon, and stars under her feet, each having an inscription under it, beginning with *Gaude Maria*, as 'Gaude Maria, sponsa Dei,' etc.;" besides a figure of Thomas à Becket, with his cope, crozier, mitre, crozier, and other pontificals." The figures of Edward the Fourth, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, and their children, are still in tolerable preservation.

Observe in this transept the monument to Archbishop *Peckham*, d. 1292, with his effigy, of Irish oak, presenting him in his pontifical habit; adjoining, the stately altar-tomb and effigy of Archbishop *Warham*, d. 1534, the friend of Erasmus, and a man of blameless life and considerable mental powers. At his death he had but £30 in his possession, which he pronounced enough to carry him to heaven—"satis viatici ad cœlum," said the dying prelate.

On the pavement are several large stones, despoiled of their brasses, which cover the dust, it is said, of Archbishops Ugford, Stafford, and Dean, and Priors Finch, Selling, and Goldstone.

The DEAN'S (or LADY) CHAPEL, raised by Prior Goldstone (1449-68), and consecrated to the Virgin, has a fine and elaborate fan-vault, and occupies the site of the chapel of St. Benedict, at

whose altar Grim took refuge when wounded by Tracy. The memorials here are numerous. Dean *Rogers*, d. 1597, is commemorated by an altar-tomb on the north side ; Dean *Fotherbye*, d. 1619, by a bizarre accumulation of skulls, human bones, and similar " emblems of mortality ;" Dean *John Boys*, d. 1625, by a mural monument, with his effigy, sitting at a table, and a reading-desk before him ; Dean *Bargrave*, d. 1642, by an oval half-length, painted on copper, and imitated from a portrait by Sausen, now in the Deanery ; and Dean *Turner*, d. 1672, one of Charles the First's chaplains, in the Isle of Wight, by " a handsome mural monument ;" Deans *Bourchier*, d. 1495 ; *Wedderburn*, Bishop of Dunblane, d. 1639 ; and *John Potter*, d. 1770, are also here interred.

Hence we proceed into the NORTH AISLE of the CHOIR, paced by the feet of reverent pilgrims as, mute and wondering, they moved forward to the great shrine. Professor Willis points out that the walls of these side-aisles and of the choir transepts were not destroyed at the time that Conrad's choir was burnt, and still preserve considerable traces of Prior Ernulf's work (who rebuilt Lanfranc's choir during the primacy of Anselm), although enriched and remodelled by William of Sens. Thus, when the latter raised the aisle windows by 3 feet 8 inches, he retained Ernulf's piers and arch-heads, and the arcade at the base is also Ernulf's. " Ernulf," says Gervase, " worked in his carvings with an axe ; William with a chisel," and the richer and more delicate ornamentation of the latter is easily recognized even by an unprofessional eye. In the CHOIR TRANSEPT the clerestory window erected by Ernulf are now the triforium windows. A memorial window to *Dr. Spry*, rector of Mary-le-bone, d. 1854, has recently been placed here. The coloured glass in the aisle windows (of the same date as those in the Trinity Chapel) should be examined for its excellence. On the wall adjoining the transept are traces of a fresco representing the conversion of St. Hubert. The altars of Saints Stephen and Martin, over which were placed the holy relics of Saints Swithin and Vulgarius, stood in the eastern apses.

The CHOIR, 180 feet by 38 feet, will need the closest investigation to appreciate all its beauty. Observe the curious fashion in which the side walls curve towards each other at the east end. Observe, too, its great length and extraordinary narrowness—its low vaulted roof—the " strong contrasts " of its Purbeck and

Caen stone—the shifting shadows—the occasional “broad effects” of light—all tending to produce a peculiar effect of solemnity and reverence.

“What awful perspectives! while from our sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
 Their portraiture; the stone-work glimmers, dyed
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy night.”

WORDSWORTH.

The style is mainly Transitional Norman, with occasional introductions of Norman and Early English, and the architecture is the work of William of Sens and his successor English William, who rebuilt it after the destruction of Conrad's Choir. It has evidently been influenced by the general style and decorations of the Cathedral of Sens, which was built about the same time. The mouldings are very various, and the arches are in some instances pointed, in others circular, exhibiting the gradual decline of the Norman and rise of the Early English.

While superintending the erection of the vault between the transepts, William of Sens fell—from the upper part of the clerestory wall, a distance of 50 feet—and after directing the completion of that portion of his work, was compelled to resign his task into the hands of English William.

The carving of the walls of the choir to which we have referred was effected to enable the architect to connect his work with the towers of Saints Anselm and Andrew; and it was necessary to narrow the choir because the monks determined to found in the place of the chapel of the Holy Trinity, destroyed by fire, a chapel of St. Thomas, and to observe the original dimensions.

The SCREEN, which encircles the choir, and whose “beauty and singularity” render it valuable, was constructed by Prior Henry de Estria, in 1304-5. Its height is 14 feet. The north doorway, with its central pendant boxes, is still entire; the south door is evidently a later insertion. The rich carved work of the screen, and its niched statues, recently restored, should be carefully examined.

The new crypt (under St. Thomas's Chapel) being loftier than the old crypt under the choir, it became necessary to raise the altar to an unusual elevation. It used to stand completely by itself; and behind, the primate's chair was placed. The latter

was afterwards removed into the corona, and is now to be seen in the south transept of the choir. Over the screen was placed the organ, built by Green, in 1784, at a cost of £1500.

The REREDOS, erected, at a late period, behind the high altar, was destroyed by the fanatics in 1642. A rich Corinthian screen was afterwards erected, to be replaced—a few years ago—by the present reredos, which is imitated from the screen-work of the Lady Chapel in the crypt. The high altar, prior to the Reformation, was very richly decorated, and Erasmus tells us that in a grated vault beneath was such a collection of gold and silver vessels, that Midas and Cræsus in their presence would seem but beggars. “A most idolatrous costly glory-cloth” which Laud presented was destroyed in 1642. The present altar is of wainscot, and its crimson velvet furniture, as well as the hangings of the archiepiscopal throne, the Dean’s and Vice-Dean’s stalls, was the gift of Queen Mary, wife of William III., on her visit to the Cathedral. Among the plate is a cup adorned with the figures of a lion and horse, the Duke of Norfolk’s arms, and a talbot, the Earl of Shrewsbury’s, presented by Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, ambassador to the Emperor of Germany, on passing through the city in 1636.

The wainscoting, by which the screen was formerly hidden, has been removed, but the pews, and the west wainscoting have been preserved. A lofty stone canopy of admirable workmanship, given by Archbishop Howley, now occupies the place of the Corinthian throne, carved by Grinling Gibbons, which Archbishop Tenison erected in 1704.

The ORGAN is now placed out of sight, “in the triforium of the south aisle of the choir.” In the choir itself stands a low pedestal with its keys, which brings the organist into contact with the singers, and the communication between the keys and the organ is maintained by trackers which “pass under the pavement of the side aisles, and are conducted up to the triforium, through a trunk let into the south wall.”

A fragment of the original pavement of Conrad’s choir (where the monks watched Becket’s body the night after the murder) lies between the transepts, and its delicate brown colour will attract the visitor’s attention. When parts of it are taken up for repair or alteration, it is usual, as Hasted has noticed, to find pieces of lead between the joints of the slabs, and Gostling has conjectured that this was the effect of the great fire of 1174, when the lead

on the roof was melted, and probably ran down between the paving-stones in this manner.

Before the Reformation there were erected here, besides the high altar, the altars of St. Alfege the martyr, on the north side, and that of St. Dunstan on the south side, between the monuments of Archbishops Stratford and Dunstan, where some open diaper work still remains. The bodies of these saints were brought here after the new choir was built, with extraordinary pomp. Archbishop Warham opened St. Dunstan's shrine in 1508, to confute and confound the monks of Glastonbury, who had presumptuously asserted that his body was removed to their monastery after the sack of Canterbury by the Danes. A body, with a leaden plate on the breast, inscribed "Sanctus Dunstanus," was found herein. A portion of the skull was then placed within a silver reliquary, fashioned to represent a head, and added to the numerous relics—pieces of Aaron's rod, of the clay from which Adam was made, and the right arm of St. George—exhibited to the numerous pilgrims who visited the Cathedral. When this display was made before Colet, the learned Dean of St. Paul's, and Erasmus, the scholar of Rotterdam, the protestant theologian took no pains to conceal his disgust and impatience. "He refused the accustomed kiss due to the arm of St. George; and when the Prior offered one of the filthy rags torn from one of the saint's robes, as a choice present, he held it up between his fingers, and laid it down with a whistle of contempt, which distracted Erasmus between shame for his companion's bad manners, and a fear for the consequences"—(*Stanley*).

The principal monuments in the choir are—to Archbishop *Sudbury*, beheaded by Wat Tyler in 1381; the canopy is very fine, and a fragment of the epitaph still remains; Archbishop *Stratford*, d. 1341, of alabaster, with a recumbent effigy; Cardinal Archbishop *Kemp*, d. 1454, an elaborate altar-tomb; Archbishop *Meopham*, d. 1333, a coped tomb of black marble, forming part of an elegant screen of open stone-work, with sculptures, between the side aisle and St. Anselm's Chapel; Archbishop *Bradwardine*, d. 1349, a raised but unornamented tomb; Archbishop *Chicheley*, d. 1443, very rich in carving, gilding, and painting, with a recumbent effigy of the primate, figures of angels and priests, and in a recess beneath a *memento mori* in the guise of an almost naked emaciated corpse—restored in 1846; Cardinal Archbishop *Bourchier*, d. 1486, of Bethesden marble, with a niched front;

and Archbishop *Howley*, d. 1848, with an effigy by Westmacott.

At the termination of the north aisle a door opens into St. ANDREW'S TOWER, built by Lanfranc, formerly used as the sacristy, where the higher orders of pilgrims were permitted to gaze upon the gold and silver candlesticks, cups, pyxes, and crosses, the vestments and copes of damask and velvet, Becket's pearwood staff, his blood-stained handkerchief, and the rags with which he wiped his forehead and blew his nose. It is now the Cathedral vestry.

The TRINITY, or ST. THOMAS'S CHAPEL. Becket celebrated his first mass in the ancient Trinity Chapel. After its reconstruction, therefore, it was naturally selected as the most suitable locality for his shrine, and was gorgeously fitted up to render it worthy of so great a treasure. "The windows were duly filled with the richest painted glass of the period, and amongst those on the north side may still be traced elaborate representations of the miracles wrought at the subterraneous tombs, or by visions and intercessions of the mighty saint. High in the tower of St. Anselm, on the south side of the destined site of so great a treasure, was prepared—a usual accompaniment of costly shrines—the Watching Chamber. It is a rude apartment, with a fireplace where the watcher could warm himself during the long winter nights, and a narrow gallery between the pillars, whence he could overlook the whole platform of the shrine, and at once detect any sacrilegious robber who was attracted by the immense treasures there collected. On the occasion of fires it was additionally guarded by a troop of fierce ban-dogs"—(*Stanley*).

Becket's body, after the murder, had been hurriedly interred at the east end of the crypt. When the new chapel was completed, its translation thither was resolved upon, and the day selected was Tuesday, the 7th of July 1220. The year was the fiftieth from the murder; the day was Tuesday, "the fatal day of Becket's life," and the 7th of July, "the same day of the month on which, thirty years before, the remains of his royal adversary, Henry II., had been carried to the vault of the Abbey of Fontevraud." The archbishop to whose lot fell the solemn ceremony was Stephen Langton, who wrested Magna Charta from King John, and is said to have divided the Bible into chapters. Two year's notice had been given in a proclamation circulated throughout Europe, and such a multitude collected as had hardly been seen in any part of England before.

The night previous to the appointed day, the archbishop, with Richard, bishop of Salisbury, and all the monks of the convent, headed by Prior Walter, entered the crypt, with psalms and hymns, solemnly opened the tomb, and, with joyful tears, gazed for the first time on the remains of the saint. The bones were then deposited in a strong chest, the head being taken out and kept apart.

Next day a magnificent procession wound through the pillared glories of the august cathedral. At its head was Henry III., then a boy of thirteen; and he was closely followed by Pandulph, the Legate, by Archbishop Langton, the Archbishop of Rheims, Hubert de Burgh, the Grand Justiciary, who, assisted by "four great lordlings, noble men and tried," bore upon their shoulders the sacred chest, containing the holy relics. It was carried up "the successive stages of the Cathedral," and deposited in its shrine, to the east of the Patriarchal Chair. Mass was then celebrated by the Archbishop of Rheims in the presence of the bishops of the province of Canterbury, "before an altar, which, placed in front of the screen of the choir, was visible to the vast congregation assembled in the nave."

[Among the Cottonian MSS. there is a drawing of the shrine, and it is also pictured in an ancient stained window in the Cathedral. Its site is shewn by the large purple stones which surround the vacant square, and were adorned by the signs of the zodiac. Above its eastern extremity was fixed in the roof a gilded crescent, still remaining, which may have been brought from an oriental mosque, and have alluded to Becket's title of St. Thomas Acrensis, or of Acre, and "the success which his intercession was supposed to have achieved in driving the Saracens out of that fortress." A group of Turkish flags and horse-tails may, perhaps, have encircled it. The furrow in the pavement marks the limit to which the advances of ordinary pilgrims were restricted. Iron gates afforded admission to those who were privileged to draw nearer to the shrine.

The lower part of the shrine was of stone, supported on marble arches, where the sick and lame betook themselves, and rubbed their diseased or enfeebled bodies against the marble. The shrine, properly so called, rested on the marble arches, and was concealed by a wooden canopy, "probably painted outside with sacred pictures, suspended from the roof. At a given signal this canopy was drawn up by ropes, and the shrine then appeared blazing with gold and jewels; the wooden sides were plated with gold, and damasked with gold wire; cramped together on this gold ground were innumerable jewels, pearls, sapphires, balassas, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and also, 'in the midst of the gold,' rings or cameos of sculptured agates, cornelians, and onyx stones." As the worshippers fell on their knees to the sound of silver bells, the Prior came forward, and with a white wand touched the different jewels, naming their respective donors. The glory of the collection, and supposed to be the finest in Europe, was the great carbuncle or diamond, as large as a hen's egg, called "The regale of France," a gift from Louis VII. of France, under peculiar circumstances, if we accept the popular legend.

The king had come hither to discharge a vow made in battle, and knelt at the shrine with the stone set in a ring on his finger. The archbishop, who was present, entreated him to bestow it on the saint. So costly a gift was too much for the royal pilgrim, especially as it was supposed to ensure him good luck in all his enterprises. Still, as a compensation, he offered 100,000 florins for the better adornment of the shrine. The primate was fully satisfied; but scarcely had the refusal been uttered when the stone leapt from the ring, and fastened itself to the shrine, as if a goldsmith had fixed it there." Of course the king was convinced by the miracle, and left not only the jewel but the 100,000 florins at the feet of the saint. It burnt at night like a fire, and would have sufficed for the ransom of a king of England.

Louis was the first French king who had ever set foot on English ground. He had visited the tomb in 1179, when it was placed in the crypt, and being very fearful of the water, had obtained St. Thomas's promise, that no one crossing from Dover to Whitsand or Calais should suffer shipwreck. Isabella, queen of Edward II.; the great Edward the First, who presented to the shrine the golden crown of Scotland; John, the prisoner-king of France; Richard I., on his return from his Austrian prison; the Black Prince; Henry V., flushed with the fame of Azincourt; Emmanuel, the Emperor of the East; Sigismund, the Emperor of the West,—were among the distinguished pilgrims who paid homage to St. Thomas. In 1520, the year of the last Jubilee, Henry the VIII. and the emperor Charles the Fifth were among the visitors. "They rode together from Dover on the morning of Whitsunday, and entered the city through St. George's Gate. Under the same canopy were seen both the youthful sovereigns; Cardinal Wolsey was directly in front; on the right and left were the proud nobles of Spain and England; the streets were lined with clergy, all in full ecclesiastical costume. They lighted off their horses at the west door of the Cathedral; Warham was there to receive them; together they said their devotions—doubtless before the shrine."]

But the Reformation came. In 1534 the separation of the English church from the Roman papacy was formally decreed. In 1535 began the suppression of the monasteries. In 1536 the first blow was struck at the worship of St. Thomas, and injunctions were issued which dissolved some of his great festivals. That of the Translation, which had always been celebrated with great solemnity, did not long escape. In 1537, on its eve or vigil—that is, the 6th of July—Archbishop Cranmer "ate flesh," and "did sup in the hall with his family," and the table was spread, as usual, for the officers of his household. In the following year (April 24, 1538) a summons was issued in the name of Henry the Eighth, "to thee, Thomas Becket, sometime archbishop of Canterbury," charging him with treason, contumacy, and rebellion. It was read within the Cathedral, by the side of the shrine; thirty days were allowed for the saint's appearance; and as this, for obvious reasons, did not take place, the case was formally argued at Westminster, between the attorney-general on the part of Henry II., and an advocate granted to Becket at the expense of the Crown. The arguments of the former prevailed,

and sentence was pronounced against the archbishop, that his bones should be publicly burnt, and the offerings made at the shrine forfeited to the king.

The sentence was carried out in the following September. The jewels and gold were carried off in coffers, and absorbed in the royal stores, and the "Regale of France" was long worn by Henry himself in his thumb-ring; the bones were either scattered to the winds, or interred without the slightest care. "St. Thomas" was degraded to "Bishop Becket;" his images were pulled down, and his name was everywhere erased.

The destroyers, however, suffered his figure to remain in some of the stained windows which still shed a dim religious light within the Trinity Chapel. And these windows, as well as those in the Corona, should be admiringly examined—as Professor Willis has pointed out—inasmuch as for excellence of drawing, harmony of colouring, and purity of design, they are unequalled in all Europe. "The skill with which the minute figures are represented cannot even at this day be surpassed." The scroll-work and rich borderings which encircle the medallions are equally delicate and beautiful.

The three windows which, in this glorious chapel, have survived the ignorance of fanaticism, represent—as did all the others—the miracles effected by the martyred archbishop, to whom heaven gave precedence over St. Stephen, because the latter was slain by strangers, Becket by men of his own faith. We see him passing over the dusky waters, and descending in light to aid the vessels of the Crusaders. Here he arises from his shrine, robed in his gorgeous pontifical habiliments, to celebrate mass at his own altar. Here he restores sight to the blind, and here he relieves those who have lost the power of smell. In one window we see the son of Jordan, son of Eirulf, recovered from the chains of death by water from St. Thomas's Well, whereat the father rejoicing, vows a rich offering at his shrine before Mid Lent. The promise being neglected, sickness descends upon his house—his son again falls dead—nor recovers until his parents, in sore distress, have performed their vow at Canterbury.

From Becket we turn to another, and, perhaps, a purer English Worthy—to Edward the Black Prince, to the hero of Crécy and Poitiers—the flower of the chivalry of England—whose "most authentic memorial" is here—his Tomb. Canterbury was a city which he loved and favoured. On the occasion of his mar-

riage to Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, he had founded a chantry in the undercroft of the south transept, and by his will, dated, "le vij jour de Juyn, l'an de grace mil troiscenz septantz et sisme," at Westminster, he had supplied the most precise directions as to the mode of his interment in the crypt, the fashion of his monument, and the exact wording of his epitaph, which runs as follows :—

"Tu que passez ove bouche close, par la ou cest corps repose,
 Entent ce qe te dirray, sicome te dire la say,
 Tiel come tu es, je autiel fu, Tu seras tiel come je su ;
 De la mort ne pensay je mie, Tant come j'avoy la vie.
 En terre avoy grand richesse, dont je y fys grand noblesse,
 Terre, mesons, et grand tresor, draps, chivalx, argent et or.
 Mes ore su je povres et chetifs, perfond en la terre gys,
 Ma grand beaute est toute alee, Ma char est tout gastee,
 Moult est estreote ma meson, En moy na si verite non,
 Et si ore me veissiez, Je ne quide pas qe vous deeissen,
 Qe j'eusse onques hom este, si su je ore de tout changee.
 Pur Dieu pries an celestien Roy, qe mercy eit de l'arme de moy,
 Tout cil qe pur moi prieront, ou à Dieu m'acorderont,
 Dieu les mette en son paray, ou nul ne poet estre chetifs."

The Conqueror was not buried where he had enjoined, but in the Chapel of the Trinity itself—in the raised space behind the altar, and on the south side of the shrine of St. Thomas—a space now surrounded with monuments, but then entirely vacant. "There he lies, as he had directed, in full armour, his head resting on his helmet, his feet with the likeness of 'the spurs he won' at Crécy, his hands joined as in the last prayer which he had offered up on his death-bed. There you can see his fine face with the Plantagenet features, the flat cheeks, and the well-chiselled nose, to be traced perhaps in the effigy of his father in Westminster Abbey, and his grandfather in Gloucester Cathedral. On his armour, you can still see the marks of the bright gilding with which the figure was covered from head to foot, so as to make it look like an image of pure gold. High above are suspended the brazen gauntlets, the helmet, with what was once its gilded leopard, crest, and the wooden shield, the velvet coat also, embroidered with the arms of France and England, now tattered and colourless, but then blazing with blue and scarlet. There, too, still hangs the empty scabbard of the sword, wielded perchance at his three great battles, and which Oliver Cromwell, it is said,

carried away. On the canopy, above the tomb, there is the faded representation—painted after the strange fashion of those times—of the persons of the Holy Trinity, according to the peculiar devotion which he had entertained. In the pillars you can see the hooks to which was fastened the black tapestry, with its crimson border and curious embroidery, which he directed in his will should be hung round his tomb and the shrine of Becket. Round about the tomb, too, you will see the ostrich feathers, which, according to the old, but I am afraid doubtful, tradition, we are told he won at Crécy from the blind king of Bohemia, who perished in the thick of the fight; and, interwoven with them, the famous motto with which he used to sign his name, ‘Houmout,’ ‘Ich diene.’ And lastly, carved about the tomb, is the long inscription composed by himself before his death, in Norman French, written, as he begged, clearly and plainly, that all might read it. Its purport is to contrast his former splendour, and vigour, and beauty, with the wasted body which is now all that is left. A natural thought at all times, and increasingly so at this period, as we see from the further exemplification of it in Chichele’s tomb, a hundred years later, where the living man and the dead skeleton are contrasted with each other in actual representation,—but singularly affecting here, if we can suppose it to have been written during the four years’ seclusion, when he lay wasting away from his lingering illness, with the overclouding of his high fortunes, and death full in prospect.”

The tomb of Henry IV. and his beautiful second wife, Joanna of Navarre, will next attract our attention. Henry’s body was removed hither—from Westminster to Faversham by water, and thence by land—on the Trinity Sunday following his death (May 1413), and was interred by the side of the Black Prince with solemn pomp, in the presence of Henry V. and his chief nobles. A rumour spread abroad that the royal corpse had been cast into the river during a great storm, on the passage from Gravesend to Barking, but when the tomb was opened, in 1832, it was found therein, and in a state of singular preservation. Queen Joanna, who probably erected the monument to her deceased husband, died in 1437, aged seventy, at her palace of Havering-Bower. ‘Also the same year died all the lions in the Tower, the which was nought seen in no man’s time before out of mind’—(*Stowe*).

Other memorials in this hallowed spot consecrate the name and fame of *Dean Wotton*, temp. Henry VIII., the figure by Ber-

mini; *Archbishop Courtenay*, d. 1396, an uncompromising opponent of the Lollards; and *Cardinal Castillon*, a Huguenot convert, killed by a poisoned apple administered to him by a treacherous servant. In the SOUTH AISLE of the CHAPEL stands a nameless tomb, sometimes attributed to *Archbishop Theobald*, d. 1160; and in ST. ANSELM'S CHAPEL is the beautiful arcaded altar-tomb of *Archbishop Simon de Meopham*, d. 1333, who died, it is said, of a broken heart at the affronts put upon him by Grandison, Bishop of Exeter.

The eastern end of the Cathedral, the CORONA, built by English William, 1178-84, formerly held the shrines of Archbishops Odo and Wilfrid (of York), and still contains the tomb of the Papal Legate, *Cardinal Pole*, d. 1558, the last archbishop buried in the Cathedral.

West of ANSELM'S TOWER, built by Prior Ernulf, we pass into the SOUTH-EASTERN TRANSEPT, in whose apses were anciently placed the altars of Sts. Gregory and John. Of Archbishop Winchelsey's tomb (1292-1313) the traces are very scanty. Remark the ARCHIEPISCOPAL THRONE or PATRIARCHAL CHAIR ("St. Augustine's Chair") in which, it is said, the heathen chiefs of Kent were enthroned, and which Augustine received from his convert, King Ethelbert; and observe, against the south wall of the Choir, the memorials of *Archbishop Walter Reynolds*, d. 1327, and the crusader-prelate, *Hubert Walter*, d. 1205.

From the South Transept, reached by a descent of several steps, we pass into the WARRIOR'S CHAPEL, dedicated to St. Michael, and built about 1360-70. Here the most noticeable memorials are, the stone coffin of the great archbishop, *Stephen Langton*, d. 1228, who divided the Scriptures into chapters, and joined the barons against king John; and a stately pile erected by Margaret Holland in honour of her two husbands, *John Beaufort*, *Earl of Somerset*, d. 1409, and *Thomas*, *Duke of Clarence*, younger brother of Henry V., slain at the battle of Beaugé in 1421.

Our examination of the interior of the Cathedral will conclude with a descent into its ancient CRYPT, or UNDERCROFT, one of five English Eastern crypts (*i. e.*, under the choir)—Winchester, Canterbury, Rochester, Worcester, and Gloucester—built before 1085. At the east end is placed the CHAPEL of OUR LADY, whose shrine, in the old days, was one of extraordinary wealth and beauty. The niche and bracket for the Virgin's

image are still extant. Remark the grave-slab of the Archbishop and Cardinal *Morton*, d. 1500, whose influence was exercised in favour of the union of the White and Red Roses by the marriage of Elizabeth of York with Henry of Richmond (January 1486). The ceremony, however, was solemnized by Cardinal Bouchier "whose hand held that sweet posie, wherein the white and red roses were first tied together."

Queen Elizabeth, in 1561, permitted the protestant exiles from France and Flanders to set up their silk looms in this crypt. Their descendants still make use of the side aisle as a place of worship. Remark the French inscriptions with which the roof is covered.

The CHANTRY, founded by the Black Prince, in 1363, on his marriage with his long-wooded lover, Joan, the "Fair Maid of Kent," exhibits his armorial bearings and those of his great sire, Edward III. "Fauke's Hall"—or Vauxhall—was then handed over by him to the Chapter of the Cathedral, and is still their property. The roof of ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL (beyond) is covered with curious designs in tempera. As we advance towards the east, underneath Trinity Chapel, we may remark the lightness of the architecture, distinguishing the later work of English William from the gloomy massiveness of Prior Ernulf's conceptions. It occupies the place of an earlier crypt where Becket's body was first interred, and where Henry II. performed his memorable penance.

The most remarkable points of the Cathedral, externally, are the "BELL HARRY" or GREAT CENTRAL TOWER, built by Prior Goldstone the second, 1495-1517, to replace the "Angel Steeple," already alluded to (p. 320). Of the two west towers, a modern one, in 1840, replaced the ARUNDEL STEEPLE, while the other, the DUNSTAN STEEPLE, remains as it left the hands of Prior Goldstone and Archbishop Chicheley.

[In the immediate vicinity of the Cathedral there are certain points of interest to which we may briefly direct the visitor's attention. "The Oaks," a portion of the Canonry, was the old monastic pleasance. The "Infirmmary" and the "Infirmmary Church" formerly stood in the GREEN, or PRIOR'S COURT, and here, too, were the "Honours," or state-chambers, which received the Prior's most distinguished guests. There is some Norman work in the DARK ENTRY, and in the small tower beyond, now called "The Baptistry," which was originally employed as a reservoir for water. The CHAPTER LIBRARY contains some interesting relics. The CHAPTER HOUSE was built in 1470-90. Its interior should be closely examined. The CLOISTERS, DEANERY and the PORTER'S GATE, have also their peculiarities of detail, which will easily be recognised by the careful inquirer.

The KING'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, for 50 scholars, founded by Henry VIII., counts

among its celebrities, Charles Abbot, Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, whose father kept a small shaving shop opposite the great west façade of the Cathedral.

Of the ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, in Palace Street, a Norman archway is the only memorial. It is unnecessary to recal the famous scenes with which it was associated, or to name the kings, and peers, and knights, who were right royally entertained under its noble roof. It first fell into decay during the rule of the Puritans, and its entire demolition was hastened by an act of Parliament after the Restoration, which excused the Archbishops from putting it into repair.]

ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE.

The Pagan temple on the road to Rutupiaë, in which Ethelbert and his predecessors had sacrificed to the mysterious deities of the old Norse religion, was consecrated by St. Augustine as a church in honour of St. Pancras. Near at hand was raised a religious house for Benedictine monks, dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul, the patron saints of Rome. When restored and enlarged by Archbishop Dunstan, in 978, to these two saints was added one of later canonization, Augustine himself, and the monastery became known by his name rather than by the names of his predecessors. It flourished amazingly until Henry VIII. laid his heavy hand upon it, and then it rapidly passed away from the face of the earth. The only remains of the MONASTERY are some Norman details, insignificant in extent; and of the CHURCH the refectory, the entrance gateway, the graveyard gate, and some time-worn walls. The very fine gate of entrance dates *c.* 1310. The graveyard gate *c.* 1399.

After the Suppression, the monastic buildings were for a while converted into a palatial residence, where Charles I. entertained Henrietta Maria after their first interview at Dover.

In 1844-8, THE MISSIONARY COLLEGE was erected on this interesting site, at the sole expense of A. J. Beresford Hope, Esq., and from the designs of Mr. Butterfield, the architect. Accommodation is provided for 45 students, whose annual charge is simply £35, and whose education is directed towards qualifying them for the service of the church in the distant dependencies of the British Empire, "with such strict regard to economy and frugality of habit, as may fit them for the special duties to be discharged, the difficulties to be encountered, and the hardships to be endured." The endowment provides for a warden, sub-warden, and six fellows.

RELIGIOUS HOUSES.

The traces are very scanty of the Benedictine Nunnery of **ST. SEPULCHRE'S**, founded by Archbishop Anselm, and renowned as the scene of some of the impostures of Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent. The site of **ST. GREGORY'S PRIORY**, founded by Lanfranc for Augustinian Black Canons, was in Northgate Street. Near St. Peter's Church, on the river bank, stands the ruined pile of the **DOMINICANS**, or **BLACK FRIARS**; the Refectory now made use of as an Unitarian Chapel. The **FRANCISCANS** dwelt on the other side of the way, but there are no remains of their house. **EAST BRIDGE HOSPITAL**, "for way-faring men," was founded (it is said) by Thomas à Becket.

CHURCHES.			
NAME.	BENEFICE.	VALUE.	PATRON.
All Saints	R.	£150	Lord Chancellor.
With St. Mary in the Castle, and St. Mildred	R.		
St. Alfege	R.	£150	Archbishop of Canterbury.
With St. Mary, Northgate	V.		
St. Andrew	R.	£203	Archbishop and the Chap- ter alternately.
With St. Mary, Bredman	R.		
St. Dunstan	V.	£120	Archbishop of Canterbury.
St. George the Martyr	R.	£140	Dean and Chapter.
With St. Mary Magdalen	R.		
St. Gregory the Great	V.	...	Archbishop of Canterbury.
St. Mary, Bredin	V.	£149	Simeon's Trustees.
St. Martin	R.	£300	Archbishop and Chapter alternately.
With St. Paul	V.		
St. Margaret	R.	£87	Do. do.
St. Peter.	R.	£120	Do. do.
With Holy Cross	V.		

The church of **HOLY CROSS** was rebuilt by Archbishop Sudbury, 1374-81. In **ST. DUNSTAN'S** is interred the head of Sir Thomas More. The brick gateway opposite was a portion of the house of the great statesman's daughter, the learned Margaret Roper. **ST. GREGORY'S**, Early English, was built by G. G. Scott.

THE CASTLE AND THE DANE JOHN.

The DANE JOHN, or DONJON, is an elevated knoll commanding some noble views of the Cathedral city, and its public walks have been agreeably planted. The "Martyr's Field" beyond was the scene of many a death for conscience sake in the dark days of the Marian persecution.

The stately Norman Keep of the Castle has been perverted to base uses, but retains its original characteristics sufficiently to interest a careful observer. Its area measures 88 feet by 80. It occupies the site of an old Saxon fortress, and is utterly without historical associations.

The GUILDHALL, an old building refaced with modern brick, containing portraits and old armour; the MUSEUM, with its local antiquities; the KENT and CANTERBURY HOSPITAL with accommodation for 100 patients; the CLERGY ORPHANS' CORPORATION SCHOOL on St. Thomas's Hill; the view from ST. MARTIN'S HILL; and MASTER'S NURSERY GARDENS; these are interesting points which will doubtlessly attract the tourist's attention.

CANTERBURY to ASHFORD.

By South-Eastern Railway, about 15 m.

Leaving behind us the regal towers of Canterbury, and, to our right, the lofty elevation of Harbledown, we follow, with but inconsiderable deviations, the line of the ancient Watling Street, through the rich but tender beauty of the valley of the Stour, and at one mile south, pass on our left the village and church of

THANINGTON (population, 385), partly within the limits of "the sacred city." The CHURCH, the only noticeable object in it, is Early English, and stands on the south bank of the Stour, which here pursues a tortuous course through meadows which it enlivens and enriches. It consists of a nave, chancel, and south aisle, with a low square tower curiously placed in the centre of the north side of the nave, and two rude lancet windows in the east gable. The memorials are few, but observe the brass for *Thomas Hall*, d. 1485, with its figure of an armed knight; and the monuments

to Lady *Ann Hales*, d. 1617; Sir *Charles Hales*, d. 1623; *Millicent Rownyng*, d. 1612; and *Thomas Hall*, d. 15 * *. A recessed tomb will be noticed in the south wall, and there is also an Early English piscina. The Church is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and was evidently built at the transition period between the Norman and Early English styles.

Its vicarage, valued at £170, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In this parish, but on the other side of the railway, and in the low ground below Harbledown, is the farmstead of TUNIFORD (a farm or village ford, *e.g.*, across the Stour), with some relics of the old manorial mansion, which was formerly moated. The gateway arch is an interesting example of Perpendicular. It led into an open quadrangle, of which the ruined walls partly remain, and shew, as does the farm-house itself, some traces of the ancient circular towers which strengthened them, and which were probably built by Sir Thomas Browne of Betchworth. In the 27th of Henry VI., this worthy "comptroller and treasurer of the king's household" obtained a license to embattle and impark, and to have free warren within the manor.

At 2 miles from Canterbury we reach MILTON (population, 10), a small "location" of two houses and a church, in a remarkable picturesque country. The chalk hill starts up abruptly from the bank of the river, and carries along its crest the old Ashford road, whence the pedestrian may gaze upon the fair map outspread beneath—on fields, and groves, and churches, and many a solitary grange—on the rich woodland of the Blean—on the towers of Canterbury filling up the landscape to the north, and the broad green-swarded parks of Chilham and Godmersham to the south.

The Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, consists of a small nave and chancel, with a small turret of stone at the west end. The rectory, a comparative sinecure, valued at £70, is in the patronage of M. Bell, Esq.

At HORTON, a little farther south, on the bank of the Stour, is a small CHAPEL, now used as a barn, whose Decorated roof may be worth examination.

The traveller by rail should stop at Chilham Station, and thence keep the high road to Canterbury as far as CHARTHAM (population, 1138), where there is a church of more than usual

interest, and from whose hills may be enjoyed some prospects of more than ordinary beauty. The village, a true English village, with a decent inn, is built round a pleasant green, with the church and parsonage on the south side, and a Queen-Anne-style of house on the other, built by Dr. Maximilian Delangle, a French refugee, rector of this parish and prebend of Canterbury, d. 1724. In a niche over the principal entrance stands a bust of Charles II., with a sceptre resting on a cushion. In the rear of the village fumes and darkens a large paper mill, worked by the river Stour.


CHARTHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a large and goodly building, with an Early English nave, a Decorated chancel, a cross aisle, and tower steeple at the west end. It has four windows on each side, enriched with the fanciful and delicate "Kentish tracery," noticeable at Leeds Castle and Penshurst. The trefoil moulding, which unites the interior windows, should be carefully examined, and the graceful vine-leaf border of the stained glass. The east window has four lights.

In the north wall, under an Early English arch, is an ancient tomb, perhaps that of the founder. In the chancel a brass with inscription, date 1306, of a knight in armour, commemorates one of the Septvans family, and a tablet records the virtues of Dr. *Delangle*, d. 1724. A defaced brass in the transept formerly bore an inscription to *Jane Evans*, daughter of Lewys Clyfforht, squire, d. 1530. An imposing piece of sculpture, by Rysbrach, is dedicated to the memory of Sir *William Young*, d. 1788, and his wife, *Sarah Fugge*, who died in 1746, the year in which she was married, age 18. There are numerous memorials to members of the Fagge family (of Mystole), who are recorded to have "exemplarily satisfied the ends for which they were born." Surely no one of us can hope for a better epitaph?

The rectory of Chartham, valued at £800, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Chartham Downs, rising from the Ashford road on the south, and sloping towards the Stour, are dotted with barrows, or *tumuli*, which were opened by Mr. Faussett, and found to contain some Saxon relics, and male and female skeletons. Beyond these, the heights, from east to west, are crossed by the lines of three or four encampments. In 1668, in the course of sinking a well at Chartham, were exhumed a quantity of "strange and monstrous bones" (fossils), which gave rise to various theories.

speculations, and hypotheses, none of which seem to have been peculiarly satisfactory.

 Two miles south-west lies the village of CHILHAM (population of the parish, 1419), about a mile west of the Chilham station, on the South-Eastern Railway. (*Inn*: The Woolpack.)

Just above the latter point rises the singular elevation, 148 feet long by 45 broad, known as *Julaber's*, or, vulgarly, *Juliberrie's Grave*,—a name which the romantic archæologists of the earlier days of Sylvanus Urban pronounced a corruption of “Julius Laberius.” This able lieutenant of Julius Cæsar was slain in the second expedition into Britain in the fight which took place at the passage of the Stour. No skeletons, however, have been found here, and “Julaber” may be, perhaps, identical with “Julian’s Bower,” a name often applied to certain ancient earth-works which seem to have been the area of the Roman popular games (in honour of Julius Cæsar?).

The village lies on the high ground to the west of the main road—the church and vicarage on the one side—the ancient castle and beautiful park of Chilham on the other. Noble views of the Ashford valley, of the country towards Canterbury, and the lofty range of well-wooded downs from Wye to Brabourne may here be obtained.

One mile north of Chilham church spreads the picturesque heathy tract of OLD WIVES’ LEES, with which a singular custom was formerly associated. “The manor of Selgrave, in Faversham, having fallen to Sir Dudley Digges, he, by a codicil to his will in 1638, devised it to charitable uses, ordering that it should be let to some tenant, who should pay, over and above the quit-rents, £20 per annum, and so soon as that sum should be raised, then that the lord of Faversham, or in his absence the mayor, with the advice of four of the jurats and the lord of Chilham, or in his absence, the vicar of Chilham, with the advice of four of the best freeholders, should choose two young men and two young maidens, of good conversation, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four, and these two young men and two young maidens, on the 19th of May yearly, should run ‘a tie’ at Chilham, and the young man and young maid who should prevail, should each of them have ten pounds.” We are not aware whether the custom is still maintained, though, indeed, the remembrance of an ancient custom you can hardly ever root out of the heart of the

people. Whatever the forms of expression it assumes, whatever the disguises forced upon it by the lapse of years, the tradition *never dies*, but lurks in out-of-the-way corners, and slumbers awhile in unthought-of nooks, until the hour and the opportunity arrive when it can again lift up its head, and claim the popular homage. The unwritten history, indeed, has more vitality in it than the written. Huge folios sleep in venerable dust on the book-shelves of the few, when the old song and the old legend are still living in the memories and affections of the many ; and while the hypercritical expatiate on the folly of our old national customs and popular observances, which they would have us regard as the lumber of the past, in many a quiet village they are flourishing in all their quaintness, and claim and receive the favour and reverence of the common people.

CHILHAM CASTLE—to which access is readily afforded—occupied, in its entirety, about 8 acres, and was encircled by a deep fosse. The principal ruin is the (late) Norman keep, octagonal in form, with a square east turret, containing a newer staircase. It is composed of flint, chalk, and ashlar Caen stone, and is three stories high ; the uppermost appears to have contained the principal chambers.

The old Early Saxon structure is traditionally represented to have been the residence of King Lucius, who was converted in 189, founded the first Christian church at Canterbury, afterwards retired to a hermitage at Coire, in the Grisons, and died in the odour of sanctity and the ripeness of years. His relics are still exhibited at Coire. By the Saxon kings of Kent it was undoubtedly occupied and strengthened. It would seem that about 851 it was demolished by the Danes, and it remained in ruins until the Conqueror bestowed it on Fulbert, surnamed De Dover, from his post as constable of Dover Castle. It remained with his descendants until the race expired in Isabella de Dover, Countess of Athlone, who died in 1292, and was interred in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. The castle was afterwards in the hands of the rich Lord Badlesmere of Leeds Castle, who, having sided with Edward II. against Queen Isabella, was beheaded by the latter. Edward VI. bestowed it upon Sir Thomas Chene, or Cheyney, Warden of the Cinque Ports, who pulled down a great portion of the buildings, then “ not only commodious for use, and beautiful for pleasure, but strong for defence and resistance,” and employed the materials in erecting a mansion at Shurland, in the

Isle of Sheppey. A few years later, Sir Dudley Digges, a man of some eminence in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., becoming possessed of all the estates, commenced the erection of the present "splendid house," and finished it about 1616. It must assuredly be regarded as an admirable example of the later Tudor style. Through the Colebrooks and the Herons it came into the hands, in 1792, of Thos. Wildman, the ancestor of J. B. Wildman, from whom it has passed to C. S. Hardy. The park, which here occupies hill and dale to a considerable extent, is very finely wooded, and enjoys some goodly views of the surrounding landscapes.

CHILHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a Decorated building of considerable size and pretensions, with a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, north and south side chancels—the latter consecrated to St. Anne—and tower-steeple, with beacon-turret, at the west end. One William d'Ypres bestowed this church, in 1153, upon the priory of Throwleigh, a cell of the Benedictine abbey of St. Bertin's, in Flanders, which was suppressed by Henry V. His successor, Henry VI., settled it upon the famous monastery of Sion, and after the dissolution of religious houses, *temp.* Henry VIII., it followed the fortunes of the manor, as already described.

The south chancel is the mortuary chapel of the Digges family, and will irreverently remind the tourist of the statuary exhibitions so common at the Mary-le-bone end of the New Road. An obelisk, ornamented with figures which the visitor is supposed to recognise as the Cardinal Virtues, was erected by Sir Dudley Digges. The pillar to Lady Digges was erected, we are informed, "in imitation of that set up by Jacob over Rachel," though we are not aware that Sir Dudley in any respect resembled the Israelite patriarch. The north chancel has been rebuilt, with a still stranger perversion of taste, in imitation of a Roman columbarium, by the Colebrookes, and the inscriptions are enclosed in circular tablets. The rich arabesque work of two monuments in the north transept will interest the observer. With the sculpture in honour of T. Wildman, Esq., by Chantrey, he will probably be disappointed.

The vicarage of Chilham, valued at £800 yearly, is in the patronage of C. S. Hardy, Esq., the proprietor of Chilham Castle.

MOLASH (population, 346), a village three miles south-west


of Chilham, which looks out very picturesquely upon the rich woodlands of Godmersham. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, is a small Early English building, with a pointed turret, a nave, and chancel, containing ancient font and some memorials of the Chapmans—*pulvis Chapmannorum*.

GODMERSHAM (population, 424), *i. e.*, Godmer's ham or home, enjoys one of the fairest positions in eastern Kent—wood and water, valley and hill—

“ Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.”

The village adjoins GODMERSHAM PARK (Edw. Knight, Esq.), a tract of finely wooded hill and dale, which has something of an Arcadian character about it. On the river bank, at a short distance north from the church, stands the ancient manor-house of the monks of Christchurch, Canterbury, probably built by Prior Henry de Estria, about 1290, and afterwards largely repaired by Prior Sellyng, *temp.* Edward IV. The hall and most interesting portions were demolished in 1810. The doorway is built up, but the mouldings are in good preservation, and over the porch there is a well-carved effigy of a prior (Prior Chillenden ?), with his mitre, pall, and crozier, in the act of bestowing the benediction.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Lawrence, has a large chancel, a nave, and low square tower. The south chantry, attached to the manors of Ford and Eggarton, contains numerous memorials. The vicarage, worth £234 per annum, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The vicarage of CHALLOCK (population, 427) is valued at £250. The Church, dedicated to SS. Cosmus and Damian, is situated at the bottom of the hill, within the shadows of the luxuriant woods of Eastwell Park, and about three-quarters of a mile from the village. It consists of a nave, north and south aisles, two chancels, and embattled western tower. The stained glass is good, but there is little left of it.

 From this point the tourist may keep forward to Charing and Smarden, through a country which we have already described, or, crossing the Stour, may traverse the pleasant space of GODMERS-

HAM COMMON, and so through the woods to PETHAM (population, 630), where there is some romantic scenery, and a tolerably commodious CHURCH, which its founders—the monks of St. Asyth, Essex—dedicated to All Saints. The vicarage is annexed to that of Waltham.

WALTHAM (population, 576) lies 3 miles to the south of Petham, amongst the woods, as its name, Weald-ham, indicates. Few tourists, we fancy, ever penetrate into the heart of its lonesome hills or the depth of its obscure groves, where, indeed, there is little to interest them. The Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, has but a nave, chancel, and low pointed tower, and is without any memorials of a noticeable character. The vicarage, however, is of considerable value, £700 per annum, and is in the alternate patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir S. E. Honywood, Bart.

Let us now return to our railway-carriage, and rapidly passing by the grassy glades of Godmersham, we shall see, on our right, the pleasant hills of Boughton Aluph, and on our left the agreeable grounds of Ollantigh. Beyond the latter, on the crest of a chalky elevation, which gradually slopes towards the woods of Waltham, is situated CRUNDALE (population, 263). Here, upon Tremworth Down, have been excavated numerous relics of our British ancestors, of which the most valuable are preserved in the well-known Faussett collection. In the valley below is “a moated grange,” which retains some traces of its ancient importance. The CHURCH, which, from its position, must have been serviceable as a landmark to wayfarers in the neighbouring woods, is dedicated to St. Mary, and consists of a nave and chancel, and tower-steeple, with low-pointed turret at the top. The altar-piece was the gift of Sir Robert Filmer, in 1704. The rectory, in the gift of Sir E. Filmer, Bart., is valued at £344.

[From Crundale a breezy walk may be enjoyed along the hills to HASTING-LEIGH (population, 219), a settlement of the Saxon *Hastingas*. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, consists of a nave, chancel, south aisle, and square western tower. Some portions (the chancel especially) are Norman. A brass, figured with a hawk, commemorates *John Halke*, d. 1604. The rectory, valued at £200, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ELMSTED (population, 500), the place of elms, is situated about 1 mile to the north-east. The village borders upon a small green, with the CHURCH, a handsome Early English building, dedicated to St. James, placed on the rising ground. The east window has some ancient stained glass. In the north chancel remark the white

marble monument and bust of Sir *John Honeywood*, d. 1781. In the south chancel are several brasses, which our space forbids us to enumerate, and a tomb, despoiled of its effigies, bearing an inscription in Old English letters:—"Pray for the sowlles of Xtopher Gay, Agnes and Johana his wyfes, ther chylder and all Xtian sowlys, on whose sowlys thu have mey." The vicarage, worth only £80, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.]

Passing through Wye Station (see p. 168), we soon leave Kennington on our right, and, at about 14 miles from Canterbury, cross the river Stour. To our left lie two villages, of which brief mention must be made. BROOK (population, 120), on a tributary of the Stour, and HINXHILL (population, 135), on the high ground rising out of Ashford valley. The former has a small Norman CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, with a nave, chancel, and low square western tower. The rectory, in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, is valued at £200. HINXHILL CHURCH is also dedicated to St. Mary, but has a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and low spire steeple at the west end. The monument, with figures, to *Robert Edolph*, d. 1631, and his wife Cicely Browne, is in excellent preservation. The heirs of the late Sir J. C. Honeywood have the patronage of the rectory, which is valued at £187.

Ashford is duly noticed at p. 166.

CANTERBURY TO FAVERSHAM.

Ascending the high ground, after quitting Canterbury, we soon reach—by a difficult and winding road—HARBLEDOWN (population, 646), immortalized by Chaucer as

"A little town,
Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down,
Under the Blee in Canterbury way,"

and anciently written HERBALDOWN, in allusion to its grassy downs and hills. The village originally clustered round the Lazar-house or Hospital of St. Nicholas, but now stretches up the ascent which is crowned by the church. At this point, as Mr. Stanley remarks, the pilgrims were wont to compose themselves into a befitting solemnity of aspect, and Chaucer's last story, which is narrated here, is in fact a sermon. The view over the valley to Canterbury is unusually grand, and its towers rise against the cold gray

sky with a stateliness not unworthy the great cathedral of Protestantism. The white line of the Pegwell Bay cliffs may be traced in the distance, conspicuously enclosing the purple ocean shadows. There, then, Augustine landed ; here he preached, and prayed, and builded—an Epopœa, which might surely warm the genius of a Christian poet.

On St. Thomas's Hill, immediately beyond the churchyard, stands the rich Decorated pile of the SCHOOL FOR ORPHAN SONS OF THE CLERGY, recently erected, from the designs of Mr. Hardwicke, and both externally and internally deserving no stinted commendation.

The ancient Hospital, or Lazar-House, to which we have incidentally referred, and which, with its characteristic gateway and ivy-shrouded church, forms so picturesque an object on the right of the Faversham road, was founded by Archbishop Lanfranc in 1066, and dedicated to St. Nicholas. Near at hand is a well, which has always been supposed to possess medicinal qualities, and is now called "the Black Prince's Well," from a tradition that its water was sent to him as he lay sick in the Archbishop's palace at Canterbury. The hospital has been lately rebuilt, and its antiquity sorely meddled with. But the church remains, with its Norman pillars, arches, and doorway. A chest in the hospital-hall contains a bowl of maple, figured with Guy of Warwick's famous victory over the Dragon, bound with a brazen rim, and inlaid in the centre with a piece of rock crystal, and a rude box, with a chain to be held by the hand, and a slit for money in the lid, at least as old as the sixteenth century. When pilgrims, on their way to Canterbury, approached this hospital, "an aged almsman" would descend its steps, bestow upon them a shower of holy water, and then present "the upper leather of a shoe, bound in a brass rim, with a crystal set in the centre." Thus it happened to Erasmus and his companion Dean Colet. But when the shoe was offered to the latter to kiss, he angrily exclaimed, "What is this for !" and was informed that it was "the shoe of St. Thomas." Colet, in his indignation, cried out, "What ! Do these asses expect us to kiss the shoes of all the good men that have ever lived ? Why, they might as well bring us their dung or their spittle to be kissed !" Erasmus, however, compassionated the old man, and bestowed a small coin upon him, perhaps in the very box which, with the identical fragment of Becket's shoe, is still preserved at Harbledown.

Having been largely endowed by successive archbishops, the hospital-grounds now maintain a master, fifteen brethren, and fifteen sisters "in the house," and the same number as out-door pensioners.

This hospital, at first, was called "the Hospital of the Forest of Blean," but the wood has now receded, like a gloomy sea, to the lower lands. On its outskirts stood the archiepiscopal gallows (*furcas*)—a terror to all evil-doers in the hundred of Westgate.

HARBLEDOWN CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, stands on the brink of the hill, and from its quiet "God's Acre" the tourist may survey, at his leisure, the wide-spreading and richly-changeable landscape. It is an Early English building, with a nave, chancel, and pointed turret at the west end. Two or three of the memorials are ancient, but they are none of any special interest.

The rectory, in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is valued at £500.

A little beyond Harbledown there stands back from the road, on the left, a pretty Tudor "villakin"—as John Wilkes would have called it—interesting as the residence of the "bucolic artist," Sidney Cooper, Esq., R.A. The landscapes here are of peculiar interest, and in the full glory of a good "hopping-time" have a certain Italian character which the tourist will not fail to recognize.

The road now winds through Bossenden Wood, a part of the ancient forest of the Blean, belonging to the see of Canterbury. A gate on the right, opening into its leafy depths, is called COURTENAY'S GATE in commemoration of the unfortunate fanatic, "Sir William Courtenay, knight of Malta, and Earl of Devonshire"—born John Nichols Tom, at Truro—who was shot here, with eight of his dupes, in May 1838—so tragically terminating a career of romantic imposture.

Beyond it, at the bottom of the hill, lies "the ville" of DUNKIRK (population, 685), with its small church and excellent schools, dating from 1839, the year after Tom's wild Kentish outbreak. It owes its origin to a body of squatters who, about a century and a half ago, found shelter here (the ground being then extra-parochial), just as suspicious or suspected persons might locate themselves in a "free port" like Dunkirk. Hence the name.

Descending Boughton Hill—(notice the glorious panoramic prospect which it overlooks)—we find ourselves in the village of BOUGHTON-LE-BLEAN (population, 1469), where the Canterbury pilgrims were overtaken by the servant of the wealthy canon, who was so potent an alchymist, we are told, that—

“ All the ground on which we be riding,
Till that we come to Canterbury town,
He could all clean turn upside down,
And pave it all of silver and gold.”

The village covers both sides of the high road for some distance, and on its outskirts cluster numerous orchards and hop-gardens. It is watered by two little rivulets, which well up in the green sward of the neighbouring woods. Beyond these, on higher ground, rises the stately pile of NASH COURT (Mrs. Lade) the seat of the Hawkins family from the reign of Edward III. It was plundered by a riotous Protestant mob in 1715. The high road forms the south boundary of the paddock.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, is about a quarter of a mile distant from this point. It is mainly Early English, and consists of a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, and side chancels or chapels. Observe the brasses to *John Colkins*, d. 1405, and *John Best*, and *Joan*, his wife, d. 1508. The monument to *Thomas Hawkins*, of Nash Court, d. 1588, aged 101, records that he excelled his contemporaries in stature and strength of body, and that he was much favoured by Henry VIII., “the gracious prince” whom he diligently served. The Hawkins memorials are numerous.

The vicarage, valued at £420, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Just beyond the village, but before the grounds of Nash Court are reached, the pedestrian will observe a turning to the right which leads ($1\frac{1}{2}$ mile) to HERNE HILL (population, 657). The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, may be seen from the Boughton road, and is a neat Perpendicular building, with a nave, chancel, north aisle, and tower steeple. The nave is separated from the aisle by clustered shafts of Bethersden marble. In the churchyard lies interred the Canterbury enthusiast, “Sir William Courtenay.”

The Archbishop of Canterbury presents to the vicarage, which is reputed to be worth £292 yearly.

One and a half mile beyond Nash Court, on the road to Faversham, which here turns off to the right from the Canterbury road, we reach PRESTON (population, 1135)—*i. e.*, Priest-town — anciently belonging to the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Catherine, is a noticeable object from the high road, and is at no great distance from the Faversham station. It is an Early English building, with a nave, chancel, and south aisle; some fragments of stained glass; and brasses to *Valentine Barret*, d. 1440; *Eunnola Lee*, d. 1440; and *William Mareys*, esquire to Henry V., d. 1470. A monument at the east end of the aisle, with effigies kneeling at a desk, commemorates *Thomas Finch*, d. 1615, and *Bennett Maycott*, his wife, d. 1612. A large altar-tomb, with recumbent effigies, for *Roger Boyle*, grandfather of the celebrated philosopher, the Earl of Orrery, is very sumptuous, and well worth regarding. A mural tablet is inscribed to *Silvester Borough*, d. 1609.

The Decorated sedilia on the south side of the chancel are interesting. The side windows are lancets. The east window is a modern improvement.

Preston vicarage, valued at £324, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Leaving the railway station behind us, we soon plunge into the busy streets of

FAVERSHAM.

[Population of municipal borough, 8616. *Hotels*: The Ship, Dolphin, and Railway Arms. 47 m. by road, from London; 52 m. by rail—about two hours' journey; 10 m. from Canterbury.

There is direct railway communication between Faversham, Whitstable, and Herne Bay, Margate, and Ramsgate, by L. C. and D. Railway.]

From its position at the head of a navigable creek which flows into the East Swale, at a point directly opposite the south-east extremity of the Isle of Sheppey, Faversham early rose into consideration. In 812 it was styled "the king's little town of Fefresham;" Athelwolf, in 839, calls it his royal "villa;" Athelstane held here, in 930, a *witan* or national council; and it was afterwards included within the limits of the Cinque Ports, as a "limb" or member of the town of Dover. King Stephen and his queen Maud founded here, about 1147, a Cluniac Abbey, which they dedicated to St. Saviour, and placed at its head Clarembald, prior of Bermondsey. To hasten the erection

of the necessary buildings, the queen frequently took up her residence at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and the church, indeed, was completed before her death in 1151, as she was interred within its walls. Her son Eustace, Count of Boulogne, was buried there about fifteen months later, and King Stephen himself in 1154. The Abbey, however, soon sunk into a grievous state of poverty, though its abbot often sat in Parliament. Upon the decease of the abbot the king, as representative of the founder, received his palfrey, hounds, drinking cup, and signet ring. At the Dissolution its site and lands were bestowed on Sir Thomas Cheney, Warden of the Cinque Ports, who alienated them, six years afterwards, to Thomas Arden, or Ardern, the hero of the quasi-Shakspearian tragedy of "Arden of Faversham."

[His melancholy story produced a great impression on his contemporaries, and is related by Holinshed with much graphic force. Arden's wife Alice, "young, tall, and well favoured of shape and countenance," had been seduced by "a black, swart serving-man" of the name of Mosbie, and was induced by him, in conjunction with two villains—sea-pirates apparently—Green of Faversham, and Black Will, "a terrible cruel ruffian," to plot her husband's murder. . . .

"I was bewicht; woe-worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me!"

After two unsuccessful attempts to waylay him on Rainham hill, and again in the Broomy Close (now Broom Street), near Sheppey ferry, they resolved to slay him in his own house, during St. Valentine's fair. On Sunday evening, therefore (February 15, 1551), Black Will was concealed in a closet in Arden's parlour, and when the unfortunate man sat down at supper time to play a game with Mosbie, Green stood behind him, with a candle in his hand, to shadow Black Will as he came forth at the concerted signal. A towel was twisted round Arden's neck, and he was strangled; his body was then removed into a garden-house, where Mistress Alice hastened to view it, and stabbed it seven or eight times in the breast. Afterwards she sent for several Londoners who were on a visit to Faversham, and they supped and made merry, played, danced, and sung. The corpse was then removed—"in his nightgown, with his slippers on"—to an adjoining field, called the Ambry Croft, and Alice set out to alarm the town. The mayor and other authorities immediately instituted a search, and discovered the body in the croft, and more—an unexpected witness against the murderers—a long rush or two which had been brought from the parlour floor. The snow at this time began to fall, and revealed their footsteps. They were straightway charged with the murder, and Mistress Alice, conscience-smitten, exclaimed, "Oh, the blood of God help! for this blood have I shed!" She was burned at the stake at Canterbury. Mosbie was hung at Smithfield, and Green at Faversham. Black Will was not taken until some years had elapsed, and he was then burned at Flushing. It was a common belief that no grass would grow on the field where the murderers had laid the corpse—a field which he had unjustly taken, it is said, from a widow woman, and his misfortunes were commonly ascribed to the widow's curse. The spot may have been kept free from grass by art, as was the case on the Castle Green at Colchester, where gallant Lucas and chivalrous Lisle were executed. See *Holinshed's Chronicles*, *Spelman's History of Sacrilege*, and *Lewis's History of Faversham Abbey*.]

Faversham, like other Kentish towns, has had its royal visits. Mary, sister of Henry VIII., and widow of Louis XII. of France, passed through it in 1515. Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. were here in 1522, and King Harry lay here one night, in 1545, on his way to Boulogne. Amongst other sovereigns we may name Queen Elizabeth (A.D. 1573), and Charles II. on his restoration (A.D. 1660). It was to this town the boatmen conveyed the hapless James II., after preventing his escape in a small vessel lying at Shellness. His money and watch were taken from him, but he saved his diamonds, which the rude fishermen mistook for bits of glass. At Faversham, he was imprisoned at the Queen's Arms, and thence removed to the mayor's house. He resented so bitterly the rough treatment he had received, that when, in 1692, he published a general amnesty, he included among "the exceptions" the fishermen who had searched his pockets so rudely, and who had now the honour of figuring "side by side with Churchill and Danby." — (See *Macaulay*, vol. ii., 569-575).

The notable things to be seen in and about Faversham are easily enumerated. The large pillared caverns or excavations in the chalk, dug, it may be, by our Celtic ancestors, should be visited. A few years ago they were regularly used as "lying-in chambers" by gipsy mothers. At the north-east end of the town may be seen, on the Abbey Farm, the sole memorials of St. Saviour's Priory, some ancient walnut trees, which probably supplied the monks with the "nuces," esteemed so wholesome after a dish of trout, and a stout boundary wall, which skirts the farmer's pleasant orchard. Arden's house is still standing, and beyond the Grammar School (founded in 1527), a narrow arched doorway, in the angle of the wall, is shewn as that through which his murderers passed, with their ghastly burthen, into the Ambry Croft. Near the Ship, in East Street, are some old timbered dwelling-houses. The Swan, a hostelry of no great repute, has an interesting legendary association. Sts. Crispin and Crispinus fled into Great Britain when the persecution raged at Rome under Maximin, "and came and dwelt at Faversham, where they learned to make shoes for a livelihood, and followed that trade for some time at a house in Preston Street, near the Crosse Well, now the sign of the Swan." Pilgrimages were made to the Swan by devout shoemakers and cobblers even after the Reformation, and cups of ale were quaffed to the

memory of the patron-saints of Faversham. Their festival, the anniversary of glorious Azincourt, was always right honourably celebrated, and "Crispin's day did ne'er go by" without the remembrance of "flowing cups."

There are some considerable powder-mills in the marshes near Faversham. The oyster-fishers have here an important fraternity or "guild," to which none but married men, having served seven years as freemen, are admitted.

FAVERSHAM CHURCH, which is dedicated to St. Mary of Charity, is a large and stately Early English pile, cruciform in plan, with a low west tower, surmounted by a steeple 73 feet high, built about 1790. Both its exterior and interior within the last few years have been carefully and lovingly restored by Mr. G. G. Scott, and it is now a building to be examined with due care and painstaking.

A strong timbered room behind the tower is called the TREASURY, and was the receptacle originally of the ornaments and sacramental treasures of the church. Two rows of fine octangular pillars separate the transepts into three aisles. In the west wall observe a curious aperture, fashioned like a cross, whose use is uncertain; and on the first column on the east side the frescoes (Early English), relieved from superfluous whitewash during the recent restorations. They represent, chronologically, a series of events in the history of Christ—the Angels announcing the birth of the Divine Child to the Shepherds, one of whom holds a dog by a string; the Nativity; the Virgin, crowned, sitting with her Infant; the Salutation; the Crucifixion; the Women at the Sepulchre. Red and green are plentifully made use of, and the Jewish women are depicted in costumes which would have considerably astonished their contemporaries. The drawing is very rude, but there is a certain power of naïve expression, which the observer will not fail to recognise. The chancel contains twelve stalls for the Cluniac Monks of St. Saviour's. One is decorated with a rough carving of a fox carrying off three chickens—a sly allusion, perhaps, to the rapacity of the monastic orders. The font, of alabaster and serpentine, is modern, but of unusual excellence. There are three sedilia and a piscina in the south wall of the chancel, where there is also a quaint memorial of "the change of nature" of *Stephen Bax*, and a brass to *William Thornbury*, d. 1448, a former vicar of Faversham. The east window is rich in colouring, and not unworthy

of the recognised merits of Mr. Willement. A tomb, with a Decorated canopy, is said to be King Stephen's; but Stowe, and Speed following Stowe, assert, that when the monastery-church was demolished, the monarch's corpse was flung into the neighbouring creek, and his coffin sold for the sake of the lead.

A fine brass commemorates *Henry Hatche*, merchant-adventurer, d. 1533, and a mural monument, with a kneeling effigy, *Thomas Mendfield*, mayor of Faversham, and "a pillar of the famous ports," d. 1614.

The vicarage, valued at £500, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury.

ENVIRONS OF FAVERSHAM.

OARE lies about 1 mile north, on the southern bank of the Swale; GOODNESTONE, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles east; GRAVENEY, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles east, in the marshes. From Oare the tourist may take boat across the Swale to HARTY, in Harty island—the south-east corner of Sheppey island, and nearly separated from it by a winding branch of the Swale, called Cople and Muswell Creeks. These places will be visited by the inquisitive tourist, anxious to bring himself acquainted with every nook and corner of Kentish ground, but cannot be commended for attractive scenery.

OARE (population, 550), *i.e.*, Ore, a fenny, marshy place, is a village of powder manufacturers, brickmakers, and agricultural labourers. The Swale forms the north boundary of the parish,—the remains of Bysing wood lie to the south. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, is a small Early English building, with a nave, chancel, and steeple. It is void of interesting memorials. The perpetual curacy, valued at £200 net, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

GOODNESTONE (population, 54), *i.e.*, Goodwin's town, is in a flat, open, but rich and fertile country, occasionally enlivened by a clump of elms, but in general of a specially uninteresting character. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, has a nave a chancel, and a small wooden spire. *William Benet*, a former rector, d. 1490, is buried in the church. The vicarage, valued at £400, is held in conjunction with that of Graveney, and is alternately presented to by the archbishop and J. H. Lade, Esq., an extensive landowner in this district.

GRAVENEY parish (population, 540), *i.e.*, Graven-ea, or ey, the grain island, stretches away to the Swale as its north boundary, and is better wooded than the districts through which we have recently taken the tourist. The church stands to the left of the road that leads across Graveney level, and near it is an ancient court-house with an equally ancient gateway. Near Nasden Ferry, 2 miles west, on the Faversham creek, is a decoy for wild fowl, and a large quantity of pasture land included in the parochial boundaries.

The Early English CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, contains a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, side chapels (the south formerly dedicated to St. John, and the north to the Virgin Mary), and a tower at the north-west corner. Here are memorials to Sir *John Martyn*, judge of the Common Pleas, and his wife, d. 1436; to *Thomas Buxey*s, d. 1458 (a richly decorated brass); and to *Richard de Faversham*, d. 1381 (an arched and recessed tomb, worth notice).

FAVERSHAM TO ASHFORD.

Returning from Faversham into the Canterbury road, we strike off, near the forty-seventh milestone from London, in a southerly direction, through a countryside of exceeding fertility, and at four miles from Faversham, after a considerable ascent, reach SHELDWICH (population, 557)—*i.e.*, the settlement in the wood—with its church situated on the left side of the village street. At a short distance lies the noble seat of LEES COURT (Lord Sondes), well wooded, and with fine views towards the north and north-east. The front of the present mansion was designed by Inigo Jones. Of this family was the Sir George Sondes, created by Charles II. Earl of Faversham and Viscount Sondes—a redoubtable cavalier and wealthy Kentish landowner, who had “three fair houses in his own hands, all well furnished, and at least £2000 per annum about them; his lands all well stocked; one hundred head of great cattle, half an hundred horses, some of them worth £40 or £50 a piece; and that, as to his housekeeping, his house was open at all times to rich and poor; twenty poor people were relieved in it weekly; the lowest proportion in his house, whether he was there or not, was, every week, a bullock of about fifty stone, a quarter of

wheat, and a quarter of malt for drink, which made about a barrel a day for his household." So that he was, assuredly,

"An old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate."

SHELDWICH CHURCH, dedicated to St. James, is a fine Perpendicular building, with a nave, chancel, north chancel (or chapel), south aisle (or chapel), and a western tower, with a small leaden spire. There are brasses for *John Cely*, d. 1429, and *Isabel*, his wife; *Joan Marrys*, d. 1431; and a remarkably fine one for Sir *Richard-atte-Lees*, d. 1394, and *Dionisia*, his wife.

The vicarage, in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, is valued at £300.

[Three miles south-east lies SELLING (population, 597)—i.e., the wooded mead—in the heart of a pleasant landscape, once covered with the leafy shadows of the old ancestral Blean. It was anciently a part of the "fat estates" of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and passed into the Sondes family, *temp.* Elizabeth. Its Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, stands on a gently rising ground, with some noble yews about it. It consists of a nave, transepts, north and south aisles, chancel, and central tower steeple. There is here the oldest piece of stained glass in the kingdom. The east window (Decorated) has five lower lights, and is richly blazoned with the arms of France, England, Clare, and Warren. The memorials of any antiquity are those to *William Norwood*, d. 1596, rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, and "late fellow of All Souls' College, Oxon"—and to certain members of the Gyles, Gates, and Greenstreet families.

Lord Sondes is the patron of the vicarage, which is valued at £357.

The tourist who penetrates as far as Selling must not fail to visit SHOTTENDEN HILL, which lies to the south of the village, on the right of the road to Chilham. Here he may look around upon the patches of woodland which still denote the extent of the famous Blean, where once sparkled the banners and glinted the spears of the Romans, and, at a later date, flickered the beacon-fires of the Saxon. The cliffs of the North Foreland and the broad waters of the German Ocean are clearly visible from this conspicuous natural watch tower. The Roman camp here encloses nearly two acres, varying in form with the rounding of the hill. Some traces of Roman earthworks—one of their *castra æstiva*—are to be discerned at Shellingham wood, about 2 miles south-east.]

Regaining the Ashford road, we reach, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Sheldwich, the small village of BADLESMERE (population, 133), which gave name to an old baronial family, once of great repute in the county, and afterwards represented by the De Veres, Earls of Oxford. The manor, in the reign of Elizabeth, passed by marriage to Sir Humphrey Gilbert—"the father of northern colonization"—whose adventurous career and romantic death will be remembered by the reader. Here was born, in

1523, Queen Elizabeth's trusty diplomatist, Sir Thomas Randolph, who, after distinguishing himself in eighteen important embassies, died in 1580. There are now no remains of the fine old manor house.

The CHURCH is a small building, dedicated to St. Leonard, consisting of a nave, chancel, and turret, with a memorial to *Barbara*, wife of John Writhe, garter-king-at-arms, d. 1483.

The rectory, to which is annexed the rectory of Leaveland, is in the patronage of Lord Sondes, and valued at £423 per annum.

LEAVELAND (population, 99) is situated on the high road, at a short distance south of Badlesmere. The CHURCH stands on the right, and is dedicated to St. Lawrence, a small Early English building, with a nave, chancel and low wooden turret.

THROWLEY (population, 614) is easily reached from Badlesmere. It is situated about one mile north-west, on hilly ground, plentifully endowed with the vigorous growth of the noble beech. There are many pleasant leafy coverts in its shadowy combs and valleys. On the hill is situated BELMONT, which deserves its name, from the glorious prospects it overlooks. The house is plain, but substantial.

The *helix pomatia*, or great ash-coloured shell snail, imported from Italy by the Earl of Arundel, of the Arundelian marbles, is found here in abundance. The fly-orchis, *orchis myodes*, is occasionally discovered in the neighbouring groves.

THROWLEY CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, has a Perpendicular tower on the south side, a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, and side chancel. The west doorway has a Norman arch. In the central chancel and north aisle are some oaken stalls, probably intended for the monks of the Priory, founded here, on the site of the present parsonage, by William d'Ypres, in 1153, and attached as a cell to the Abbey of St. Bertin, in Flemish Artois. A plain black marble tomb commemorates the *Earl of Faversham*, d. 1677, whose wealth and hospitality we have already spoken of. Other monuments to members of the Sondes family may be inspected by the curious.

The vicarage, worth £332 per annum, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

From Badlesmere the tourist will proceed southward, through

Challock and Eastwell to Ashford. Or he may keep south-west, across the hills to Charing, and thence to Pluckley. Three miles south of Leaveland lies STALISFIELD (population, 362), on the summit of the chalk ridge above the town of Charing. Its old, and probably its correct name—STANEFELD—indicates the nature of its soil. The CHURCH, a cruciform building, dedicated to St. Mary, contains an ancient tomb, with the recumbent effigy of a knight, but no other memorial or object of interest.

BRANCH ROUTE, VIA LENHAM AND HARRIETSHAM, TO MAIDSTONE.

The road, for a considerable distance after its diversion from the Milton trajet, skirts a range of hills of moderate elevation, and passes generally through a well-cultivated and very pleasant countryside.


The first halting-place is ASPRINGE (population, 1111), situated to the right of the main road, at a few minutes' walk from Faversham station. It derives its name from the rivulet which here ripples across the grassy meadows, and is augmented in its course by a "nailbourne," or occasional land-spring, rising about half a mile south of White Hill. Some scanty remains of the MAISON DIEU, or HOSPITAL, founded by Henry III., in 1235, for the entertainment of needy wayfarers and the relief of lepers, may yet be seen on the brooklet's banks. It contained a *Camera Regis*, or king's chamber, for the sovereign's use when he passed that way.


The manor of Aspringe anciently belonged to the Crown, and was visited on several occasions by King John. Henry III. bestowed it on his wife Eleanor, whence it obtained the appellation of Queen's Court.

The CHURCH, about half a mile south of the village, is an old building, dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul, and containing a nave, north and south aisles, and chancel. The vicarage, valued at £389, is in the gift of St. John's College, Cambridge.

[To the right lies NORTON (population, 99), so called from its position with regard to Newnham—both manors having belonged to Odo of Bayeux—a small hamlet, on rising ground, and adjoining the great road to Rochester and London. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, has a nave, a chancel, a square west tower, and some memorials which will scarcely interest the tourist. The Bishop of Worcester is the patron of the vicarage, which is worth £306 per annum.]

Four miles south of Aspringe, on our left, we reach NEWNHAM (population, 431), in a valley which stretches far away between luxuriantly-wooded hills. Champion Court (so called from a family of that name) is the principal seat in the parish. There is little to delay us in the CHURCH, an Early English building, with a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and low pointed wooden steeple, dedicated to the favourite Kentish Saints—Peter and Paul. The vicarage, in the patronage of Miss Hills, is valued at £180.

 On the hills to the right is the church, and just below it, the village of DODDINGTON (population, 489), and away to the east, in an environment of ancient wood, the manor-house of Sharsted. The views from this point are neither of great extent nor considerable variety. There are some old monuments in the CHURCH, which the tourist may find worthy of notice,—especially a black marble tomb to *Richard de Sharsted*, temp. Edward I. The building, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, has some Norman characteristics, and consists of a nave, Transition Norman chancel, low pointed steeple, and the Sharsted chantry, Early English, on the south side of the chancel. The Archdeacon of Canterbury has the right of presentation to this rectory, whose yearly income is £257.

 “A stout heart to a steep brae,” and the tourist will soon reach KINGSDOWN (population, 84), a diversion from our branch route, however, which is hardly justified by any peculiar attractiveness of scenery. The CHURCH is dedicated to St. Catherine, the lady of the hills, and consists of a nave, a chancel, and a small turret. There is a brass to *Thomas Finch*, d. 1555, and his son *Ralph*, d. 1591. The Rev. T. Pennington, D.D., holds the advowson of the living; a rectory, valued at £240 per annum.

[We shall now return into the Lenham road through Milstead and Frinstead, and thence continue our route to Maidstone by way of Witchling, Harrietsham, Leeds, and Otham. Or the tourist may turn aside at Frinstead, cross Hollingbourne Hill, and gain the Maidstone road at a point near Leeds. On Milstead, Frinstead, and Witchling, a few brief notes may now be offered.

MILSTEAD had, in 1851, a population of 211; FRINSTEAD, 200; and WITCHLING, 124. Milstead lies on high ground, “obscurely among the hills,” and belted round with woods. At Broadoak there is a juniper tree of unusual size. Its CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary and the Holy Cross, is large enough for its population; it has a nave, chancel, south chancel or Tylden mortuary chapel, and low square tower

The rectory (£220) is in the patronage of the present incumbent. Frinstead is situated on a wooded ridge which slopes eastward into the Newnham valley. Its CHURCH is dedicated to St. Dunstan; has a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and square western tower; and against the north wall, in an arched recess, a nameless but ancient tomb. The rectory, valued at £240, is in the gift of Lord Kingsdown. Witchling, anciently Winchelinge, an early Saxon settlement, lies on the east side of the valley or "bottom" through which the Aspringe and Lenham road is carried. Its Early English CHURCH is dedicated to St. Margaret, and has a nave, chancel, and low pointed steeple. There are memorials for *Robert Filmer*, d. 1615; and *Anny Filmer*, d. 1616. The font is old, but plain. The Rev. R. Read presents to the rectory, which is valued at £158 per annum.]

FAVERSHAM TO MILTON.

[By L. C. and D. Railway, 7½ miles.]

The first point of interest on the main route, after leaving Faversham, is at DAVINGTON (population, 147), situated to the north of the Rochester road,—the site, in all probability, of the *Durolevum* placed by Antoninus in his *Itinerary* at thirteen miles from Rochester. Roman urns and other vessels, and coins of the Roman Emperors, from Vespasian to Gratian, have been found in this neighbourhood; and at a recent date a mediæval helmet, or "cap of fence," formed of iron plates, firmly quilted between two folds of a thick canvass.

DAVINGTON PRIORY was founded for Benedictine nuns by Fulke de Newnham in 1153, but, though it enjoyed the patronage of Henry II. and Henry III., never rose to any degree of opulence. Its nuns were popularly known as "the poor nuns of Davington," and at the time of the Dissolution there were neither nuns nor prioress, nor was any service performed or household maintained. Portions of the priory may be traced in the present house, which is now the residence of Thomas Willement, Esq., F.S.A., who has done so much to restore the glories of painted glass to our churches and cathedrals.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, is a small building of a nave and chancel, restored and repaired by Mr. Willement, whose zealous exertions have re-opened it to the parishioners as a place of divine worship. It is an interesting edifice of early date. The west doorway is very elegant. The east window and south aisle are Early English; but the western portion is certainly Norman, and of a period not much later than the Conquest. The living is a donative, in the gift of Mr. Willement, and valued at £100.

[To the right, beyond Bysing Wood, lies LUDDENHAM (population, 226),—the ham or home in the watery levels,—an unhealthy, and eminently unpicturesque district. There is nothing noticeable in the CHURCH, which is a small mean structure, dedicated to St. Mary, and consisting of a nave, chancel, and Norman tower. The rectory is valued at £394, and its patronage is vested in the Lord Chancery.]

We turn off to the right at the Tenham (or Teynham) station, to visit TENHAM (population, 842), one of the thirty-one parishes stretching along the great road from Rainham to the Blean, which were, in Lambarde's time, "the cherry garden and apple orchard of Kent," and which retain much of their ancient fertility, exhibiting in the flowering-tide of spring a joyous Arcadian aspect :—

"Sweet is the air with the budding haws ; and the valley stretching
for miles below,

Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest
snow."

The Archbishops of Canterbury had here a magnificent manor-house, where Archbishop Walter commonly resided, and where he died in 1205 ; where Archbishop Reynolds resided in 1325, and Archbishop Stratford—twenty years later—entertained Edward III. Their vineyard, the new garden, was held in great repute, and during the occasional vacancies of the see, was carefully superintended by officials appointed by the Crown.

The cherry and the pippin, first planted by the Normans, having greatly degenerated in England through want of care, Richard Hayns, fruiterer to king Henry VIII., determined to attempt a new plantation of them at Tenham, whose air and soil he judged to be favourable to their growth, and for this purpose obtained, in 1533, 105 acres of land, known as THE BRENNET, which he stocked with the sweet cherry, temperate pippin, and golden rennet. The gardens thus formed flourished for many years, but have of late decreased in estimation and profit through the increasing importation of foreign fruit.

TENHAM CHURCH is an Early English building, with later additions, dedicated to St. Mary. It is cruciform in plan, with nave, north and south aisles, chancel, and transept. The tower at the west end is Perpendicular. The south transept has been used as the Frognal mortuary chapel, and contains a brass to *John Frogenhall*, d. 1444. In the Hencliff or Hinkley transept there are brasses for *John Sutton*, vicar, d. 1468 ; *Robert Heyward*, d. 1509 ; and *William Wreke*, d. 1533. In the windows

are remains of some richly coloured glass, apparently Early English.

The Archdeacon of Canterbury nominates to this vicarage, which is valued at £230.

The air of this district has been long regarded as unhealthy, from the marshy land which lies to the north. Three parishes are specially condemned in an old local rhyme—

“ He that will not live long,
Let him dwell at Murston, Tenham, or Tong.”

On the side of the London road opposite Teynham is LYNSTED (pop. 1200), with its Church surmounted by tower and spire. The living (£300) is in the patronage of the Archbishop. Half way on the main road between Canterbury and Chatham lies the large village of Greenstreet, the houses on the north side being in Lynsted, those on the south in Teynham parish.

TONG (population, 242), notwithstanding its evil repute, *must* be visited by the archæological inquirer. The footprint of the Saxon is here distinctly visible, and “the violet of a legend” blows even in this apparently uncongenial soil. The Saxons called it *Thwang*, and tradition offers the following “reason why:”—When Vortigern proposed to reward the brave brother sea-chiefs, Hengist and Horsa, for their services against the Picts, Hengist requested only as much land as an ox-hide could encompass. So moderate a petition was willingly acceded to, but the artful Hengist cut the hide into small strips, and so enclosed a very respectable piece of land, on which he speedily erected *Thwang-ceastre*, that is, Tong Castle.

It is curious how these old legends reproduce themselves. Here we have a version of Dido’s stratagem,—

“ Devenere locas, ubi nunc ingentia cernes
Mœnia, surgentem que novæ Carthaginis arcem.
Mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.”

“ They came where now the walls of Carthage rise,
And springing towers attract their wond’ring eyes :
Here as much ground they bought as one ox-hide
Might haply compass round, from side to side.”

It has been pointed out that a similar legend is current among

the Hindoos, who accuse the early English settlers at Calcutta of a similar deception.

Tong Castle, however, was probably a Saxon stronghold. The artificial mount and the broad deep fosse, which were the principal points of a Norse king's fortress, still remain. It commanded the narrow channel of the Swale, and the low lands which spread around it, and the Waetlingas Street, or British road, running about one mile south of it. Under its rude roof, it is said, the love-maddened Vortigern acknowledged the "drinc hael" of the beautiful Rowena, by instantly yielding up his kingdom of Kent,—a proof of "the power of love," which sceptical historians are rude enough to make light of. Here, too, at a royal banquet, the unarmed Britons fell victims to the treachery of their Saxon hosts, as duly recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth in the happy days when tradition made history.

A castle, or a ruined castle, fell into the hands of the conqueror, after his victory at Hastings, and was granted, with the manor, to Odo of Bayeux. We again hear of it in the reign of Richard II., when Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, died possessed of "the loft and castle of Tong." Nothing further is said of it by authentic history; but Hasted (vol. vi., p. 135) relates that "a large cutlass sword, with a buck-horn handle," was dug up on its site about 1770.

TONG CHURCH is dedicated to St. Giles, and is divided into a nave, north and south aisles, and has a tower-steeple on its south side. Its memorials are utterly uninteresting. The vicarage, valued at £199, is in the gift of W. Baldwin, Esq.

BAPCHILD (population, 355) was anciently written BECCANEELD, "which name answers well to its situation, signifying in the Saxon language, one that is both moist and bleak." The village and church lie back from the road at the foot of a gentle ascent, and from a neighbouring hill may be obtained an excellent prospect, across the marshes, of the Isle of Sheppey. An oratory formerly stood here, to which the Canterbury pilgrims were accustomed to resort. According to some authorities it was at "Bacanchild" that Wihtred, in 694, held his great *Witan*, "to consult about repairing the churches of God that were in Kent."

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is mainly Norman, with a nave, chancel, north and south aisles and steeple, sur-

mounted by a shingled spire. The north wall of the chancel is decorated with an arcade, apparently Early English. A brass commemorates *John Kendall*, and *Margaret* his wife, d. 1529. The screen is Perpendicular. The vicarage is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Chichester, upon whom it was first bestowed by King John. It is valued at £192 per annum.

RODMERSHAM (population, 328), is situated on rising ground about one mile south of Bapchild, and its church, from its position, forms a conspicuous object from the high road. The village is scattered about the highway with some decent houses in it. The CHURCH is dedicated to St. Nicholas, has a nave, two chancels, north and south aisles, and stately square western tower of great strength and beauty. In the chancel stand four sedilia, under a wooden canopy, which may possibly have been used by the Knights of St. John, to whom the church was given by Henry II. A brass commemorates *William Pery*, d. 1482. Mrs. Lushington holds the advowson of the vicarage, which is valued at £115 per annum.

At BREDGAR (population, 594), in the sixteenth of Richard II., Robert de Bradgeon, the rector, John Burbache, the clerk, and others, founded a chantry or small college, in honour of the Holy Trinity, and governed by a chaplain and two confrères, whose site is now pointed out by the present "Chantry House." The CHURCH is chiefly Perpendicular, but evidently was built upon the foundations of an older structure,—a Norman doorway, with zigzag mouldings, being noticeable on the west side of the tower. Some Roman tiles have been made use of in the walls. Sir Edward Dering, Bart., presents to the vicarage, which is valued at £180.

TUNSTALL (population, 165), or *Dunstall*, i. e., dun, a hill, and steall, a place, once the seat of the Hales, of whom Sir Edward Hales was the friend and follower of James II., and accompanied him in his attempted escape from Shellness. (See FAVERSHAM.) GORE COURT is a fine old mansion, and at 2 miles south, between Bredgar and Upper Rodmersham, are the pleasant glades and grassy uplands of WOODSTOCK PARK.

TUNSTALL CHURCH, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, has a nave, north and south aisles, and chancel, which are Early Eng-

lish in style; a tower steeple; and a north chancel or chapel, which is Decorated. There are here a good monument to Sir *James Cromer*, d. 1613; a white alabaster altar-tomb, without inscription; a gorgeous memorial to the first Sir *Edward Hales*, d. 1654; brasses for *Margaret Rycil*, d. 1496; *Radulf Wulf*, rector, d. 1525; and "Sir" *John Guildford*, d. 1595; a monument with effigy to *Robert Cheek*, D.D., 1647; and a bust for *Edward Moses*, d. 1740.

The Archbishop has the patronage of this rectory, which is valued at £479.

We now gain, at 42 miles from London, and 10 miles from Rochester, the town of SITTINGBOURNE (population, 7856), where Chaucer's pilgrims were accustomed to rest, about half a mile from a small creek which runs up to Milton, and with a station on the London, Chatham, and Dover railway. Here was born Pope's "Piddling Tibbald," damned to eternal fame in the *Dunciad*, but nevertheless one of the most judicious of our early Shakspearian commentators. Here John Northwood entertained Henry V. at the Red Lion Inn, on his triumphant return from France, the bill not amounting to more than 9s. 9d. But the modern wayfarer will rather accommodate himself at the Bull, or if at the Red Lion, will be prepared to satisfy himself with a less sumptuous entertainment at a heavier rate,—wine, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's legislative enactments, being now somewhat more than 2d. per pint. George I. and George II., on their way through Sittingbourne from the Continent, generally rested at a house belonging to the Lushington family, known by that name, and of importance in the time of Charles II., having a half-penny token with St. George and the Dragon. It has been converted into a shop. The Rose has met with the same degradation.

At Bayford Castle, in this parish, a stronghold was raised by King Alfred to check the incursions of the Danes, who, under their famous leader Hasten, had landed at Milton, and erected a fortress, now called Castle Rough (about 100 feet square), on Kemsley Down, about a quarter of a mile north of Milton Church (A.D. 892-3). The Castle, at a later period, belonged to the Nottinghams, and passed through the hands of the Chenneys, Lovelaces, and Garrards until it sank into the domestic respectability of a farm-house.

SITTINGBOURNE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, is large and imposing, though in the bad taste of the Georgian era, having

been rebuilt in 1762. The tower alone is Early English. In the north wall of the chancel there is a curious effigy of a woman (*temp.* Edward IV.), in a Decorated arched recess. Her shroud is turned aside so as to bare her neck and bosom, across which is nestled an infant in its grave clothes. One breast is completely emaciated, the other swollen. No inscription remains to tell the dead woman's sorrowful story, but she is said to have been one of the Lovelaces, and to have died in childbed at Bayford Castle.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has the patronage of this vicarage, which is valued at £212 per annum.

Descending through orchards and pastures, we reach, on a hill which overlooks the breezy Swale, "the king's town" of MILTON (population, 4219)—anciently Middeltun, or the centre town of Kent—the famous "birthplace" of the Milton natives, those delicious Rutupine oysters which were so necessary an accompaniment of a wealthy Roman's banquet.

"Rutupinove edita fundo

Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu."—(*Lucretius.*)

King John granted this fishery, always of considerable renown, to the abbot and monks of Faversham, who could well appreciate its edible treasures, and they enjoyed its revenues and returns until the Dissolution. It has since been attached to the manor of Milton, but is ruled by a company of fishermen, or dredgers, who are strictly bound by their ancient laws and prescriptions. The great oyster farms here are leased by Mr. Alston, who employs quite a flotilla of hoys and smacks to bear the delicate crustaceans to the London market.

MILTON CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, is an interesting and ancient building, though with no remains of that older Saxon structure in whose porch, it is said, Sexburga, prioress of Minster, died, in 680. The main part of the present church is Early English, but the north aisle seems of earlier date. The west tower is strong and stately. There is a brass to an unknown knight—perhaps to *William Savage* of Oare—formerly commemorated in a painted window.

The vicarage, yearly income £256, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury.

MILTON TO MAIDSTONE.

MAIDSTONE is only 9 miles from Milton. The road winds through a rich and fertile country,—through some breadths of pleasant woodland,—climbs up a lofty and picturesque range of the chalk hills, and then descends into the smiling valley, where, on the banks of the Medway, and in the centre of the brown hop garden, is placed the capital of Kent. It is not a route that conducts us over ground hallowed by associations of the past, by memories of heroic men and heroic deeds, but it is one that should, nevertheless, be adopted by the tourist for the sake of the beautiful country-side which it explores.

As we enter upon our route we pass to the south, on the skirts of a patch of leafiness, known as the “Chesnut Wood,” the populous village of BORDEN (population, 990), encircled by plantations of fruit trees, and occupying tolerably elevated ground. At SUTTON BARN, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile south, Roman tiles have been discovered, and in 1846, several coins and the foundations of two Roman villas were excavated. The CHURCH, dedicated to Sts Peter and Paul, has a Norman tower, and the west doorway, with its fine zigzag mouldings, is also Norman. The nave, north and south aisles, and chancels, are Early English. In the flint walls may be detected a Roman brick or two, and the mortar is composed of cockle shells. There is a brass for *William Fordinall*, d. 1490. The vicarage, valued at £290, is in the gift of G. Musgrave, Esq.

At or near the second milestone from Milton, a bye-lane leads to STOCKBURY (population, 589), *i.e.*, the walled-in dwelling, from stow and byrig, Saxon, lying in a sheltered valley, whose slopes are dotted with clumps of trees.


The CHURCH is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, and is Early English in style. It has a nave, a chancel, north and south aisles, a transept, and square tower. The north aisle is separated from the nave by elegant columns of Bethersden marble. The chancel is adorned with some noticeable carvings, and there are some fragments of stained glass in the side windows. The vicarage, valued at £243, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

[A pleasant walk may be taken across Hill Green, and, by way of Guildsted, to BREDHURST (population, 113), *i.e.*, the broad wood, situated in a romantic district, with some vistas of woodland scenery which may be commended to the sketcher. The village clusters round a green, with its Church at some small distance eastward from it. There is nothing of interest in the latter building, which is dedicated to St. Peter, and consists but of a nave, chancel, and low pointed tower. The perpetual curacy, valued at £101, is in the patronage of the Rector of Holingbourne.]

The tourist may regain the Maidstone road by a picturesque bye-way across the hills, or he may keep towards Boxley, and enter the town by way of Penenden Heath.]

After leaving Stockbury the road rapidly ascends the chalk-range to Detling, and for the rest of the way runs through a country which we have already described.

MILTON to ROCHESTER.

 From Milton or Sittingbourne, the tourist may easily proceed to Queenborough and Sheerness. The whole Isle of Sheppey is worth examination, and is, therefore, treated of in an independent *Excursion*.—See EXCURSION—SHEERNESS and the ISLE of SHEPPEY.

Resuming our route along the ancient Watling Street we pass, on the right, at an inconsiderable distance from the London road, the village of BOBBING (population, 411), where there *was* a fine old manor house, and where there *is* a small CHURCH, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, consisting of a nave, aisle, and two chancels, with a tall steeple and spire at the west end. It contains a figured brass for one of the Clifford family, and a monument, with white marble busts, for *Henry Sandford*, d. 1660, and *Elizabeth* his wife. The vicarage, according to the Clergy List, is worth £96, and in the patronage of the Rev. G. Simpson.

Ascending the hill, we reach NEWINGTON (population, 731), situated near a spur, or offshoot, of the great chalk range, and commanding an ample view of the estuary of the Medway. The bloom of the apple and the brightness of the cherry encircle and enliven this pleasant village, which is built, perhaps, on the site of an ancient Roman settlement. In fact, the whole line of the Watling Street appears to have been gay with Roman villas, though we can hardly subscribe to the fanciful etymologies of Hasted, who sees in Keycol-hill a corruption of *Cavi Collis*, or


Julius Cæsar's hill, and in Key Street a version of *Caii Stratum*, or Caius's street, a derivation equal in absurdity to the famous transposition of a John-pie into a pigeon! Numerous *vestigia* of the great imperial colonists have been discovered in this parish. The manor here of NEWINGTON LUCIES derives its name from Richard de Lucy, Chief Justiciary of England, upon whom it was conferred by Henry II. Frognall belonged, *temp.* Henry VIII., to Thomas Linacre, that monarch's physician, and a scholar famous throughout all Europe for his erudition.

NEWINGTON CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a good specimen of Early Decorated. It has a nave, chancel, transept, north and south aisles, and square western tower. Observe the brass for *Mary Cobham*, d. 1600.

The vicarage, valued at £250, is in the gift of the Provost and Fellows of Eton College.

On the hills, 1 mile south, lies HARTLIP (population, 343), visible from the London road among its clusters of fruit trees. To the south-west of the Church, and at about a mile distant, in the LOWER DANE-FIELD, were excavated, in 1848, the remains of some Roman baths which had been attached to a Roman villa. The tiles forming the pillars of the hypocaust were in excellent preservation. These "marks of antiquity" were first discovered in 1750. The CHURCH here, dedicated to St. Michael, is simply uninteresting. Its age appears to correspond with that of Newington Church. The vicarage, worth £210 per annum, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

A turning beyond Newington village leads across the level to LOWER HALSTOW (population, 344), *i. e.*, *halig stow*, Saxon, the holy place, on an inlet of the Swale, which bears the name of Halstow Creek, and receives the tiny volume of a rivulet rising at Newington. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Margaret, an Early English building, with a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and low pointed steeple, formerly belonged to the priory of Christ Church, Canterbury. The vicarage is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, and valued at £245.

 Beyond Halstow, but further inland, and on the road to Rainham, is situated the interesting village of UPCHURCH (population, 420), interesting from the large remains of a Roman

cemetery, and the extensive traces of a Roman pottery, thoroughly examined in 1848 by Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Wright, and others. (See "Wanderings of an Antiquary.") Various accidental discoveries have shewn that the marshes bordering on Otterham Creek are the site of very extensive Roman potteries, which must, from appearances, have been worked during the whole period of the Roman supremacy over Britain. "In many parts along the sides of the creeks, where the sea has broken away the ground and left a perpendicular, or almost a perpendicular bank, we can see running along, at a depth of from 2 to 3 feet, a regular layer, in many places a foot thick, of Roman pottery, most of it in fragments, but here and there a perfect, or nearly perfect vessel, and mixed with lumps of half-burnt clay. The bed of the creek is formed of the clay in a liquid state, forming a fine and very tenacious mud; this is completely filled with the Roman pottery.

. . . Many of the fragments were sufficiently large to shew the original shape and character of the vessels to which they belonged, and they always possessed the classic elegance of form characteristic of Roman art in all its branches. The colour is usually a blue black, produced by baking it in the smoke of vegetable substances. The ornaments are simple in character, but very diversified. They often consist of bands of half circles, made with compasses, sometimes by themselves, and sometimes combined with lines drawn from the half circles to the bottoms of the vessels." Others are of red ware, bottle-shaped, with narrow necks, and handles.

These layers of pottery are of great extent, not less than 7 or 8 miles in length, and 3 in breadth. It is found in the mud of the creek in such quantities, "that you may often thrust your hand down and bring up a handful of it, and it is so hard that you run the risk of cutting your fingers with the fragments." From an examination of these, it appears that they were the refuse of the potters' kilns, who gradually moved along in the course of years, using up the clay, and casting their broken and damaged pottery on the land which they had exhausted.

Mr. Roach Smith is of opinion that on the high grounds behind these marshes was situated a small town or village, inhabited by the potters and their masters or overseers. "In the Halstow marshes," he says, "I have noticed, at a particular spot, a considerable quantity of tiles and stones, which I could not positively identify as having been used in buildings; but ad-

joining the church, near the creek, there are abundance of tiles of various kinds, that clearly shew the locality to have been the site of buildings, which, if we may judge from their *debris*, must have been tolerably extensive. On the sides of the church, facing the creek, an embankment has been thrown up to protect the land from the sea ; this defence is filled with broken tiles and pottery, which also literally cover the shores. The church itself, probably of Saxon origin, has a large quantity of Roman masonry worked into the walls ; and in a field west of the church, in the side of a well sunk for water for the purposes of brick-making, I noticed a tier of Roman tiles, which appeared to be part of a hypocaust." A Roman cemetery, belonging probably to this settlement, occupied the ascent south of the Halstow marshes.

The CHURCH at Upchurch is dedicated to St. Mary, and is a Decorated building, with a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and transept. In the chancel windows is some good stained glass. The tower is surmounted by a spire, which rises in an octagonal form from a square of about 10 feet in height. A circular staircase leads into a vault beneath the chancel, which, in Hasted's time, contained a collection of human bones similar to those at Hythe and Folkestone.

The vicarage, worth £243, is in the patronage of All Souls' College, Oxon.

At 34 miles from London we reach RAINHAM (population, 2719). The railway station is half a mile from the main road, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Upchurch. There is nothing here to interest the tourist but the CHURCH, a large and goodly building, with a nave, chancel, aisles, and lofty tower. The Tufton family are commemorated by several memorials, of which the most noticeable are—that of a knight, sitting upon a portion of his armour, inscribed to *George Tufton*, d. 1670 ; and that of a peer in his robes, to *Nicholas, Earl of Thanet*, d. 1679. A brass to *John Bloor*, d. 1529, is inlaid in the pavement.

The Archbishop presents to the vicarage, which is valued at £404.

As the tourist reaches the hill above Chatham, he will not fail to notice the fine view of the Medway, and its marriage with the Thames, which may here be enjoyed. The inland prospects are also full of interest. From this point he may diverge to

Brompton and Gillingham, or to Aylesford and Maidstone. An agreeable excursion will be indicated in our next

BRANCH ROUTE THROUGH STOKE, ST. MARY'S, AND CLIFFE, TO ROCHESTER.

Crossing the Medway from Chatham to Upnor Castle, we then strike into the road which leads to HOO (population, 1000), whose CHURCH, dedicated to St. Warburgh, has a lofty spire, a nave, a chancel, and north and south aisles, and numerous brasses, viz.—to *Richard Bayley*, d. 1412 ; *Stephen* and *Richard Charlis*, d. 1446 ; *Thomas Cobham*, d. 1465, and *Matilda*, his wife ; *John Beddyl*, d. 1500 ; and *William Alton*, and *Gilyan*, his wife, with figures of their fifteen children.

The vicarage, valued at £395, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.


Following very nearly the course of the Medway, and enjoying some good views of the hills above Chatham, we reach (4 miles) the village of STOKE (population, 522), whose CHURCH is dedicated to St. Peter, and contains brasses to *John Wilkins*, d. 575 ; *William Cardiff*, d. 1415 ; and *Francis Grimstone*, d. 1608. The vicarage, worth £180 per annum, is in the gift of J. Pearson, Esq.

[To the north, about 2 miles, is situated ALLHALLOWS (population, 261), or Hoo-Allhallows, as it is often designated. It is about 1 mile distant from the broad waters of the Thames, in a dreary and unpleasant country. The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, “commonly called All-Hallows,” contains brasses for *Stephen Cheriton*, vicar, d. 1518, and *William Copinger*, d. 1594. The vicarage is valued at £247, and is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.]

Upon the descent of the hills which overlook Cowling and St. Mary's Marshes lies ST. MARY'S (population, 502), or Hoo St. Mary's, whose small CHURCH has but a nave and chancel, and contains a memorial to *Thomas Lukyn*, d. 142 , and *Joan*, his wife. The rectory, valued at £502, is in the patronage of its present incumbent.

Keeping along the hills to the south-west, but gradually ascending, we gain HIGH HALSTOW (population, 354)—*i. e.*, *halig stow*, the holy place—where there is an interesting CHURCH.

dedicated to St. Margaret. The brasses commemorate *William Groby* (the senior), d. 1396 ; *William Groby* (junior), d. 1398 ; and *William Palke*, d. 1618, and *Anne*, his wife. The value of the rectory is £602 ; the patronage is in the hands of the incumbent.

 We turn aside here to COWLING, situated on the slope of the hill, upon the margin of the Cowling Levels. It was perhaps an early settlement of a Saxon tribe, the Culinges. Near Cowling Street stands a considerable farm-house, interesting for the remains embodied in it of COWLING CASTLE—a stronghold erected, or rather fortified, by John de Cobham, *temp.* Richard II., who caused to be engraved a plate, still conspicuous on the entrance-tower, and bearing the following rude rhymes:—

“ Knoweth that heth and shall be
That I am made in help of the contre
In knowing of which thing
This is chartre and witnessing.”

Beneath are the worthy knight's armorial bearings.

The Cobhams held Cowling Castle from the days of Edward I. It passed from their hands by their heiress Joan, who married Sir John Oldcastle, and with the estates bestowed upon him their name. When accused of heresy by Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, Sir John betook himself hither “as to a place of strength and security,” and denied admission to the archbishop's apparitor when he sought to serve him with a citation. After the Lollard Lord's execution, his widow, the Lady Joan, resided in the castle, and it remained with her descendants until 1668.

Sir George Brooke, Lord Cobham, was dwelling here when Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the first of Queen Mary, besieged it with six pieces of cannon, but finding its strength greater than he had imagined, marched on during the night to Gravesend.

COWLING CHURCH, dedicated to St. James, contains brasses to *Faith Brook*, d. 1508 ; *Thomas Woodyear*, d. 1611 ; and *Sybil Thurston*, d. 1639.

Keeping away to the north-east, we reach the picturesque village of CLIFFE (population, 877), or Bishop's Clive, seated on a ridge of chalk which juts out into the marshes on the banks of the Thames. An old, old village, with an old-world air about it, and an old church, and some dingy fishermen gathered on the

river path, and a rubicund Boniface smoking his pipe at the door of an inn which affords but scant accommodation to "man and horse." It forms a conspicuous object from most points of the surrounding country, and for the voyager down the river, who has passed Gravesend, assumes a peculiarly picturesque character. A long tongue of marsh land is at its foot, causing a curve in the river, which is known as Lower Hope Point. The breezy waters beyond are called Sea Reach, extending to South-end.

"This commanding height was rendered available in ancient times for 'watch and ward' to the river. Beacons were ordered to be erected in the time of Richard II. at Cliffe, and the watchmen who were appointed to take charge of them were enjoined to light them whenever they saw hostile vessels approach, 'and make, besides, all the noise by horn and by cry that they can make, to warn the country around to come with their force to the said river, each to succour the other to withstand their enemies.'"—*(Mrs. S. C. Hall.)*

Cliffe is by many supposed to have been the Saxon *Clovishoe* (cliff at Hoo), where several councils were held by the Saxon episcopal dignitaries—in 742, 747, 798, 800, 803, 822, and 825, the kings of Mercia being present on several occasions.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Helen, is a stately pile, and appears better adapted to the past prosperity than present insignificance of the village. It contains a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and embattled western tower. The windows glow with some remains of richly-coloured glass, and the six stalls made use of by the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, on their occasional visitations, will be noticed in the chancel. The most interesting memorials are—a coffin-shaped stone, inscribed in Saxon capitals—"JONE LA FEMME JOHAN RAM GYST YCI DEU DE SA ALME EIT MERCI;" a similar monument lettered "ELIENORE DE CLIVE GIST ICI DEU DE SA ALME EIT MERCI, AMEN, PAR CHARITE;" and brasses to *Thomas Faunce*, his wife, and children; *Bonham Faunce*, d. 1652; and *Elizabeth Grisome*, d. 1658.

The rectory, a very valuable one, worth £1297 per annum, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It has been held by William de Wittesley, archbishop of Canterbury, 1350; Heath, bishop of Worcester, 1543-1548; and Edmund Cranmer, archdeacon of Westminster, 1547-1554.

The enamelled patine, silver-gilt, of fourteenth-century work, should be carefully examined. In the centre is a representation of the Father, holding a crucified Saviour in his arms, and surrounded by a glory. On the edge is inscribed, in ancient Gothic letters, separated by flowered ornament, "Benedicamus patrem et filium cum spiritum sanctu." It is an interesting and beautiful specimen of church-decoration.

The Thames, beyond this point, flows rapidly to the sea, between the flat lands of Essex, and the higher, but not more interesting, Kentish shore. "Canvey Island, scarcely to be distinguished from the other lowlands of Essex, is on our left ; it comprises about 3500 acres of pasture land, and is the 'Convennos' of Ptolemy and the ancient authors. As Sea-Reach is entered—the last grand expanse of its waters—we notice the church and village of Leigh, a post much frequented by hoys and small craft, and used as a *dépôt* for lobsters brought from Norway and Scotland ; and a little beyond is the stone marking the boundary of the jurisdiction of the city of London. We then descry the rising town of Southend, situated at the debouchement of the river, and which is now united to London by a continuation of the Tilbury railway. The houses are in many instances good, and the terrace commands a delightful and extensive view of the sea, the Nore, the Medway, Sheerness, and the ever-varying shipping of all nations so continually crowding the mouth of the Thames."

From Cliffe the tourist may return to Rochester *via* Higham and Stroud, or continue across the marshes—a walk of from 6 to 7 miles—to Gravesend.

The Isle of Grain is the western extremity of that bold promontory (formed by the waters of the Thames and Medway) which we have just been exploring. But whatever its agricultural excellences, as indicated by its significant name, it will scarcely be visited by the most adventurous tourist. "It is only kept," says Mrs. S. C. Hall, "from being submerged by strong embankments of earth. It is separated from the marsh lands of the Hundred of Hoo (which succeeds East Rose at Cliffe) by a channel from the mouth of the Medway, named Yenlet (or the inlet), or sometimes the Swale, and which was anciently of sufficient width to allow vessels to use it as a short cut from the Medway to the Thames. The extent of the island is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, by $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in breadth. It contains only one parish, and

a church dedicated to St James." Its population in 1851 was 260 ; the vicarage, valued at £298, is in the patronage of the present incumbent.

Of this aguish, unwholesome, but yet, in some respects, interesting district, commemorated not over favourably in an old local couplet,—

" He that rides into the Hundred of Hoo,
Besides pilfering seamen will find dirt enoo."

From ROCHESTER to BROMLEY.

[Cuxton, 2 m. ; Meopham, 5 m. ; Longfield, 3 m. ; Horton-Kirkby, 3½ m. ; St. Mary's Cray, 7 m. ; Bickley, 2½ m. ; Bromley, 2 m.]

But I

Have crept along from nook to shady nook,
Where flow'rets blow and whisp'ring Naiads dwell.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

We are about to explore what may perhaps be considered as the richest portion of Kent,—as the garden of that county, which has itself been named, and not presumptuously, "the Garden of England,"—and it is necessary, therefore, that we should point out to the traveller those routes which will best open up to him all its beauties. The line we ourselves are about to adopt will nearly follow the course of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway to Beckenham, but the following routes may also be recommended :—

I. From Rochester through Wouldham and Lower Halling to Snodland. Then branch off through Byrling and Addington to Wrotham. Keep south to Lytham, and thence to Seven Oaks. Take the north road to Bromley, and then adopt the Mid Kent line to Rochester and Chatham.

II. From Rochester to Gravesend. Strike south by Ifield, Nursted, Meopham, Wrotham, Ightham, Shipbourne, to Tunbridge. Thence, by rail, to Edenbridge. Keep through the Weald country, by way of Hever, Speldhurst, and Tunbridge Wells to

Cranbrook. Thence to Headcorn, and through Sutton Valence and Langley to Maidstone. Strike across country by way of West Malling, Offham, Wrotham, Stanstead, Kingsdown and Farningham to St. Mary's Cray. Go by rail to Bromley, and visit Sevenoaks.

We are swiftly borne through a fair and well-wooded countryside, with whose general features we are already familiar—COBHAM lying, among its tree-masses, away to the right; and LUDDSDOWN on the hills to the left—and soon cross the main road from Gravesend to Tunbridge at a point between the pleasant villages of Nursted and Meopham.

NURSTED (population, 34), is scattered among corn fields, hop-gardens, and blooming orchards, which are intersected by deliciously cool some bye-lanes, and relieved by clumps of leafy trees. It is for the sake of these that the tourist will visit it. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mildred, is a good building, with a nave, chancel, and square tower. The memorials are few, and of no general interest. The rectory, valued at £140, is in the patronage of the Rev. W. H. Edmeades, lord of the manor. In the court-house are easily discernible some portions of an ancient manorial mansion, erected by one of the De Gravesends, formerly lords of the manor, *temp.* Edward III. Of this family, Richard was Bishop of London, 1280-1303, and Stephen was also promoted to that high dignity in 1318.

MEOPHAM (population, 1045), *i.e.*, Meopa's ham or home—commonly pronounced Mepham—is about 6 miles from Gravesend, situated upon the hills, with a background to the south of rich dark woods. The village clusters on the borders of an ample green, and with its thatch-roofed cottages and fine old church presents a very picturesque aspect, which the sketcher should not fail to notice.

The CHURCH, mainly Decorated, is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and was rebuilt by Simon de Meopham, archbishop of Canterbury (1327-33), a native of this pleasant village, who was "worried out of his life" by a turbulent bishop of Exeter and an ungrateful Pope. Archbishop Courtney afterwards repaired it. There is a brass for *John Follham*, d. 1455. The other brasses were economically made use of to supply metal when the bells were re-cast about the middle of the eighteenth century. The

vicarage, valued at £435, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

North-east of the village, near the railway, is CASNER (W. Masters Smith, Esq.), a commodious house in a pleasant demesne.

[About 2 miles beyond Nutsted, on the road to Gravesend and Chalk is IFIELD (population, 91), a small but pretty village, near the far prettier village of SHINGLEWELL (in Ifield parish), a favourite resort of Gravesend excursionists.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Margaret, consists of a nave and chancel, and is small enough to rank with St. Lawrence's Church in the Isle of Wight, or any other of the show-churches in England. It was rebuilt in 1596, and repaired in 1638. There are brasses for *Richard Parker*, d. 1607; and *Mrs. Elizabeth Parker*, d. 1702. A memorial in the chancel for *George Lauder*, d. 1720, bears this epitaph:—

“Scotia me genuit, docuit, sacraque cathedra,
Et chara ornavit conjuge, prole, lare.
Anglia prostrato miserata, lavavit, et almo
Suscipiens gremio fovit, et ossa tenet.”

The rectory, worth £120, is in the patronage of the Rev. W. H. Edmeades.]

Our next “landing-place”—to borrow an apt expression from Coleridge’s “Friend”—is Longfield, lying in the centre of a circle whose circumference includes Southfleet, Hartley, and Fawkham. We shall describe these places in the order in which we have named them.

LONGFIELD (population, 162), is situated upon the chalk, the principal portion of the parish occupying a pleasant valley, which is intersected by the main road. The CHURCH, an Early English building, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, contains but a nave, a chancel, and a low pointed steeple. Its memorials are not of a nature to require special observation. The rectory, valued at £193, is in the patronage of the Bishop of Rochester.

SOUTHFLEET (population, 657), about equidistant from Northfleet and Longfield, derives its name from its position on an arm of the Thames, which was formerly navigable up to, and even beyond, this point. In the neighbourhood may be discovered the *cannabis spuria tertia*, *lathyrus major latifolius*, English cestus, bird’s nest, and *cynocrambe*.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, contains a chancel, nave, north and south aisles, and western tower. The painted glass in the windows is very fine. The octagon front is Decorated, and finely carved. There are stalls in the chancel for the monks of Rochester.

A gravestone in the chancel commemorates *John Urban*, d. 1420, and *Joan*, his wife. Other memorials are in honour of *Joan Urban* and her children, d. 1414 ; a brass to *John Sedley*, d. 1500 ; another to *John Sedley* of Southfleet, d. 1581 ; and a good monument of a knight in full armour, to *John Sedley*, d. 1605.

The rectory, valued at £523, is in the patronage of the Bishop of Rochester.

HARTLEY (population, 227) is a clump of houses on the slope of a hill, its church occupying the crest. The latter is a small building, with a nave, chancel, and pointed steeple, and is dedicated to All Saints. The inscriptions are neither numerous nor interesting. Hartley rectory, valued at £275, is in the gift of Rev. Edward Allen.

FAWKHAM (population, 249)—*i.e.*, Fawke's ham—lies about 1½ mile south of Longfield, on the chalk hills, and in the neighbourhood of a mass of leafiness. There are some remains of the old manor-house, which was possessed in turn by several knightly families. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is Early English, and has a nave, a chancel, and low pointed steeple. A richly coloured window, over the west doorway, is ornamented with a glowing border, and figures of William de Fawkham, lord of the manor, habited as a palmer, and his wife kneeling in a prayerful attitude. The figures, also, of the Saviour and Virgin Mary are here presented in full deep colours.

The memorials commemorate *Richard Meredith*, d. 1625 ; *John Walter*, d. 1625 ; *Dorcas Walter*, d. 1630 ; and *Bennet Ward*, d. 1641. Others, of later date, are comparatively uninteresting.

The rectory, valued at £252, is in the patronage of the principal landowners of the parish.

Resuming our railway route, we next arrive at HORTON-KIRKBY (population, 787), or Kirby, which obtained its affix from a family of that name, the Kirbys of Lancashire. It could once boast of a castle, built by a knight named Ros, and rebuilt by Roger de Kirkby, *temp.* Edward I., and a manor-house, erected by the same worthy architect. The estates of the De Ros passed into the Kirkby family by marriage with the heiress

Lora, "the Lady of Kirkby." The scanty remains of their stronghold still frown over the limpid waters of the Darent.

At a short distance south of the village, upon the river bank, stands the brave old mansion of FRANKS, rebuilt by Lancelot Bathurst, alderman of London, who died in 1594. It is now a goodly farm-house, of red brick and with stone dressings, such as our Tudor worthies delighted in.

HORTON-KIRKBY CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a cruciform building with a central tower, mainly Early English, but exhibiting numerous illustrations of the architectural tastes of successive churchwardens. The transepts in the interior are enriched with arcades. In the chancel a Decorated recessed tomb, under an arch, commemorates one of the De Ros family, and there are brasses for one of the Bathursts, and *John Brown*, d. 1597.

The present incumbent is the patron of the vicarage, which is valued at £214 per annum.

Either here, or at Farningham, the tourist should take up his head-quarters, previous to starting upon the branch routes herein-under indicated.

BRANCH ROUTE—HORTON-KIRKBY TO TUNBRIDGE.

FARNINGHAM is 1 mile south of Horton-Kirkby, in a cool and shadowy valley, whose wooded slopes are rich in picturesque effects. The Darent, after winding at its will through broad green meadows, is here spanned by a bridge of four arches, and waters the base of a pleasant range of hills. Few villages in Kent can boast of a fairer site, or of environs richer in tranquil and gentle beauty. From the hills the views are eminently charming, and may be commended as veritably English in character. There, in the village, is a respectable hotel (the Lion), where refreshment and comfortable accommodation may usually be obtained. The neighbourhood is dotted with some pleasant seats.

FARNINGHAM CHURCH, dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul, is Early English, and consists of a nave, chancel, and western Perpendicular tower. The stone font is octagonal and Perpendicular. There are brasses to "*Sir*" *William Culbone*, d. 1451; *Henry Firebrace*, d. 1601; *Alice Tailen*, d. 1514; *Thomas Sibyll*, d.

1519; and *William Petham*, d. 1517. A "costly mausoleum" in the graveyard is inscribed to the honour of *Thomas Nash*, a "London citizen of credit and renown," d. 1778.

The vicarage, valued at £260, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Still following the course of the Darent, we gain, at 1 mile south, the village of EYNSFORD (population, 1383), guided thither by the smoky clouds which hang over its large paper-mills. It is situated among Kentish cherries and Kentish apples,—a ripe, abundant, and busy village of some small beauty and much wealth. Near the river, north of the village, stand the gray old ruins of a Norman castle, whose flinty walls enclose about an acre of ground, and are curiously dotted with Roman bricks. It belonged originally to the Eynsford family, but passed into the hands of the wealthy and powerful Criols in the reign of Edward I.

South of the village rises the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Martin, an Early English restoration of the old Norman building. The west door is rich Norman, and the east end has a semicircular apse with three small lancet windows. The north transept is Perpendicular, or Edwardian, and was built, perhaps, by one of the Criols. The ground-plan is cruciform.

At Crocken Hill, in this parish, there is a small modern CHURCH. The perpetual curacy is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The vicarage of Eynsford is valued at £410, and is in the patronage of the rector, who holds from the Archbishop of Canterbury a sinecure worth about £150 per annum.

We move forward, in a south-western direction, across the Darent, to LULLINGSTONE (population, 51), a cluster of houses on the outskirts of a noble PARK, the ancestral seat of Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart. A footpath crosses this fair demesne, and opens up some goodly vistas of grassy glades and leafy bowers, oaks "knee-deep in fern," and the umbrageous shadows of "beechen groves." In a hollow, sheltered by an elevation of the chalk, stands the house, a modern *rifacciamento* of an ancient mansion—large, commodious, and stately—though its architecture is a jumble of many styles. It contains a small but good collection of pictures.

LULLINGSTONE, or SHOREHAM CASTLE, stood near the river, at a slight distance from the south gate of Lullingstone Park. There are a few traces of its remains, but its site is principally occupied by a modern farm-house.

Lullingstone passed from the Rokesles to the Peches, and thence, by marriage, to John Hart, whose son Sir Percival was attached to the household of Henry VIII., and Queens Mary and Elizabeth. About 1738 it again went by marriage into another family—the Dykes of Horsham, in Sussex.

LULLINGSTONE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Bololph, is an Early English building, consisting of a nave, chancel, south aisle, and low pointed steeple. The nave is separated from the chancel by a rich oaken screen. The pavement is of black and white marble, and the windows are resplendent with many dyes. Observe the “sumptuous and lofty monument,” with recumbent figures of a knight and his lady, to Sir *Percival Hart*, d. 1580 ; and the scarcely less sumptuous and lofty monument to Sir *John Peche*, constable to Dover Castle. And equally noticeable is the tomb of alabaster, with recumbent figures, to Sir *George Hart*, d. 1587 ; and the much-sculptured memorial to *Percival Hart*, d. 1738. There are brasses for *John de Pokesh*, d. 1361, and Sir *William Peche*, d. 1487. Other memorials are worth notice.

The rectory, valued at £350, is in the gift of Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart.

The road now follows the windings of the Darent, and keeps in the valley between the chalk hills, until we gain, at $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Dartford, the considerable village of SHOREHAM (population 1192), built upon both banks of the river.

SHOREHAM PLACE (H. St. John Mildmay, Esq.) is a goodly house in agreeable grounds, and contains a small but excellent collection of works of art. We may particularise—An Interior, *Peter de Hooghe* ; landscape, *Ostade* ; do., *Vanderneer* ; do., *Hackert* ; and two fine specimens of *Snyders*—a fight between dogs and bears, and another between dogs and wolves.

The CHURCH, dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul, has a body of some antiquity, and a brick steeple of eighteenth century work. It contains a monument and busts to Sir *Abraham Shard*, and *Ruth*, his wife, d. 1746 ; and divers other memorials, of which little notice need be taken.

The vicarage, valued at £371, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

EXCURSION—PENSURST PLACE, THE HOME OF THE SIDNEYS.

“There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees ; humble vallies whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers ; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers ; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds ; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dams’ comfort ; here a shepherd’s boy piping, as though he should never be old ; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by th’ other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour ; a show, as it were, of an accompanionable solitariness, and of a civil wildness.”—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY—*The Arcadia*.

“Are days of old familiar to thy mind,
O reader ! Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With high-born beauties and enamoured chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy,
Whose expectation touched the verge of pain,
Following their dangerous fortunes ? If such love
Hath ever thrilled thy bosom, thou wilt tread,
As with a pilgrim’s reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born—
Sidney, than whom no greater, braver man,
His own delightful genius ever feign’d,
Illustrating the groves of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal love.”—SOUTHEY.

[Penshurst is 1½ m. from the Penshurst station ; 7 m. from Tunbridge Wells ; 4½ m. from Tunbridge ; 5 m. from Edenbridge ; 5 m. from Sevenoaks ; and 37 m from London.

“What’s hallow’d ground?” inquires the poet Campbell, in one of his noblest lyrics, and finely answers his own question by pointing out that wherever great deeds have been done, or great thoughts conceived, wherever Liberty has lit her altar-fire, or Virtue earned a martyr’s memory—that, indeed, is “hallow’d ground.” Where the noble among men—noble in devotion to Truth and Beauty—have lived or died, that, too, is “hallow’d ground.” Where Wellington calmly closed a long life, rendered sacred by unspotted patriotism—where Edmund Burke brooded over those fine thoughts which he knew how to clothe in deathless language—where Milton dreamed of Heaven and Hell in divine delirium—that is “hallow’d ground.” To one of these famous spots, of these homes and haunts of men who have builded up memorials of themselves, which a nation’s gratitude makes immortal, we now propose to guide the reverent footsteps of the tourist, for to us—to adopt the graphic expressions of Lamartine—“the localities loved and inhabited by great men, during their career on earth, have always appeared the most striking and most truthful relics of themselves; material embodiments of their genius—undying commentaries of their thoughts, passions, lives.” We love to wander through the scenes where have wandered in the Long Ago men who are the glory of all time. We love the acacia shades where Gibbon mused in the consciousness of having won immortality by his great historical composition; the pendant vines, beneath whose purple boughs, and in sight of the murmurous waters of the Tiber, Horace sang forth his elegant Epicurism; the old gabled house which sheltered the glorious head of the youthful Shakspeare; the chestnut blossoms of Charmettes, and the clear lake of Lemman, which fed the wild fancies of Rousseau! We love to tread “this hallow’d ground”—as with “a pilgrim’s reverential thoughts.” And England is rich in holy places, where we may well delight to bow the head and bend the knee. Her soil has been fertile in heroes.

“We speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spoke, the faith and morals hold
That Milton held; in everything have sprung
From earth’s best blood, have titles manifold!”

On a gentle eminence, which rises in the bosom of a sequestered valley, surrounded by its ample woods and its grand old English park, near a quiet, leafy hamlet, whose rustic church

forms an attractive feature of the scene, stands Pencester, now called PENSURST PLACE; the home of the famous Sidneys. Here are the Sidney Oak,* the beautiful Saccharissa's Walk,† Gamage's Bower,‡ and many another sight of wonderful interest. Here is all the ancient pageantry of noble stone courts, gray walls and pinnacles, and fantastic roofs with marvellous high peaks, such as the Tudor architects loved to fashion. Here are deep, silent woods, and long, grassy glades, and smooth, mossy terrace-grounds, and hop-bowers, rich in balm. And here, too, are such dear memories, such tender associations of valour, and knightly generosity, and chivalric love of fatherland, and gleaming woman's beauty and loving woman's stainless honour; here are such grand elevating thoughts inspired by the self-denying heroism of the Sidney who fell at Zutphen—the gallant patriotism and ardent aspirations of him who bled on the scaffold, to the eternal shame of a crowned but soulless *débauchée*,—the noble motherhood of the Countess of Pembroke, the sparkling loveliness of Saccharissa—whose charms no time can deface, for song has made them ever fresh and youthful; here is such a throng of luminous graces, of sweet, delicate fancies, and solemn deathless truths, that the whole place seems to us enchanted!—*in* the world, yet *out* of it!—set apart from all that is common, false, debasing, as if to inspire the souls of those who gaze upon it with an imperfect consciousness of the beauty and awfulness of life!

They were a noble race, a true English race, those Sidneys! Not that the glories of the Conquest and the memories of Hastings are connected with them, for their name does not occur in English genealogy until the troubled reign of the third Henry, but both with sword and pen, in the battle-field and the council-chamber, they have ever proved themselves of gentle blood, have contributed beautiful and chaste dames to the court, wise councillors to the cabinet, brave, heroic men to the fight. Their blood flows in the veins of our noblest and most honoured families—of

* “This taller tree, of which a nut was set
At his great birth where all the muses met.”—BEN JONSON.

† Immortalized by Waller,—

“Ye lofty beeches! tell this matchless dame
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!”

‡ Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester.

Carlisle and Warwick—Howard and Percy—Cecil and De L'Isle. They have been poets, and endeared to poets. Spenser was the friend of Sir Philip; Waller sang the beauty of the fair Dorothea Sidney, better known to lovers of English verse as Saccharissa; Ben Jonson, in massive lines, immortalized the massive pile of Penshurst,* and perpetuated the fame of Mary Sidney, the fair Countess of Pembroke; and Southey has written concerning Algernon Sidney in song that the world will not willingly let die. A great race, we say again, and truly English!

Best known among the Sidneys—at least, to the national heart—is the English Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*—perfect man and perfect knight—Sir Philip Sydney.† Who does not know the touching story of his death! How, while the blood welled out of wounds received in the hot fight at Zutphen, and the death-damp was on his brow, and the death-thirst on his lips, he put away the cup of water proffered to him, and bade his attendant give the living draught to a dying soldier near him. “He needs it more than I.” Few words were these—plain Saxon words—but they have rang like a glorious music in the ears of mankind since first they fell from the heroic soul of Sidney. Happy he who can so stir the universal heart—which throbs the same in all ages and with all peoples! It is the most precious fame, the noblest immortality. Of how many generous thoughts and noble actions have not these words of Sidney been the parent!

Sir Philip Sidney had the rare fortune of being esteemed a prophet in his own country, and by his own contemporaries. Lord Brooke, for the sole epitaph on his monument, desired—“Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sidney!” Raleigh, Spenser, and Ben Jonson, Sir Henry Wotton, Elizabeth (no mean judge of the characters of men), regarded him as one of the brightest spirits of an age fertile in heroic spirits. His father wrote of him,—“In truth, I speak it without flattery of him or myself, he hath the most virtues that I ever found in any man!”

* In the famous lines, beginning—

“Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor canst a row
Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold . . .
Or stair, or courts; but standst an ancient pile,” etc.

† Son of Sir Henry Sidney and Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and sister of the hapless Lord Guildford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Gray.

To English literature he contributed his "Arcadia," a complete treasure of exquisite fancies and poetic thoughts; his "Astrophel and Stella;" his "Defence of Poesy;" and certain "Sonnets and Songs," which display no ordinary powers of imagination. And thus much must we be content to say of one of the best and truest of our English worthies.

Another famous Sidney was he whose blood has cast so deep a shadow on the memory of the second Charles; he who died as became the scion of so noble a house, with a prayer for liberty upon his dying lips.

"Great men have been amongst us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none!
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend;
They knew how genuine glory is put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour; what strength *was* that would not bend
But in magnanimous weakness."

Penshurst was bestowed upon the Sidneys by King Edward VI., as is set forth in a quaint inscription entablatured over the door of the old gateway Tower:—

THE MOST RELIGIOUS AND RENOWNED PRINCE EDWARD THE SIXTH KINGE OF ENGLAND FRANCE AND IRELAND GAVE THIS HOUSE OF PENCESTER WITH THE MANORS LANDES AND APPURTENANCES THERUNTO BELONGINGE UNTO HIS TRUSTYE AND WEL-BELOVED SERVANT SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY KNIGHT BANNARET SERVINGE HIM FROM THE TYME OF HIS BIRTH UNTO HIS CORONATION IN THE OFFICES OF CHAMBERLAYNE AND STUARDE OF HIS HOUSEHOLD IN COMMEMORATION OF WHICH MOST WORTHIE AND FAMOUS KINGE SIR HENRIE SIDNEY KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL ESTABLISHED IN THE MARCHES OF WALES SONNE AND HEYRE OF THE AFORENAMED SYR WILLIAM CAUSED THIS TOWER TO BE BUYLDED AND THAT MOST EXCELLENT PRINCES ARMS TO BE ERECTED, ANNO DOMINI 1585.

The north and principal front, commanding an ample landscape of the old park, has been restored—or rather rebuilt—in a style of great and judicious magnificence by Lord de L'Isle, the present possessor of the Home of the Sidneys. The western front presents the characteristics of various styles of architecture, but is nevertheless imposing in its general elevation.

The south front of the mansion is quaintly made up of buttresses, overhanging gables, towers, and strange projections. The inner court contains the old Banqueting Hall, with all the splendour of feudal memories about it; and in the hall are still pre-

served the huge oaken tables where at different times have sate such men as Sir Philip and Algernon Sidney, Ben Jonson, and Waller—such women as Saccharissa and the Countess of Pembroke. Many of the chambers of this splendid mansion literally glow with the *chef d'œuvres* of great artists. To some of these, though our space grows scant, we must needs direct the attention of our readers.

The GALLERY alone might charm the eye and fire the fancy of the spectator during many an hour of pleasaunce.

There are here two fine portraits of Dorothea Sidney—the poet's ladye-love—to whom we have already alluded. One, by Vandyke, represents her in her lovely youth, attired as a shepherdess, with long golden curls crowning the virgin beauty of her brow. She is represented by Hoskins in a companion picture, in her married womanhood, and very fair and gentle, indeed, she looks. An interesting picture shews us the two brothers, Sir Philip and Robert, afterwards Earl of Leicester. We borrow from an able observer a very minute description of it : Sir Philip, a youth of perhaps sixteen, is standing arm-in-arm with Robert, a boy of about thirteen or fourteen. They are in a court dress, both exactly alike—a sort of doublet and collar. The collar is just the boy's collar of the present day, except that it is fringed with lace. The doublet is buttoned down the front with close-set buttons ; it is fitted exactly to the body with very close sleeves, and turned up with lace cuffs. The colour of the doublet is French grey. They have trunk-hose, very full indeed, of crimson-figured satin, stockings and garters of the same colour as the doublet, with roses at the knees and on the shoes. Their shoes are of leather, with tan-coloured soles, and are cut high in the instep, having much the look of listing-shoes of the present day : their swords complete their costume. Their hair is cut short behind, and turned aside on the forehead. There is a hat of white beaver lying on a table close to the elbow of Sir Philip, with a stiff, upright plume of ostrich feathers, with edges dyed crimson.

The lads, continues our authority, have a strong likeness as brothers. Philip has something of an elder-brother, patronising air, and is full of a frank, ardent spirit, such as we may imagine marked the boyhood of such a man. When we recollect, too, the strong affection which he always shewed to this brother, we see plainly that the union of the two in one picture was rather the result of that known affection than the act of the painter. This

curious family and national picture bears about it every mark of its authenticity, and has never yet been engraved.

There are other pictures of a family character, of various Earls of Leicester, of Barbara Gamage, the first countess, of the wife of Colonel Sidney, of Algernon Sidney (the original by Verrio), and of Lady Mary Dudley, the mother of Sir Philip—which possess peculiar interest, and form a noble portrait-gallery of distinguished men and women. The connoisseur will find much excellent food for reflection in many splendid specimens by Nicolo Poussin, Spagnoletto, Caracci, Guido, Titian, and Vandyke.

In QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ROOM we can only pause to notice the remarkable portraits of Sir Philip, Algernon, and Mary Sidney, afterwards Countess of Pembroke. They are eminently characteristic. The broad brow, deep calm eyes, and thoughtful lip of the poet Sir Philip—the fair noble face of the Lady Mary—the stern melancholy features of the patriot Algernon—tell, as it were, the idiosyncrasies of each.

The TAPESTRY-ROOM contains portraits of two famous sisters, Lady Dorothy Percy, Countess of Leicester, and Lady Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle. Of the former, it is enough to say that she was the mother of Algernon Sidney. Of the latter, Miss Aikin has given a striking character.* “She was a distinguished beauty, wit, and political intriguer; nor is her memory free from the suspicion, at least, of gallantry. She was flattered in French by Voiture, by Waller in verse, and in prose by Sir Toby Matthew. She long enjoyed and singularly abused the favour and confidence of Henrietta, Queen of Charles I.”

There are other relics, besides the family portraits, which will attract the reverent attention of the pilgrim-tourist. One is a true and particular account—in manuscript—of all the pageantry and household garniture of “Kenilworth,” at the very time the astute Earl of Leicester received under its roof Queen Elizabeth. It is entitled, “Inventorie of Household Furniture, etc., at Kenilworth Castle, belonging to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leycester, An. Dom., 1583.”

From another curious MS., the “Household Expenses of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount L'Isle,” we may extract a few passages, illustrative of “a brave old mansion” kept up “at a bountiful old rate:”—

“1624.—Monday, 14th March; At dinner, Lo. Percie and

* Aikin's “Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I.”

La. Percie ; La. Carlisle ; La. Manners ; Sir Henry Lea ; Mrs. Coulston. At supper, Lord Percie, Ladie Delawar, and remaining a week."

"Wednesday, 16th : Lo. and La. went to Syon."

"1625.—12th of November : Breakfast for La. Percie and La. Carlisle, and people going away." Soon afterwards occurs, "La. Carlisle, with ten attendants, who staid fourteen days."

"Thirty neighbours at dinner."

"1625.—30th of December : Sir George and John Rivers, etc. etc. About thirty to dinner."

"Prices of expenses for this weeke.—Kitchen, £29 : 17 : 10 ; pantry and cellar, £14 : 13 : 10d ; laundrie, 1s. 11d. ; stables, £1 : 14 : 8 ; fuel, in charcoal and billets, £3 : 9 : 0."

Fifty pounds per week, or £2500 per annum, in days when a good fat pig only cost one shilling and eightpence !

And with this example of the housekeeping of an English baron, we reluctantly bid adieu to glorious Penshurst, which, under the reverent guardianship of its present lord, is yearly adding new beauties to the Arcadian loveliness that nurtured the imagination of Sir Philip Sidney, and inspired the noble verse of rare Ben Jonson.

About two miles south, and still on the banks of the Darent, but at a point where one branch of the chalk range turns off to the eastward, and another diverges into Surrey (so that the valley of the Darent here opens upon the rich meadows and venerable woodlands of South-western Kent), stands OTFORD (population, 837). The ruins of the famous archiepiscopal palace rebuilt by Archbishop Warham, at a cost of £33,000, in the reign of Henry VIII.,—who here visited the archbishop on several occasions,—now do but consist of a tower, and the cloisters which formed part of the outer court. There was a palace here for the use of the prelates of Canterbury from a very early period ; and its pleasant position was much approved of by them. It was especially acceptable to Archbishop Becket, who, finding that the house was in need of a good spring of water, smote the ground with his staff and called into life and plenty a crystal stream which still bubbles up at St. Thomas's Well. The water is even now in repute for its supposed therapeutical effects.

Otford, it is said, was the scene in 773 of a battle between the kings of Mercia and Kent ; and again, in 1016, of a despe-

rate engagement between Edmund Ironsides and Korut and his Danes.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, was rebuilt about the reign of Charles II. It formerly contained a shrine and statue in honour of St. Bartholomew, which were supposed to be eminently anti-Malthusian in their influence upon married ladies. There are numerous memorials here, of more or less interest. Observe "the magnificent (!) monument, with the statue of a gentleman, as large as life, standing, and leaning on an urn, over him the head of a lady, in profile, with figures of statuary marble on each side, most beautifully executed,"—the whole inscribed to the glorification of *Charles Polhill*, d. 1755.

The perpetual curacy, valued at £129, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

About 2 miles east of Otford, on the slopes of the chalk hills, and overlooking a goodly landscape of the Weald of Kent, stands KEMSING (population, 376). The old "Pilgrim's Road" is carried along the ridge of the hills just above this little village. Near its centre bubbles a famous well, dedicated to St. Edith, who was born, it is said, in this parish, and wrought many miraculous cures, and was honoured after death with a statue in the churchyard, held in much honour by all the country side. The CHURCH stands north of the village, and is also dedicated to St. Edith, a small Early English building, with a nave, chancel, and pointed steeple. A brass, and a black-letter inscription, commemorate *Thomas de Hop*,—date, the early part of the fourteenth century.

To the vicarage is attached the perpetual curacy of the large and populous parish of SEAL (population, 1566). The patronage is in the hands of the Countess of Plymouth, and the yearly income is £396. Seal lies to the south of Kemsing, on the road from Westerham to Maidstone. Its CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, is a large building, with a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and square Perpendicular tower.

There are brasses for Sir *William de Bryene*, lord of Kemsing and Seale, d. 1395 ; *John Tybold*, d. 1577 ; and *Richard Tybold*, d. 1569. A small mural monument commemorates *John Theobald*, d. 1577, who had seven sons and nine daughters, and was father, grandfather, and great-grandfather to 119 children.

Resuming our route, and crossing the Westerham and Maidstone road, we gain, at the summit of a remarkably precipitous hill, the very pleasant and picturesque old town of

SEVENOAKS.

[Population, 6296. *Hotels*: Royal, Crown, Royal Oak, White Hart. 24 m. from London; 6 m. from Tunbridge; 7½ m. from Edenbridge; and 13 m. from Dartford.

☞ Communications with London by S.E. Railway in about ¾ of an hour; also by L. C. and D. Railway, *via* Eynsford and Shoreham.]

The town derives its pleasant name—a name suggestive of rural life and scenery, of the “sights and sounds” of a well-wooded country—from “seven oaks” which conspicuously occupied the summit of the hill whereon its houses cluster, and are now represented by seven younger trees nearly opposite the White Hart Inn, on the Tunbridge road. It is divisible into three districts:—Town Borough, Riverhead, and the Weald—the latter lying in the plain at the foot of Sevenoaks Hill. Riverhead is situated to the north-west on the London road, and near the source of a branch of the Darent.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is a large and goodly pile, which, from its position, is a landmark for all the country side. It has a Perpendicular tower, nave, chancel, north and south aisles. The memorials are many, and of some interest. A mural monument commemorates *William Lambarde*, d. 1601, the “perambulator of Kent, and the father of county historians;” and another, *Sir Moulton Lambarde*, his son and heir, d. 1630. There are also memorials to *Sir Charles Farnaby*, d. 1741; *Lady Margaret Boswell*, d. 1692, with a long inscription; and various members of the Amherst family. A brass to *Hugh Owen*, formerly rector, is without date.

The vicarage, and sinecure rectory (joint value, £935), are in the gift of the Rev. Thomas Curteis. The perpetual curacy of Riverhead (worth £45), and that of Weald (worth £90), are both in the patronage of Earl Amherst.

Sevenoaks could boast, at one time, of an HOSPITAL, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and may now be reasonably proud of its excellent GRAMMAR SCHOOL, founded by William Sevenoaks, who was discovered (it is said) by a certain Sir William Rumpstead in the hollow of a tree near this town; was carefully brought up; appren-

ticed ; acquired great wealth ; became Lord Mayor of London ; and by his will, dated 1432, established the SCHOOL we speak of, and the adjacent ALMSHOUSES, rebuilt in 1737. The school afterwards, by letters-patent, received the style of "The Grammar School of Queen Elizabeth," and a common seal, which appropriately represents a truculent *magister*, armed with his ferula and book. Six or seven exhibitions are attached to this flourishing foundation.

In Sevenoaks itself there is little to attract or interest the tourist, apart from the pleasantness of its position, but there are several fine "seats" in its neighbourhood—chief of which is the justly celebrated

KNOLE PARK (Earl Delawarr)—worthy of a "full and particular description."

Knole, as its name very clearly indicates, stands on a gentle eminence, and is seated in the centre of as fair a landscape as even glorious Kent can offer. You know, gentle tourist, what will make up such a landscape ; you have seen in many a delectable district its ever-sweet panoramic change ; you are certain that there will be dark broad woodlands, and bubbling runnels, and fair brown meadows, intersected by blossomy and fragrant hedges—ah, those hedges ! how we love their wild, yet graceful luxuriance of flower, and leaf, and weed—you feel that there will be no dull Dutch level, but a constant alternation of hill and dale, of copse and valley, with some still gleaming tarn sheltering its waters in the shadow of lithe alders and bending willows. You know that Alexander Smith has painted one with the feeling of a poet, and the accuracy of an artist :—

" I reach'd a height
Which lay from finny fen to stately tree
Asleep in sunshine. From its crown I saw
The country fade into the distant sky,
With happy hamlets drown'd in apple-bloom,
And ivy-muffled churches still with graves,
And restless fires subdued and tamed by day,
And scatter'd towns, whence came at intervals,
Upon the wind, a sweet clear sound of bells ;
Through all, a river, like a stream of haze,
Drew its slow length until 't was lost in woods."

In a word, you know what makes a Kentish landscape, and hence

you know what sort of enchanted ground circles the ancient walls of Knole.

And yet not altogether so. Every landscape has its own peculiar charm, just as every fair face has its own characteristic expression. Knole scenery seems to us a combination of all that attracts us most in other pleasant places. There is a broad terrace, open to the south, and looking down upon the glorious park with its long leafy avenues and shifting patches of sunshine, whence you may obtain such a grasp of loveliness as scarce can be enjoyed elsewhere. The blue walls of the Sussex hills shut in a magnificent picture ! River, and homestead, and church, and clumps of beeches, and brown, smooth fields, all lie beneath you, now glowing with a purple splendour as the sun leaps out from a passing rack of cloud—now, deep in silent shadow when for a moment the golden orb is fain to quench its fires. And, then, the history and romance which live around you ! Yonder is Penshurst, where Sidney meditated over the sublime thoughts which his life expressed, as it were, in action ; and Saccharissa walked “beneath the shade of melancholy boughs.” The eye travels farther, and catches the towers of Eridge, where the king-maker, stout Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, amused his active mind with horse and hound. The Willoughbys, a gallant family, once dwelt in stately Boar Place, in yonder mansion, nestling in Whitley’s ancient forest. At Hever, laughed the wanton beauty of Anne Boleyn—mourned the desolate heart of Anne of Cleves. Tunbridge Castle lifts up its hoary battlements afar, and summons to the gaze a glittering train of baron, knight, and squire. Mayfield and Rotherfield, Wadhurst and Goudhurst—good Saxon names, with Saxon meanings, breathing of rural life, and woodland “sights and sounds,”—and many other quiet village-churches, raise their tall spires above the bordering trees. Orchards, happy in the promise of abundant fruit, and hop-grounds with their treasure of graceful plants, give a genial aspect to the landscape. Quaint old farm-houses, with roofs of many gables, and windows of fantastic shape, are seated on the marge of some fish-abounding brook, or hide away from noisy travellers in the recesses of the ancient woods. The present and the past lie cheek by jowl together. The old manor-house of the Tudors, the neat, white-washed cottage of the nineteenth century-peasant, stand in strange but pleasant juxtaposition. Pleasant truly, for it is good that a nation should have a Past, and a Past, moreover, of which it may

be proud ! And thus, the ancient mansion and the modern farm link the two extremes of English history—"knitting together," as Bulwer-Lytton finely says, "England's feudal memories with England's free-born hopes—the old land with its young people, for England is so old, and the English are so young !"

We quit the terrace—we descend the lawny slope—we roam away into the arcades and dingles of the Park. Here is a hill topped with a noble crest of venerable trees, under which ever so many Sackvilles may have enjoyed the summer noons. Here an avenue of stalwart oaks—the Duchess's Walk—leading up to the old House, and throwing about your steps such a playful interchange of light and shade as needs must divert the stolidest mind. On the hill, yonder, wave the long branches of the majestic trees—for trees are around and about you for many an acre. Among them proudly towers "The Old Oak"—there is life in it yet, though many a storm has beaten up against its massive trunk. Thirty feet its girth ! So the guide-books tell us. And there is a noble beech, twenty-eight feet round, and another, near the ice-house, which attracted the poet-heart of Mrs. Radcliffe :—"In the park," she says, "abounding with noble beech-groves, is one on the left of the road leading to the house, which, for mass and over-topping pomp, excels even any in Windsor Park, when viewed as you descend from the park gate, whence shade rises above shade, with amazing and magnificent grandeur. In this mass of wood is one beech, that stretches upwards its gray limbs among the light feathery foliage to a height and with a majesty that is sublime. Over a seat, placed round the boll, it spreads out a light, yet umbrageous fan, most graceful and beautiful. With all its grandeur and luxuriance, there is nothing in this beech heavy or formal ; it is airy, though vast and majestic, and suggests an idea at once of the strength and fire of a hero ! I should call a beech-tree—and this beech above every other—the hero of the forest, as the oak is called the king."

Pleasure-grounds and kitchen-gardens, bird-houses, and dove-cots, and a strange little edifice rejoicing in a pointed roof, and a lofty spire (built by Captain Smith, father of Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of St. Jean d'Acre, in the time of Charles, second Duke of Dorset), must not delay our steps, for we have not yet entered the famous mansion—Knole House, once the palatial home of the Sackvilles. So take we our leave of this admirable park, noting, for the edification of our readers, that it comprises an

area of nearly one thousand acres, that on the west it skirts for nearly a mile the town of Sevenoaks, to the south borders on the Hastings-road, on the east is bounded by the wild Fawke Heath, and on the north-east by Wilderness Park, the seat of the Marquis Camden.

Nearly opposite the simple church of Sevenoaks stands the entrance-gate of Knole. Passing through it you pace the sloping avenue of beech, and reach the principal gate, with its picturesque lodges, one on either side. The road then winds through a valley, and stretches up a wood-crowned hill, until it gains the splendid quadrangular pile of the old house of the Sackvilles. The entire structure occupies an area of upwards of three acres, and wears an imposing aspect, not only from its size, but from the square towers and embattled gateways which adorn it. Portions of the building are rudely executed, and it is difficult to ascribe them to any particular period ; but the general style of architecture is, undoubtedly, that which was so prevalent in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and which is so well adapted to an English landscape.

Passing under a lofty embattled gateway, defended by two stout towers, you gain the first or outer quadrangle ; then, through another gateway of more ancient date, you are ushered into the inner quadrangle, and thence into the labyrinth of apartments for which Knole has long been celebrated.

“ Huge hall, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
 By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
 Might shock a connoisseur ; but when combin’d,
 Form a whole which, irregular in parts,
 Yet leaves a grand impression on the mind ;
 At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.

Steel barons, molten the next generation
 To silken rows of gay and garter’d earls,
 Glance from the walls in goodly preservation :
 And lady Marys blooming into girls,
 With fair long locks, have also kept their station.
 And countesses mature in robes and pearls ;
 Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
 Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.”

Into the principal apartments—which are very rich in attractive objects, and in the glories of the painted canvass—

visitors are kindly admitted by permission of the present occupant of Knole. The quaint old furniture, of the style which decorated the chambers when Elizabeth's sage councillors and wealthy nobles took their ease; the peculiarly fantastic fire-dogs, many of chased silver, of exquisite workmanship and graceful design; the painted glass, glowing with colours such as Titian might have envied; the elaborate carvings; the antique ceilings; verily, the virtuoso may spend laborious, yet delightful hours, in examining these.

The GREAT HALL, 75 feet long, 27 broad, and nearly 27 high, owes its erection to Thomas first Earl of Dorset. Armorial bearings are blazoned on the windows—the royal scutcheon of good Queen Bess, and the shield of Robert Devereux, ill-fated Earl of Essex. The *dais*, or raised platform, remains intact as when it supported the principal table whereat the lord of the mansion and his peers were wont to sit. A curious pair of fire-dogs may be noted here. They bear the initials and cognizances of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and were brought from Hever Castle, the doomed beauty's early home.

An oaken screen encloses the MUSIC GALLERY, which is adorned with finely-carved heraldic symbols, and the arms and supporters of the house of Dorset.

The walls of this noble chamber are hung with several paintings. Rubens contributes his richness of colouring and voluptuousness of conception; Giordano, Kneller, De Vos, Ramsay, and Wotton, specimens of their various styles.

A grand and richly-decorated staircase, which gains a peculiar life and animation from its carvings of animals and foliage, of scrolls and scutcheons, leads to the BROWN GALLERY, an apartment of considerable dimensions, 88 feet in length, with oaken floor, oaken roof, and oaken panels, and doors and windows fastened by singular contrivances of iron. The windows are ablaze with colourings, which paint the floor with a thousand shifting dyes. The walls are crowded with the portraits of historic men and women—some ninety-seven in number—which recal the most stirring events in the annals of English valour. Look around upon those lofty brows, meet the searching glances of these earnest eyes, and forget for awhile the present. There is the great, strong-hearted Protector, Oliver Cromwell, unequalled statesman, unrivalled warrior; yonder is the thoughtful face of Sir Thomas More, and near to him his tyrannical but keen-

brained master, Harry the Eighth. Queen Elizabeth—astutest, yet weakest of women—is rightly surrounded by the ornaments of her splendid court; by Leicester the ambitious; by Sir Christopher Hatton, able judge and excellent dancer; by Sir Francis Drake, who first bore triumphantly the English flag into the harbours of Spanish America; by Lord Buckhurst, poet, courtier, and soldier; and by the grave, inscrutable, Italian countenance of Lord Burleigh, her trustiest counsellor. The Guises, the Bourbons, and the Montmorencies, recal the stormy chivalry of France. Luther, Wickliffe, Huss, Melancthon, remind us of the toils and triumphs and sufferings of the great prophets of the true faith. Milton is here with eyes serene and contemplative brow; Dryden, “glorious John;” the massive head of Admiral Blake; and many another poet, sage, warrior, and statesman. Then, too, there are chairs and settees, high-backed low-seated, low-backed high-seated, cushioned and uncushioned, some splendid in velvet, some showy in silks and satins, of every shape and material, and of notable antiquity. There are few apartments in few English mansions to match “the Brown Gallery” at Knole.

LADY BETTY GERMAINE’S BED-CHAMBER (once the favoured chamber of the second wife of Sir John Germaine, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley), and her DRESSING-ROOM, contain some antique articles of furniture, some curious tapestry, and many excellent paintings. The SPANGLED BED-ROOM has an oaken floor, tapestry hangings, and stools, bed, and wardrobe of Elizabethan pattern, having been a gift of James I. to Lionel Earl of Middlesex, whose daughter married the fifth Earl of Dorset, and found her own bed and bedding. The SPANGLED DRESSING-ROOM is a fit boudoir for a lady of elegant mind; its walls are crowded with art-treasures of surpassing beauty.

“A Carlo Dolce and a Titian,
And wilder group of savage Salvatores.”

Heimskirk’s Flemish merry-making, Lely’s beauties, Albano’s glowing hues, and Correggio’s poetical feeling. The BILLIARD-ROOM holds several master-pieces from the brushes of Vandyke, Pousin, Murillo, and Rembrandt. From the windows of the LEICESTER GALLERY may be obtained some exquisite glimpses of garden and woodland, and certain *chefs-d’œuvres* of the Great Masters

“Glance from the walls in goodly preservation.”

We must perforce content ourselves with simply naming the VENETIAN BED-ROOM, the VENETIAN DRESSING-ROOM (containing nearly forty fine specimens of Salvator, Domenichino, Reynolds, Holbein, Bassano, etc.), the ORGAN-ROOM, with its tablets of the Betrayal, the Ascension, and the Resurrection ; the CHAPEL-ROOM, oak-roofed, and hung with scriptural tapestry ; the CHAPEL, and the fine crypt beneath it ; the BALL-ROOM, with a massive marble chimney-piece, and a frieze, profusely wrought with quaint masks and emblems ; the CRIMSON DRAWING-ROOM, with Domenichino's glorious "Sybil," Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Fortune-Teller," and "Count Ugolino,"—the former purchased for 350, the latter for 400 guineas, and Titian's "Holy Family ;" the CARTOON GALLERY, containing six copies in oil of Raffaele's celebrated cartoons, and windows sun-bright with the armorial bearings of various "true men of old ;" the KING'S BED-ROOM, prepared for the reception of James I., at a cost of £20,000, with a state-bed, all gold and silver tissue, and rose-coloured satin, which cost £8000 ; and the DINING PARLOUR, where the Parliamentary Commissioners held in 1645 their Court of Sequestration, and confiscated the estates of Edward, fourth Earl of Dorset, as a punishment for his loyal devotion to the unhappy Charles the First. In this gay chamber, too, at a later date, and in a happier time, Waller, Addison, Garrick, Locke, Hobbes, Sedley, and other wits and poets, gathered round the hospitable board of Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset, a famous and a liberal patron of art and literature. The portraits of these immortals, and of other kindred spirits, by "eminent hands," lend life and lustre to its walls.

Having thus briefly glanced at the principal apartments in that part of Knole House to which the public are admitted, and conveyed to our readers' minds some notion, we trust, of the curiosities, the memorials, and the treasures, artistic and historical, which they enshrine, we purpose to conclude our necessarily imperfect sketch with a few notices of the English worthies who have lent honour and dignity to the name of Sackville.

Herbrand de Sackville was one of the adventurous knights who followed the victorious banner of Duke William into England, and on the red field of Hastings overthrew the last of the Saxon kings. His second son, Sir William, succeeded to his father's share of the plunder of England, and was in turn succeeded by his younger brother, Sir Robert, who married Lettice, a daughter of Sir Henry Woodville, and had a son, known to

genealogists as Jordan de Saukvil, knight, Baron de Bergholt Saukvil. In the reign of Edward I., this ancient Norman family was represented by Andrew Sackville, who was knighted by the Plantagenet in recompense of services rendered on many a battle field. This son, a second Sir Andrew, served like a true knight among the chivalry led by Edward the Black Prince, and *his* son, Sir Thomas, shared at Harfleur and Agincourt in the perils and the triumphs of Harry of Monmouth. He died in 1432. Edward Sackville, his son, died in 1459, and was succeeded by Humphrey, who died on the 24th January 1489. Then came Richard Sackville, sheriff of Sussex and Surrey, and treasurer of Henry the Eighth's army in France. In 1524 he closed a life of honour, and his place was occupied by John Sackville, who worthily trod in his father's footsteps, represented East Grinstead in the fourth and fifth of Philip and Mary, married a sister of Queen Anne Boleyn, begat several sons and daughters, and closed his career in 1537.

Richard, his son, was a man both able and wealthy, who held divers distinguished offices, was knighted by Edward VI., and trusted by Queen Elizabeth. In the eighth year of her reign (1566) he died, and was buried at Withyam, and the celebrated Thomas Sackville, afterwards known as Baron Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, inherited his estates and honours. Lord Buckhurst—for by this title he is best known both in history and in literature—was the father of English drama. While studying the law at the Inner Temple, he composed a tragedy, "*Ferrex and Porrex*," the first dramatic piece of regular construction produced in England. Sir Philip Sidney speaks of it as "full of high-sounding phrases, climbing to the heights of Seneca's style, and as full of notable morality, which it most delightfully doth teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy." Assuredly it is distinguished by considerable merit, though its chill formality and artificial versification are not a little wearisome. In his "*Induction*" to "*the Mirrour of Magistrates*," however, he has displayed a powerful genius, which only needed cultivation to have placed him in the fore rank of English poets.

Lord Buckhurst was distinguished by the favour and confidence of Queen Elizabeth, and was employed by her on several important missions. In 1572, he went as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, which he astonished by the splendour of his state, and the prodigality of his expenditure. In 1587, he was despatched to the States of the United Provinces

but contriving to excite the jealousy of the Earl of Leicester, was peremptorily recalled, and confined for several months a prisoner to his own house. But he was again restored to the councils of his sovereign; in 1591 was appointed to the Chancellorship of Oxford University; in 1598 negotiated, in conjunction with Lord Burleigh, a treaty with Spain; on the death of that able statesman succeeded him as Lord High Treasurer; was created by James I. Earl of Dorset; and died at length "in harness"—falling suddenly at the very Council Board—April 19th 1608, aged seventy-five. "An affectionate husband, a kind father, a firm friend," a trusty counsellor, an able minister, an accomplished poet,—Thomas, Lord Buckhurst and first Earl of Dorset, occupies a prominent place among the worthies of England.

He was created Lord Buckhurst in 1567, obtained the reversion of the manor-house and park of Knole in the same year, and the rank of Earl of Dorset in 1604.

His eldest son Robert succeeded him, but died the following year, aged forty-eight. The third Earl of Dorset, Richard, was a man of magnificent tastes, and maintained for years an almost regal state. One hundred and nineteen persons daily sat down to dinner at Knole, while Dorset House, London (now "Salisbury Square"), and Bolbrooke House, Sussex, displayed the same profuse hospitality. His wife, the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, speaks of him as "of a just mind, a sweet disposition, and very valiant in his own person. He was so good a scholar in all manner of learning that in his youth there was none of the young nobility that excelled him. He was also a good patriot to his country, and generally beloved in it, much esteemed of in all the parliaments that sat in his time, and so great a lover of scholars and soldiers as that, with an excessive bounty towards them, or indeed any of worth that were in distress, he did much diminish his estate." He died at Dorset House on the 18th March 1624, aged thirty-five, and was succeeded in his earldom and impoverished estates by Sir Edward Sackville, fourth Earl of Dorset, born in 1590. A gallant soldier was this worthy Earl, and a devoted loyalist, who fought for king Charles at Edge Hill, and attended him in his captivity at Hampton Court. After the death of his king he never quitted his house, but passed his years in melancholy seclusion. He died on the 17th July 1652. Clarendon has written his character in noble language:—"His wit was sparkling and sublime, his other parts of such lustre that

he could not miscarry in the world. He had a very sharp discerning spirit, and was a man of an obliging nature, much honour, of great generosity, and of most entire fidelity to the crown." It was worth living to earn such an eulogium at the hands of such a man.

The sixth Earl of Dorset, Charles, who succeeded to his father (Richard, fifth Earl, who in 1661 repurchased the mansion, park, and manor of Knole, sequestrated during the civil wars in 1677), was a man of chivalric gallantry, great poetic spirit, and a lively wit. He was one of the gayest members of the Court of Charles II., and the boon companion of Buckingham, Sedley, and Rochester. His name will be remembered in our literature through his famous ballad "To all you ladies now at land," and his warm and assiduous patronage of men of letters. Dryden, Butler, Killigrew, Tom Durfey,* Prior (whom he rescued from a vintner's tap), were indebted to his splendid generosity. A pleasant anecdote is related of him. A party of wits and poets who had assembled at Knole, agreed that each person present should write an impromptu, on the merit of which Dryden was appointed to decide. Zealously did they cudgel their brains, all save the Earl, who penned a line or two, and threw it carelessly upon the table. When each had completed his task, Dryden pronounced the Earl's impromptu the best, an opinion in which the company cordially joined when they heard it:—"I promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, or order, £500 on demand. DORSET."

Pope speaks of this accomplished nobleman as "the grace of courts, the muses' pride;" and Horace Walpole says, "he was the first gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles II., and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the king's want of feeling, the duke's want of principle, or the earl's want of thought." He died on January 29, 1706, when he was about 65 or 66 years old, and was succeeded by his son, Lionel Cranfield, seventh Earl and first Duke, who held more important offices of state than we have room to catalogue. He worthily supported the dignity of his house, and kept a bountiful table at Knole.

* Tom Durfey had a room allotted to him. He wrote a song in praise of the excellent beer brewed under the auspices of the Sackvilles:—

"Such beer, fine as Burgundy, lifts high my soul,
When bumpers are filled for the glory of Knole."

The second Duke of Dorset, Charles, who wrote the pretty song of "Arno's Vale," died in 1769 ; the third Duke, John Frederick, Ambassador to France for several years, and Lord Steward of the Household, who repaired and embellished Knole at considerable cost, forming the plantations, and adding some of its rarest gems to the picture gallery, deceased in 1799, leaving a son scarcely six or seven years old. This son, George John Frederick, distinguished himself greatly at college, until his right eye received a serious injury from the blow of a tennis ball. His youth was one of promise, but was abruptly terminated on the 13th of February 1815, when he was thrown from his horse while hunting with Lord Powerscourt's harriers. He had only attained his majority three months before.

The fifth Duke of Dorset was Charles Sackville Germaine, son of George first Viscount Sackville, and grandson of Lionel, the first Duke. His father was the Lord George Sackville who commanded the English cavalry at the battle of Minden, and incurred what we believe to have been unmerited disgrace through his conduct in that disastrous action. With the Dukes of Dorset, however, we now have done. Knole had passed out of the family, having been settled by the third Duke on his wife, the Dowager Duchess, who resided there until her death in 1825. She had married, secondly, Lord Whitworth, Ambassador-Extraordinary to France in 1800 and 1814, and afterwards Viceroy of Ireland.

Knole then devolved upon her daughters, as co-heiresses to their brother the fourth Duke—the Countesses of Plymouth and Delawarr. It is now the property of the Earl of Delawarr.

In concluding our sketch of this fine baronial mansion, we need only allude to the earlier possessors of Knole. In King John's time it was conferred by Baldwin, Earl of Albemarle, as his daughter Alice's dowry, on William Marischal, Earl of Pembroke. Their son, the next earl, rebelled against King John, and in the early part of Henry the Third's reign was deprived of his inheritance, which then passed for awhile into the hands of the brutal soldier Fulke de Breauté, but was restored to the earl on his duly professing penitence. His sister Maud conveyed it by marriage to Roger Bigod, whose son (in the 11th of Edward I.) bestowed Knole upon Otho de Grandison ; Sir Thomas Grandison transferred it to Geoffrey de Say, a gallant knight who won high fame in the wars of Edward III. A century later,

and it had passed into the hands of Fiennes, created by Henry VI. Lord Say and Sele, and murdered by Jack Cade and his turbulent followers.

The son of this ill-fated peer sold the manor of Knole, and some other estates, to Thomas Bouchier, archbishop of Canterbury, *temp.* Henry VI. It remained an appurtenance of the see until Cranmer, "under compulsion," surrendered it to the crown. Edward VI. bestowed it—perhaps "under compulsion" also—on Dudley, the proud Duke of Northumberland, and upon *his* attainder and execution, it was granted by Queen Mary to her kinsman and counsellor, Cardinal Pole. Reverting to the crown on his decease, Queen Elizabeth conferred it, first, on the Earl of Leicester, and secondly, on Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset.

Such is a brief compendium of the history of Knole and its predecessors: we have now to direct the tourist's attention to the more interesting of the numerous works of art which grace the walls of this noble baronial mansion.

[In the GREAT HALL.—Bacchanals, *Rubens*; Animals, *Snyders*; George III. and Queen Charlotte, full length, *Ramsay*; Countess of Monmouth, *Mytens*; Lady Shannon, *Kneller*; Lionel, Duke of Dorset, *Kneller*; Death of Mark Antony, *Dance*; the Finding of Moses, *Giordano*; and a Boar-Hunt, *F. de Vos*. Observe, also, the noble antique statue, said by some authorities to represent Pythagoras, by others, Demosthenes. It was purchased in Italy at a cost of £700.

THE BROWN GALLERY.—Oliver Cromwell, a fine portrait, *Walker*; a Masked Ball, *Tintoretto* (?); Queen Elizabeth, the tints much faded; Catherine of Arragon, *Holbein*; a Bacchanalian Scene, *Heemskirk*; Luther, Melancthon, and Pomeranus, *Cranach*; Ortelius, the geographer, *Holbein*; Charles II., *Lely*; Ninon de l'Enclos, at the age of 70, *Bromhino*; a Florentine nobleman; St. John and the Lamb, *Dominichino*; the Countess of Desmond; Milton, when a youth; Isabella, Governor of the Lower Countries; and William, Prince of Orange, *Jansen*.

LADY BETTY GERMAINE'S BEDCHAMBER contains a piece of tapestry, worked at Mortlake, enriched with portraits of the celebrated Vandeyck, and Sir Francis Crane, master of the Tapestry Works. The principal works of art are—Cymon and Iphigenia; Mrs. Porter, after *Lely*; Elizabeth, first Duchess of Dorset, *Hudson*; Lord Hunsdon, *Holbein*; Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery, *Jansen*; and Nymphs and Echo, *Lely*.

THE SPANGLED DRESSING-ROOM.—A miser, *Quintin Matsys* (a copy); a Venus, copy of *Titian*; Candle Lights, *Schalcken*; Miss Stewart, *Lely*; Ann Hyde, Duchess of York, *Lely*; and Magdalene, *Albano*.

THE BILLIARD-ROOM.—St. Peter, *Rembrandt*; an Old Man, *Bassano*; Sir Thomas More, *Mytens*; Frank Hals, by *himself*; Sir Kenelm Digby, *Vandeyck*—a noble portrait, of exquisite colouring; and Du Bourg, Organist of Antwerp, *Vandeyck*.

THE LEICESTER GALLERY.—Countess of Bedford, *Vandeyck*; James, Marquis of Hamilton, *Mytens*; Nicolo Molino, the Venetian Ambassador, *Mytens*; Philip IV. of Spain and his Queen, Sir Antonio More; Heraclitus and Democritus, *Mignard*; Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, a copy after *Holbein*; and Sir Anthony Cope, *Vandeyck*.

THE VENETIAN BED-ROOM, so named from having been occupied by the ambassador Molino; and DRESSING-ROOM.—Sir Thomas More, *Holbein*; Miss Axford, a fair Quakeress, Sir *Joshua Reynolds*; Madame Buccelli, a Pet of the Ballet, *Reynolds*; Signora Schiellini, a Queen of the Opera, *Reynolds*; Monsieur Campchinetzi, *Gainsborough*; a Battle Piece, *Bourgogne*; a Landscape, *Salvator Rosa*; and Peg Woffington, Sir *Joshua Reynolds*.

The ORGAN ROOM is filled with poor copies. Observe a travesty of Charles, second Duke of Dorset, in costume as emperor of Rome, “Imperator et Augustus!”

THE BALL-ROOM.—Robert, second Earl of Dorset, *Deheers*; Edward, fourth Earl, a fine full length, *Vandyck*; John Frederick, third Duke, Sir *Joshua Reynolds*; Lionel, first Duke, Sir *Godfrey Kneller*; Lord George Sackville, an admirable portrait, *Gainsborough*; and Queen Charlotte and George III. by *Romney*.

THE CRIMSON DRAWING-ROOM.—A Sybil, *Dominichino*; Mary, Queen of Scots, *Zuccherò*; a Magdalene, *Guercino*; a Riding Party, in the Morning, *Wouvermanns*; Cupids at Play, *Parmegiano*; Count Ugolino in the Tower of Famine, and the Fortune-Teller, two of the masterpieces of Sir *Joshua Reynolds*; Death of the Maccabees, *Vandyck*; Cosmo of Tuscany, *Tintoretto*; Frances, fifth Countess of Dorset, *Vandyck*; Judith, with the Head of Holofernes, *Garofalo*; Holy Family, *Vandyck*; a Flemish Merry-Making, *Teniers*; Duchess of Cleveland, Sir *Peter Lely*; a Sybil, *Dominichino*; Robinetta, Sir *Joshua Reynolds*; a Holy Family, *Titian*; the Call of Samuel, *Reynolds*; Landscape, *Berghem*; Virgin and Child, with St. John, *Andrea dei Sarto*; a Chinese Youth (educated at Sevenoaks), *Reynolds*; and Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison, *Teniers*.

THE CARTOON GALLERY.—Six copies in oils, by *Mytens*, of six of the Raffaele Cartoons; Earl of Albemarle, *Dobson*; George IV., Sir *Thomas Lawrence*.

THE KING'S BED-ROOM.—Admiral Coligny and his Brothers, *Jansen*.

THE DINING PARLOUR.—Sir Theodore Mayence, *Dobson*; *Vandyck* and Lord Gowrie, *Vandyck*; Locke, Hobbes, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Charles Sedley, Congreve, Wycherley, Rowe, Garth, Dryden, Betterton, and Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset, by *Kneller*.

Cowley and Rochester, *Dubois*; Waller and Addison, *Jarvis*; *Reynolds*, Goldsmith, Sacchini the Composer, and Mrs. Abingdon the Actress, Sir *Joshua Reynolds*.

Gay, *Bolt*; Ben Jonson, *Honthurst*; *Dobson*, by *himself*; Sir Walter Scott, *Phillips*.

By *Unknown Artists*.—Sir Walter Raleigh, Durfey, Fletcher, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Mrs. Catharine Phillips, Cartwright, Swift, Pope, Sir Philip Sidney, and Chaucer.

An amusing “Conversation Piece,” by *Van der Gucht*, introduces the painter taking the likeness of Tom Durfey, while conversing with the family chaplain and the steward. A clothier of Sevenoaks, “Mother Moss, and the steward’s room boy” are also introduced.]

Beyond Knowle, on the Maidstone road, lies WILDERNESS PARK (Earl Camden), commanding some noble prospects, and rejoicing in a rich alternation of what in England is so well understood as “park-like scenery.” Scarcely less worthy of notice is Lord Amherst’s fine domain, called, in memory of his ancestor’s American victories, MONTREAL. It lies to the north of Sevenoaks, adjoining Riverhead. In this neighbourhood are several other pleasant seats, especially ASHGROVE (A. Glendinning, Esq.);

BEECHMONT PARK (W. Lambard, Esq.) ; CHART LODGE (Lord Monson) ; and KIPPINGTON PARK (Col. Austin).

There are many points near Sevenoaks to which the tourist in search of the picturesque will do well to resort, as commanding a glorious view of the Weald of Kent and the leafy valley of Tunbridge ; Ide Hill (south-west), for instance, and Madam (that is, Morant's) Court Hill (north), and River Hill (south-east), are watch-towers, as it were, whence "with pleased eye," we may survey the fair landscapes gleaming and glowing all around. The walk from Sevenoaks to Tunbridge is as picturesque as any in Kent, and exhibits the varied scenic features of the county. A detour may be taken to Ightham Moat (about 4 m. east of Sevenoaks), an interesting old house, situate midway between the villages of Plaxtol, Ivy Hatch, and Shipborne. It is said to have been built in the 12th century, and contains some fine old oak carving and furniture. Though occupied, admission may be gained by the public to the hall, chapel, and beer-cellar (once the crypt). The stables of the house formerly accommodated 300 horses. Another old house, facing the road, near Dunk's Green, is supposed to have been an hospital for the use of pilgrims on their way to Canterbury.


HORTON-KIRKBY to BROMLEY.


After quitting the village of Horton-Kirkby, and crossing the Darent, the tourist will observe the high-road from Dartford to Tunbridge—running from north to south—a portion of which we have so recently described. If he turned here to the right, he would gain DARTFORD (*See* Route II.) in about an hour and a half—[the distance is little more than four miles]—passing, on the right, the village of SUTTON-AT-HONE, and, on the left, that of DARENT. But the railway bears us forward, through a succession of pleasant landscapes, to St. Mary's Cray—the most southernly of four pretty villages which derive their name from the clear, fresh stream upon whose banks, embowered in the most luxuriant leafiness, they stand.

ST. MARY'S CRAY (population, 1340), is now surrounded by agreeable villas, in belts of garden ground, to which the railway offers the London merchants speedy access. Its CHURCH

dedicated to St. Mary, is a large Perpendicular building, with a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, north and south chapels, transept, and steeple-tower. The memorials are very numerous. Observe the brasses to *Isabel Conale*, without date; *John Morgan*, d. 1479; *Alice Lorde*, d. 1515; *Richard Avery*, d. 1588, and his three wives, *Joan*, *Agnes*, and *Elinor*; and *Elizabeth Cobham*, d. 1543. A mural monument, with effigies in stone, of a man and his wife kneeling at their devotions, commemorates *Margaret Crewes*, d. 1602. The vicarage is attached to that of ORPINGTON.

Following the course of the stream (and we heartily commend the walk to the notice of our pedestrian friends) we reach, in succession, the villages of St. Paul's Cray, Foot's Cray, and North Cray; after which we may proceed to Bexley and Crayford (*See Route II.*), or cross, through Wilmington, and over Dartford Heath, to Dartford.

 ST. PAUL'S CRAY (population, 554), has a CHURCH, dedicated to St. Paulinus, on the east side of the road, surrounded by some vigorous and aged elms. It is entirely Early English, with a nave, chancel, south aisle, and low pointed steeple. The rectory, valued at £483, is in the patronage of Viscount Sidney.

 FOOT'S CRAY (population, 369) takes its name from its Saxon proprietor, Godwin *Fot* or *Foot*, the affix having probably been a nickname suggested by some personal deformity. The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, appears to have been built at a time when the Transitional Norman style was verging into Early English, and parts of it are thus of different age and architecture. The chancel is the oldest portion. There is a brass for *Thomas Myton*, rector, d. 1489; and under an arch, an altar-tomb, with stone effigies of a knight and his wife, commemorate, according to Philipott, Sir *Simon de Vaughan* and his wife, *temp.* Edward III.

The rectory, valued at £251, is in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor.

At FOOT'S CRAY PLACE there is a good house in the Palladian style. On the road to Sidcup, a picturesque retreat for six aged maiden ladies, appropriately named URSULA LODGE, has recently been built and endowed by H. Berens. Esq.

 NORTH CRAY (population, 396) is situated in a fertile

and healthy country, and around the village are scattered many excellent mansions and agreeable villas. VALE MASCALL (Rev. John Egerton) is very beautifully situated. RUXLEY (formerly belonging to the Rokesly family) is a farm-house of some pretensions. Its chief barn was originally the parish church, and still retains the sedilia. The architecture belongs to the Late Decorated period. Ruxley parish is now incorporated in that of North Cray.

NORTH CRAY CHURCH, dedicated to St. James, is a small Early English building, with a nave, chancel, and low spire. Externally and internally it is of little interest. The rectory, worth £396 per annum, is in the gift of Mr. Vansittart.

[One mile south of St. Mary's Cray is situated, in a fertile plain often inundated by the numerous springs of the Cray, the village of ORPINGTON (population, 1203). Its name, says Hasted, is corrupted from the original *Dorparentune*, a name partly British and partly Saxon, signifying "the village where the spring of water rises." The river Cray takes its name from the Saxon *crecca*, signifying a small brook.

Here Sir Percival Hart built a noble mansion, and right splendidly entertained Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory, on the 22d of July 1573. On her arrival she was addressed by a nymph, who personated the genius of the house. Then the scene shifted, and several barks issued from different chambers, and went through the evolutions of a sea-fight; whereat the queen was so much delighted that, on her departure, she desired the mansion should always bear the name of BARK-HART.

ORPINGTON CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is a small Early English building, with a nave, a chancel, and shingled spire. The west door is Norman. A curiously carved Early English screen separates the nave from the chancel. At the west end is an arched and recessed tomb without brass or inscription. There are brasses for *William Gulby*, d. 1439; *Thomas Wilkinson*, d. 1511, with the figure of a priest; and to *John Gover*, vicar, d. 1522.

The united vicarages of St. Mary's Cray and Orpington are valued at £314, and are in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Keeping 2 miles further to the south we arrive at CHELSFIELD (population, 878), lying on the chalk hills at no great distance from the London and Farnborough road. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is small and ancient. Here are a brass, with the figure of a priest, for *William Robroke*, rector, d. 1420; and another, with the figure of a woman and her four sons, for *Alice Bray*, d. 1510. Observe also the curious altar-tomb, with brasses of the Virgin and St. John, for *Robert de Brun*, rector, d. 1417; and the fine alabaster monument, with effigies, to *Peter Collet*, d. 1607.

The rectory, to which is attached the curacy of Farnborough, is worth £876, and is in the patronage of All Soul's College, Oxon.]

The next station on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway is BICKLEY, near the picturesque little hamlet of Southborough, and its numerous pleasant villas and stately mansions. From this point the tourist may best visit the delightful neighbourhood of CHISELHURST (population, 2088), returning down a hill of no ordinary steepness and across some open meadows, into BROMLEY.

On one side of the road extend the agreeable grounds of BECKLEY; on the other stretches the domain of CAMDEN PLACE, lately the residence of the ex-empress of the French, formerly the property of the famous antiquary, Camden, who purchased it in 1609, and died here in 1623. At a later date it was occupied by Lord Chancellor Pratt, who derived from it his title of Baron Camden. His son and successor sold it. Here the ex-emperor Napoleon III. breathed his last on the 9th of January 1873. At the bottom of the hill ripples the scanty stream of the Kid, a tributary of the Ravensbourne, spanned by a one-arched bridge of great antiquity.

CHISELHURST, or CHISLEHURST, derives its name from its natural characteristics; *ceosil*, a pebble, and *hurst*, a wood, *i.e.*, the wood on the stony hill. From its situation Chiselhurst is necessarily one of the healthiest, and it is certainly one of the prettiest villages within the environs of London. It occupies the crest of a considerable elevation of the sandstone, and overlooks the surrounding country in a most enjoyable manner. It is built in a great measure round an ample green, opening westward on a broad and furze-grown common. Its houses are chiefly of a superior character, and its church is as picturesque and well kept a building as one would wish to see. All about it are masses of noble trees,—no saplings or young stunted dwarfs, but forest-kings, whose stately crowns have defied the assaults of many a stormy winter, and sprung into fresh beauty beneath many a glorious summer sun.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is a Perpendicular building of exceeding beauty, and has been partially restored (in 1849) and enlarged by the addition of a new south aisle, in excellent taste. The spire is lofty, and very graceful. The interior is admirably ordered, and owes much to the pious care and ecclesiological knowledge of the present rector. Many of the memorials are of more than ordinary interest. Amongst these we can but enumerate—the mural tablet to Sir *Philip Warwick*, “an acceptable servant to Charles I. in all his extremities, and a faithful one to Charles II. ;” his wife *Joan Fanshawe*, “a lady of sincere vertue and piety ;” and their son *Philip Warwick*, “envoy to the King of Sardinia.” A curious brass commemorates Sir *Edmond Walsingham*, d. 1549, and his son Sir *Thomas*, d. 1630—the latter having erected the monument to the memory of his father, which now also perpetuates his own. Sir Francis Walsingham

(of this family), the redoubtable Elizabethan statesman, was born at Chiselhurst.

Observe the tablet to the well known *Prince Hoare*, d. 1834, who lies buried in the churchyard; the Sidney monument; and the large marble memorial, with figures of a son and two daughters, in attitudes expressive of great grief, to *William Schoyn*, d. 1817. Remark, too, the arch in the nave, with its rude frescoes—a falcon and a stirrup, the device of Edward IV., and the rose and crown, that of Henry VI.—with the dates 1422 and 1460. There is some stained glass in the windows, and a piscina.

The churchyard is, we believe, the neatest and best ordered in the neighbourhood of London, and is in admirable contrast to that of Bromley, an adjacent parish. Numerous graves are tenderly adorned with wreaths of flowers, or flowers arranged in the form of crosses, and it is evident that the whole is ordered by a gentle and reverent spirit. Observe here the tomb to Sir *Herbert Jenner Fust*, d. 1852; and the curiously-worded inscription on the tomb of *Thomson Bonar*, aged 70, and *Anne*, his wife, aged 59, “cut off together in their chamber by the hand of an assassin,” May 31, 1813.

The rectory of Chiselhurst, valued at £487, is in the patronage of the Bishop of Worcester. There is a neat church at Sidcup, in this parish. The perpetual curacy (£150 per annum) is in the same patronage.

At FROGNAL (near Sidcup) Sir Philip Warwick lived from 1667 until his death in 1682. Since the year 1760 it has been in the residence of the Sidneys.


In this neighbourhood are numerous chalk-pits, or circular excavations, similar to those at Dartford and other points on the Watling Street line of way. One of these, in Camden Park, was opened in 1857, and found to measure 11 feet in breadth and 17 feet in depth. The remains of numerous animals were here discovered—skeletons of dogs, wolves, oxen, pigs, and horses; jaws of deer and roe; skulls of the hedgehog—and the whole was intermixed with shells of the *helix nemoralis*. These relics of a pre-historic age, were buried under masses of squared chalk and large flint—apparently the walling-up of the pit, which had yielded to the gradual operations of nature. Probably, the pit is of Celtic origin. When Roman civilization spread over England, it would certainly be abandoned, and animals, roaming through the thick masses of wood which then crowned the ridge of

Chiselhurst, may have fallen in, and found here an unexpected sepulchre.

We must now suppose our tourist to have reached, either by rail from Southborough, or by road from Chiselhurst (through the outlying hamlet of Widmore), the pleasant market-town of

BROMLEY.

[Population, 15,154. *Inns*: The Bell, the Swan, and the White Hart. 10 m. from London; 14 m. from Sevenoaks.

 Communication with London by rail. There are two stations—the South-Eastern at the top of North Street, the other (L. C. and D.) at the foot of Mason's Hill; the Shortlands Station (L. C. and D.) is at the foot of Beckenham Lane.]

Bromley will be found an agreeable resting-place by the tourist who wishes to explore with care the surrounding country, and he cannot do better than take up his quarters at the Bell, a family hotel, where more than ordinary comforts may be procured at moderate charges.

The town stands upon a considerable hill, up which the high road from London to Sevenoaks wearily climbs, passing, in succession, on the right, the BROMLEY PARK estate; on the left, BROMLEY COLLEGE; on the right, the CHURCH; on the left, the road to Chiselhurst, and the "Bishop's Paddock;" and then, still climbing the ascent, and leaving New Bromley to the left, reaching Mason's Hill and Bromley Common—a locality rich in "spick and span new villas," but with few patches of the old broom-flowered heath which originally gave name to this pleasant district. Bromley proper is one very long street, with a handsome TOWN HALL in the centre, whence branch off a lane or two of no particular interest. The neighbourhood, however, is very beautiful; and from St. Martin's Hill, beyond the church, may be enjoyed a glorious prospect, in which the Crystal Palace is an object of conspicuous splendour.

BROMLEY COLLEGE is a red brick Tudor building, enclosing a quadrangle, with a background of pleasant gardens, and an environment of noble trees. It was founded in 1666, by Warner, Bishop of Rochester, for twenty widows of loyal and orthodox clergymen, and a chaplain; but its endowments have been so largely increased by munificent benefactors that it now supports forty widows, allowing to each £38 per annum, and a separate

residence. Archbishop Tenison bequeathed 100 guineas, and Mrs. Wolfe, mother of General Wolfe, £500. This College was the first of its kind in England, but has since been imitated at Winchester and Salisbury, and at Froxfield in Wiltshire.

The PALACE, anciently belonging to the see of Rochester, and now the residence of Coles Child, Esq., is a commodious mansion of brick, entirely free from architectural pretensions. It was purchased from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners when the see was enlarged, and an episcopal residence chosen at Danebury in Essex. Though a palace was built here soon after the Conquest by Bishop Gundulph, the present building only dates from 1776, when it was erected by Bishop Thomas. Walpole says that the latter destroyed the antique edifice, which he had visited in 1752, "for the sake of the chimney in which had stood a flower-pot," wherein had been concealed the papers intended to criminate Bishop Sprat as a Jacobite. "A clear little pond" in the old palace-garden so teemed "with gold and silver fish," that Walpole complained that the bishops were "more prolific" than he was.

ST. BLAIZE'S WELL, at the head of a fine sheet of water, is still in existence, and now rigidly fenced off from the intrusion of the "profanum vulgus." An oratory was built adjoining it, which fell into ruins at the period of the Reformation, and the well itself became forgotten, until an accident led to a discovery, in 1754, of its chalybeate and medicinal qualities.

There is a pleasant walk through the paddock to Widmore, and thence to Chiselhurst or by a road to the left to SUNDRIDGE PARK (Sir S. E. Scott, Bart.), a fine open tract on elevated ground, enjoying some richly varied views. "One of the most interesting localities I am acquainted with," says Dr. Mantell, "is Sundridge Park, where a hard conglomerate, entirely made up of oyster shells and the shingle that formed their native bed, is quarried. This stone is much employed for ornamental rock work, and several walls in and near Bromley are constructed of it. These display the fossils, some with the valves closed, others open, others detached, and the whole grouped as if artificially embedded to expose the character of the shells. These oyster beds belong to the tertiary strata of the London basin; they extend to Plumstead and other places in the vicinity, and in some localities the oysters are associated with other bivalves, called *Pectunculi*."

PLAISTOW LODGE stands enclosed in grounds of considerable extent and beauty, across which there is a delightful walk, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," to SOUTHBEND—a hamlet on the Lewisham road, brightened by the waters of the Ravensbourne.

BROMLEY CHURCH, dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul, is a Perpendicular building, rebuilt—all but the tower, which is embattled, and of unusual stateliness—in 1829, and consisting of a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, and square buttressed tower. The bells are of good repute for their pure and melodious tone. The east window glows with richly-coloured glass by Welliment. The font is Norman.

In the nave lies interred "Titty," the beloved wife of *Samuel Johnson*, who was buried here by the directions of Hawkesworth, then a resident at Bromley. The Latin inscription, eulogizing her piety, innocence, and beauty, was written by the great lexicographer himself, a short time before his death. *Hawkesworth*, a pleasant essayist and well-informed man of letters, d. 1773, is buried in the churchyard, but a monument to his memory is placed in the north aisle, with an inscription selected from the pages of his own "Adventurer" (No. 140). There are brasses for *Isabella*, wife of Richard Lacer, Lord Mayor of London, d. 1356; and *Anthony Chalthorp*, d. 1594. Bishop Yonge, and Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester, are both interred here. The churchyard is grievously and shamefully neglected.

The perpetual curacy of Bromley, valued at £160 per annum, is in the patronage of the Bishop of Rochester.

A footpath beyond the church leads across St. Martin's Hill into the Beckenham road, and thence to BECKENHAM (population, 13,045)—the *ham* or home, on the *bec* or brook—a pretty suburban village, 4 miles from Croydon, and 3 miles from West Wickham. It contains one or two good inns, and lodgings may generally be obtained at reasonable rates. Here are LANGLEY PARK (E. Goodhart, Esq.) and BECKENHAM PLACE (P. Cator, Esq.) Access to London is provided by the L. C. and D. line, which has two stations here.

BECKENHAM CHURCH, dedicated to St. George, an ugly Edwardian building, abundantly coated with whitewash, and richly modernised into hideous uniformity, stands upon a gentle ascent at the entrance to the village, with a pleasant background

of leaf and blossom. The present tall white spire was raised in 1790, a great storm having struck the old building with lightning, and severely injured it. Here is a mural tablet to the beloved and revered "soldier of Christ and the Queen," Captain *Hedley Vicars*, who fell at Sebastopol ; and here, too, are monuments to the Hoares, Gwydyrs, Aucklands, and Styles, of little beauty and no interest. *Edward King*, d. 1807, the erudite author of "*Munimenta Antiqua*," sleeps in the churchyard. Notice the lich-gate, old and weather-worn, and the avenue of sombre yews which leads up to the west door.

The rectory, valued at £900, is in the gift of the Cators, an ancient Beckenham family.

One of the celebrities of this picturesque and old-world village was *Margaret Finch*, "Queen of the Gypsies," buried here, in her 110th year, in 1709. Lysons, in his "*Environs of London*," states that "from a habit of sitting on the ground with her chin resting on her knees, the sinews at length became so contracted, that she could not rise from that posture. After her death they were obliged to enclose her body in a deep square box. Her funeral was attended by two mourning-coaches, a sermon was preached upon the occasion, and a great concourse of people attended the ceremony."

[HINTS FOR RAMBLERS.—1. Up Mason's Hill, turn to the right, and cross the hop-ground into the Hayes road. Then through Hayes to West Wickham, and by way of Beckenham return to Bromley. 2. Through Plaistow to Sundridge Park, and thence along the hill to Chiselhurst. Return by way of Southborough road and Mason's Hill, or by Widmore, and through the Bishop's Paddock. 3. By rail to St. Mary's Cray. Then south to Orpington, by road ; cross into Farnborough, and return by the high road over Bromley Common. 4. To Beckenham, and thence to the Crystal Palace. Walk across to Lewisham, and return by the high road to Southend, and then through the grounds of Plaistow Lodge. 5. To Hayes, and, taking the left road, to Keston. Visit the Roman Camp at Holwood Hill, and cross the park to Keston Mark. Return by any road the tourist chooses to Bromley.]

BROMLEY, via EDENBRIDGE, to TUNBRIDGE.

[Hayes, 2 m. ; Keston, 2 m. ; Farnborough, 2 m. ; Knockholt, 5 m. ; Chevening, 2 m. ; Brasted, 3 m. ; Westerham, 3 m. ; Edenbridge, 6 m. ; Penshurst, 5 m. ; Tunbridge, 4½ m.]

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass ;
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

TENNYSON.

When the tourist has climbed half way up Mason's Hill, he will perceive a bye-lane on the right, which will conduct him through a pleasant hop ground, into the road to Hayes (2 miles). Before entering the latter village he passes along the outskirts of the grounds of HAYES PLACE () a white brick house, commodious and respectable, and in a well-wooded and well-watered estate, which derives its chief interest from its associations with the great Chatham. It was purchased in 1757 by the Earl (then the Hon. William Pitt), of a Mr. Harrison, and he speedily erected the present mansion, and enlarged the estate by several purchases. In 1766, he disposed of it to the Hon. Thomas Walpole, to whom the house owes its brick casing, but in the following year repurchased it, having warmly importuned Mr. Walpole to resign it to him. Here he resided for the remainder of his life, planting and gardening with great energy and eagerness, not even interrupting his labours at nightfall, but continuing them with relays of labourers, and by torchlight. The great Earl died here in 1778. His equally illustrious son, William Pitt, was born here in 1759.

HAYES (population, 552) is a small sequestered village of two streets, with some decent houses and a good inn. Nearly in its centre, on the left of the road, stands the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, an Early English building, recently restored and enlarged under the superintendence of Mr. G. G. Scott. Amongst its flints may be detected a fragment or two of Roman

tiles. In the chancel is a brass of a priest, *Sir John Heygee*, d. 1523 ; another for *John Andrew*, d. 1450 ; and a figured brass for *John Osteler*, rector, without date. Observe the banners made use of at the public funeral of Chatham.

The rectory, valued at £275, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Following the road to the right, we ascend a tolerably steep hill, and find ourselves on the wind-swept tract of Hayes Common, knee-deep in vigorous fern growth, and gazing around on a prospect of matchless beauty. If we cared to particularize, like a road-book, every village, hill, or dale visible from this elevated point, we might wander highly pleased over a broad expanse of country ; from the Crystal Palace and the Surrey ridge, to Knockholt's famous clump of beech trees ; from the chalk downs of Reigate on the east, to the bold heights which on the west overlook the rich valley of the Medway.

KESTON (population, 644) is a small neat village, scattered about the skirts of the Common, and along the Westerham road. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, is a small structure, with Norman and Early English portions, consisting of a nave, aisle, and turret. The graveyard is very quiet and sequestered. Both are at some distance from the village. The rectory, valued at £235, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

HOLWOOD HILL (Lord Cranworth) is the finest estate in this part of the county. It agreeably alternates between hill and dale, the elastic sward springs beneath the footstep, mighty masses of wood fling huge shadows over the long dim avenues, while here and there, between the trees, the noblest vistas imaginable are opened out, shewing the distant landscape for many miles around. There is a footpath across it. Entering at a turnstile on the road to Keston Mark, and turning to the right, the tourist will speedily find himself in presence of the ruins (as is now generally conceded), of the ancient *Noviomagus*, a Brito-Roman town in the district of the Regni, which is distinctly pointed out in the *Itinerary* of Antoninus. The enclosure was oblong in form, covering an area of about 100 acres, and fortified by three vallums and trenches. The whole compass is nearly 2 miles. The portions on the south are still in tolerable preservation, though thickly overgrown with wood, and should be carefully examined as the remains of one of the most important

fortified towns of the Brito-Roman period. Roman coins and tiles have been found here in considerable quantities, and in the walls of the neighbouring churches Roman bricks have been largely made use of. Remains of Roman villas have been discovered in a field near Keston Common, abutting upon the Westerham road.

The ancient highway of the Watling Street passed Noviomagus on its course from Blackheath, and over Sydenham Common to London.

On the north-west side of the Camp, in a small hollow, rises the river Ravensbourne, and crossing the parish of Keston, flows between Hayes and Bromley towards Beckenham. Thence, passing through Lewisham, it empties itself into the Thames at Deptford. The spring was enlarged about a century ago, and formed into a small basin.

HOLWOOD HOUSE, built by Mr. Ward in 1823, occupies the site of the favourite residence of William Pitt, "the pilot who weathered the storm," and who amused himself in his scanty leisure, as his father had done, by laying out the grounds here and forming fresh plantations.

From the south-east extremity of Holwood Hill, a very agreeable road leads across a fresh open country to GREEN STREET GREEN, a small hamlet, one mile below Farnborough. The geologist will find much to interest him in this peculiar district. The chalk begins at Farnborough, but Green Street Green itself lies in a sort of hollow, which is now partly covered by a deposit of drift gravel, in which some bones of the mammoth (*elephas primigenius*) have occasionally been discovered. We come to the chalk again towards Chelsfield, and near the summit of the hill the lower tertiary strata are clearly discernible. On the top of the hill lies a white gravel, composed of flints, chert, and quartz, forming a bed which, according to Mr. Prestwich, is not quite 300 yards in extent, and is the only bed of the kind in the neighbourhood. The view from this point is one of *the* views in Kent.

FARNBOROUGH (population, 926) was, in the old posting days, a place of some bustle and importance, from its position on the Sevenoaks and Tunbridge road. But it has bidden "a long farewell to all its greatness," and is now solely occupied in agricultural pursuits. Near the village is the fine seat of HIGH ELMS


(Sir J. Lubbock, Baronet), in a lofty and commanding position. The neighbourhood is, in many ways, indebted to the opulent banker's munificence and energy.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Giles the Abbot, is a plain uninteresting building, rebuilt about 1640-1. The curacy is attached to the rectory of Chelsfield.

From Farnborough we keep the Sevenoaks high road for about two miles. HALSTEAD (population, 289) lies on our left, upon the chalk hills, overlooking towards the south a mass of coppice-wood. Its Early English CHURCH, dedicated to St. Margaret, consists of a nave, chancel, and pointed steeple. It was restored and enlarged by Sir Thomas Watson in 1609. A brass near the pulpit, with figures of a knight and greyhound, commemorates *William Burys*, d. 1444. There is also a brass for *William Petley*, and *Alice* his wife, d. 1528. The rectory, valued at £184, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

We have now ascended the range of chalk downs which covers Kent in a line from west to north, looking down upon the Weald, which, like a map, lies distinct and clear beneath. On our right, at a short distance, rises the lofty knoll crowned by the KNOCKHOLT BEECHES, which form so conspicuous a landmark to all the countryside, and may even be seen from Wimbledon, Leith Hill, Gravesend, and the Crystal Palace.

To the north lie DOWN and CUDHAM, and close at hand, the small but picturesque village of KNOCKHOLT. CHEVENING PARK extends before us in all the beauty of its luxuriantly-wooded scenery, and near its south-eastern angle stand the church and village of CHEVENING.

 DOWN (population, 437) takes its name from its situation on a *dune* or hill. The CHURCH is small, with a brass, without date, for *Thomas Petley*, and his wife *Isabella*; another for *John Manning*, d. 1543, and *Agnes* his wife; and another, with figures of a man and woman, for *Jacob Verzelini*, a Venetian, d. 1606, and *Elizabeth* his wife, d. 1607. There is some good stained glass in the windows. The curacy, worth £105 per annum, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

CUDHAM (population, 897), or Cold-ham—*i.e.*, the cold or bleak village—may be easily recognised by the lofty spire of its

CHURCH, which stands on very elevated ground. It is dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul, and consists of a nave, chancel, north aisle, and spire-steeple on the south side. Observe the fine brass to *Alice Waleys*, d. 1503; and an ancient altar-tomb, without inscription, for, perhaps, one of the same family. The vicarage, valued at £306, is in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor.

KNOCKHOLT (population, 578), or *Nockholt*—*noke*, and *holt*, at the corner of the wood—is surrounded by a rich belt of picturesque woodland,—wild, romantic, and sequestered as the backwoods of America. The CHURCH was built by one Ralph Scott, *temp.* Henry III. There is nothing in it to interest the tourist. The perpetual curacy, valued at £120, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

CHEVENING (population, 883). Here the tourist will turn aside from the road, and take the footpath through the Earl Stanhope's beautiful park, which, as well as the house, is freely thrown open to the public by its accomplished and urbane proprietor, so well known in literature as the author of a "History of the War of Succession in Spain," etc. Chevening originally belonged to a family of the same name—De Chevening, or Chowning—who were succeeded by the De la Poles, the Isleys, the Mills, and the Lennards—one of whom, Sir Henry Lennard, became Lord Dacre in 1611, and his representative, Thomas Lennard, Lord Dacre, was created Earl of Sussex by Charles II. The co-heiresses of the latter sold the estate, in 1717, to General Stanhope, grandson of the first Earl of Chesterfield, who for his brilliant services at Port Mahon in 1708, and Almenara in 1710, was created Earl Stanhope. He died in 1721. His descendants have fully maintained the honour of the name which he first rendered illustrious.

Of the mansion built by Richard Lord Dacre, *temp.* Charles I., from the designs of Inigo Jones, few architectural traces remain, so extensive have been the alterations and so many the additions made by his successors. It stands upon high ground, sheltered in the rear by the noble wall of the chalk hills, and looks out upon leafy clumps of trees, pleasant alleys, closely-mown glades, broad terraces, and a fine sheet of water, dimpling and glittering in the sunlight which penetrates through its belt of glossy foliage. The collection of pictures is small, but

interesting. Here is the first Earl Stanhope, a noble face and head, by *Kneller*; the second Earl, ambassador to Spain; the courtly Earl of Chesterfield, serene and sarcastic, by *Gainsborough*; the Duchess of Cleveland; the beautiful Mary Lepel, afterwards Lady Hervey, retaining in her age some traces of her early loveliness; the famous Earl of Chatham; the late Earl Stanhope; and other family portraits of considerable merit.


A road cut by order of the Earl of Chatham, who at one time resided here, and whose daughter, Hester, married the third Earl Stanhope, winds up the slope at the back of the house to the summit of the chalk ridge, whence a panorama of no ordinary beauty may be enjoyed. Lower down the slope, and across the northern part of the park, ran the old "Pilgrim's Way," stopped up by the late Earl Stanhope, who obtained an Act of Parliament for that purpose.

CHEVENING CHURCH, dedicated to St. Botolph, is mainly Early English. It consists of a nave, chancel, north and south chancels, north and south aisles, and spire-steeple. The memorials are not only numerous, but of more than usual interest. Observe the richly-decorated altar-tomb, with full-length effigies of a knight in armour and a lady, her head resting on a cushion, for *John Lennard*, d. 1590, and *Elizabeth* his wife; and the stately tomb of alabaster, with similar effigies, under an enriched arch, for *Sampson Lennard*, d. 1615, and his wife *Margaret Fiennes, Lady Dacres*. On the south side of the tomb are sculptured their three sons, the first in robes, the others in armour; on the north side, their five daughters. There is a brass, with date 1596, and curiously wrought figures of a man and woman, but the inscription has been lost; and a mural monument, with figures, for *Robert Cranmer*, d. 1619. Here, too, is a black marble tablet to the first *Earl Stanhope*, overhung by the banners employed at his public funeral. Lady *Frederick Stanhope*, daughter of the Earl of Mansfield, who died in childbed, is commemorated by a beautiful sculpture of a mother clasping her babe to her bosom, executed by Chantrey.

The rectory, valued at £766, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The tourist may now return into the high road, and crossing the Darent, ascend the hill to SEVEN OAKS (*See Route VII.*) But at a point near Riverhead, a road turns off to the right, which we shall now pursue, as it will lead us through a fair and delightfully

wooded country side, passing Brastead (5 miles) on the right, and Sundridge (4 miles) on the left—the chalk hills lining the horizon to the north, and the Weald stretching southward in all its fertile beauty—to Westerham.


 **SUNDRIDGE** (population, 1802), as its name implies, is situated on the hills. (Nearly 3 miles south on the sandstone ridge lies the hamlet of **HYDE** or **IDE HILL**, with its modern church. This point is favourable for a good prospect of the vale of Tunbridge.) **SUNDRIDGE CHURCH** is Early English, and consists of a nave, south aisle, chancel, south chancel, and pointed steeple. The later portions are Perpendicular. The seats well carved in open work, are of very recent date. The memorials of interest include an altar tomb, under an Early English arch, for *John Isley*, d. 1484; a brass for *Roger Isley*, lord of “Sundresh” and Tremingham, d. 1429; and three other brasses for members of the Isley family, which have lost their inscriptions. [The Isleys were the lords of Sundridge Place, and a family of no little consequence, but having joined Sir Thomas Wyatt in his disastrous revolt against Queen Mary, forfeited their estates, and appear to have speedily fallen into insignificance.] The churchyard is beautifully ordered, and so pleasantly situated, that “after life’s fitful fever” ends, one might wish to have one’s bones laid under the gentle shadow of its aged trees. It contains the tomb of the once famous Bishop Porteous.

The rectory of Sundridge, valued at £615, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rector has the patronage of the perpetual curacy of Ide Hill, worth £132.

The principal seats in this neighbourhood are **CHIPSTEAD PLACE**, whose grounds are ornamented with some pretty cottages. It lies to the right of the road, on leaving Riverhead, and nearly opposite to Lord Amherst’s seat at **MONTREAL**. **COMBERBANK** (from the Saxon *combe*) is also on the right of the road, opposite Sundridge. **BRASTEAD PARK** (W. Tipping, Esq.), once inhabited by the Emperor Napoleon, adjoins Sundridge village, on the left of the Westerham road. **HILL PARK** (Lord Norbury), formerly called **VALONS**, is just beyond, and beyond *that*, is the beautiful estate of **SQUERRIES** (C. Warde, Esq.), once the property of the roundhead Lambert, where

“The still Darent, in whose waters clean
Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant stream,”

takes its rise. Its course from this point, through a fair and pleasant country, by Otford, Shoreham, Lullingstone, Eynsford, and the Crays to Dartford, where it empties itself into the Thames, is 30 miles in length. It is famous for its trout fishing.

 **BRASTEAD** (population, 1137), 1 mile from Sundridge, 6 miles from Seven Oaks, and 3 miles from Westerham, lies at the foot of the chalk hills. The Darent runs about a quarter of a mile south of the village, and supplies, both here and at Sundridge, several paper-mills. The **CHURCH**, an Early English building, dedicated to St. Martin, has undergone much ill-treatment at the hands of successive churchwardens. It contains an imposing monument, with the figure of a judge in his robes, and a lady in the Stuart costume, for Sir *Robert Heath*, Justice of the Common Pleas, d. 1649 ; and *Margaret*, his wife, d. 1647. Observe, also, the altar-tomb to *Dorothy Crowmer*, d. 1613. The rectory, in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is valued at £673.

A pleasant walk of less than two miles brings us to **WESTERHAM** (population, 3831), picturesquely situated on the slope of the chalk hills, on the borders of Surrey. Here Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, and afterwards of Winchester, the famous controversialist, was born in 1676. His sermon on "the Kingdom of Christ" excited the still remembered Bangorian controversy.


General James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, was born at Westerham, January 2, 1727, and Fryth, the pious collaborateur of Tindal, in 1503.

The **CHURCH**, dedicated to St. Mary, is a large and goodly building, with a chancel, nave, and north and south aisles, principally Perpendicular in style. A carved oaken roof is concealed, it is said, by the present ceiling. The brasses are—Sir *William Dyne*, priest, d. 1567 ; *Richard Potter*, d. 1511, with figures of his five boys and three girls ; *Thomas Potter*, d. 1531 ; *William Middleton*, d. 1557, his two wives, and seven (out of fifteen) children ; *John Lovestede*, d. 1676 ; and *John Christe*, d. 1567. [Some of these were recently preserved at the vicarage]. Among other memorials, that which will specially attract the tourist's eye is the simple marble monument to General *James Wolfe*, d. 1759, which bears these lines :—

“ Whilst George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
 And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,
 We raise no sculptur'd trophies to thy name,
 Brave youth! the fairest in the list of fame;
 Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year.
 Struck with thy fall, we shed a general tear;
 With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
 And from thy matchless honours date our own.”

The rectory, valued at £608, includes the perpetual curacy of Edenbridge. At Crockham Hill, two miles south of the town, there is a modern church, whose curacy is in the gift of R. Warde, Esq.

The road from Westerham to Edenbridge is not an interesting one. The ground is hilly, rough, bare, and uncultivated. At Crockham Hill it reaches the highest point of the sandstone, and thence descends with a gentle curve into the richer lands and more genial soil of Edenbridge. Passing the railway station we soon enter EDENBRIDGE (population, 1718), on the river Eden, one of the sources of the Medway, lying below the ridge of the sandhills, and on the west outskirts of the Weald, in a country which retains much of its primitive simplicity—its quaint and antique farmhouses, its cottages of timber, its old manorial mansions, and its ancient woods. The CHURCH, dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul, has some good stained glass in its windows; a Norman font; a brass for *John Selyard*, d. 1558; and a mural monument, with the figure of a man in armour, to *William Selyard*, d. 1595. The curacy is attached to the rectory of Westerham.

 Four miles south, on the river bank, stands the village of HEVER (population, 603), whose roads had once an evil reputation, commemorated in the old local rhyme—

“ Jesus Christ never was but once at Hever,
 And then he fell into the river,”—

which can only be explained (says Hasted) by supposing that it alluded to a priest who was carrying *the host* to a sick person, and met with some accident in the river.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, stands at the east end of the village. Brasses—*Margaret Cheyne*, d. 1419; *William Todde*, d. 1585; and *John de Cobham*, d. 1399. There is an altar-tomb, with a large brass effigy for Sir *Thomas Bullen*, Knight

of the Garter, Earl of Wiltshire and Ormonde, and father of Anne Bullen, d. 1538.

Hever rectory, valued at £372, is in the gift of R. M. Waldo, Esq., to whom belong the ruins of Hever Castle.

HEVER CASTLE is very pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Eden, which runs with a pleasant ripple through the ample meadows and leafy vales of the Weald of Kent. It stands—does this brave old mansion—on classic ground, for within a morning's vigorous walk lies the Penshurst of the immortal Sidneys; and the ancient Castle of Tunbridge, and Somerhill, once the residence of President Bradshaw the regicide, and the splendid pile of Knole, are all within the limit of a day's moderate ramble.

Hever Castle is one of those strong castellated mansions which sprung up in England after the Plantagenet kings had begun to check the castle-building spirit of their barons, and when the victories of Edward the Third had taught the country to feel securer in its own powers. They were a compromise between the stronghold of the warlike knight and the comfortable abode of the peaceful burgher. They provided equally for domesticity and defence. There were towers, battlements, and moats for shelter and protection; there were noble halls and grand suites of state-apartments for comfort and splendour. They could bravely repel a foe; they could nobly entertain a friend.

William de Hevre built the present mansion—probably on the site of an earlier Norman fortress—in the reign of Edward the Third. We say “the present mansion,” because it remains in its form and character pretty nearly what the stout William de Hevre made it. He gave it his family-name, which originally sprang from the village of Hevre, once existing in the neighbourhood of Northfleet. His erection assumed the usual shape, the quadrangular, enclosing a large court-yard, was built of stone, and surrounded by a deep moat which still derives its waters from the adjacent river. The principal front is, or was, the fortified part. “It consists”—we borrow this description from a topographical authority—“of a large and lofty gate-house, flanked by two square towers. It is built of stone; and is evidently of great strength, answering in some measure to the keep of the Norman Castle. As this was the only entrance to the castle, the architect has expended upon its defences all his skill. Over the gateway impend bold machicolations (parapets) from which missiles might be poured on the heads of assailants. The towers are

pierced with loop-holes, through which arrows might be discharged without chance of reprisal. Three stout gates and as many portcullises are arranged one behind the other, within the gateway. In the gate-house are guard-rooms; the chambers above were supplied with furnaces for melting lead and pitch; and all other defensive appliances were carefully provided."

One room in the gate-house has recently been fitted up. The rest of the building is occupied as a farm-house, but the arrangements are those which existed three centuries ago. The dark oak panelling remains within, just as the lofty roofs and the quaint gables remain without. There is a grand staircase, such as would shame the staircases, flimsy and narrow, of modern Belgravia; and a Long Gallery, echoing every footstep, with a recess once used, it is said, as the council-chamber of Harry the Eighth, and a trap-door which opens into dark damp dungeons and the passage leading to the moat; there is a chamber where Anne of Cleves died; and a picturesque sitting-room or boudoir, and a bedroom, once tenanted by the ill-fated Anne Boleyn.

In the Long Gallery, possibly, King Henry may have held many a splendid revel. In its recesses he may have drawn aside the beautiful daughter of his host, and whispered in her ear those soft nothings which led her to a throne and a scaffold. In one recess there is a bay-window—a famous, ever-to-be-noted oriel—where Anne would sit in silent expectation of her royal lover's coming. And watchmen were stationed on the hills between Hever and Chiddingstone, who, when the monarch and his courtiers came "galloping from Eltham or Greenwich," sounded their bugles, in token of his approach. As he neared the castle, the Lady Anne—we are sure of it—would wave her handkerchief in greeting of the royal Henry. There, too, she sat when he departed, and gazed—sorrowfully enough—upon his receding form. And there the lady and the monarch had—tradition tells us—their favourite seat, and she prattled to his eager ears of affairs of state and theological mysteries, of laces, silks, lutes, love, and fashions.

They told a strange tale some years ago—perhaps they tell it now—at Hever. When the king's fickle affections passed from Anne Boleyn to Jane Seymour, he became desirous, as all historians tell us, of getting rid of the obnoxious wife. He had *one* divorced Queen living in the person of Queen Katharine—*two* divorced queens might prove exceedingly troublesome. He

decided, says the Hever tradition, on starving the poor Anne to death. So he despatched her to Hever, and cast her into the dungeon, where she lay until the gaoler thought all life must be extinct. Then he removed the body from the dungeon, but to his horror—Queen Anne revived. He had not the heart to repeat the cruel experiment. Accordingly he sent her back to London, where the king, as we all know, got rid of her by *quasi*-legal means.

But we have turned from the owners of Hever to Hever itself. Let us retrace our steps. After William de Hevre's death, it passed by his daughter's marriage into the hands of Lord Cobham of Sterborough, from whose grandson it was purchased by Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, a wealthy mercer of London, and (in 1459) its Lord Mayor, who altered and amended the original building of the Hevres, and maintained there a goodly state. The grandson of Lord Mayor Boleyn was a worshipful knight, Sir Thomas, who became father of Anne Boleyn, and Earl of Wiltshire. On his death, the estate was seized by King Henry, and given to Anne of Cleves, who died at Hever Castle in 1556. Queen Mary gave it to the Waldegraves, and in 1745 it was sold to a Sir Thomas Waldo, in the possession of whose descendants it still, we believe, remains.

Hever Castle, as we have already indicated, derives its chief interest from its associations with the ill-fated beauty—not less unhappy in her fortunes than that other frail and fair sovereign, Mary of Scotland—Anne Boleyn.

She was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and Lady Elizabeth Howard, but *where* born, and *when* born, seems uncertain. The weight of evidence inclines, perhaps, in favour of Blickling as the place, and 1501 as the date. She spent there, it is certain, her early years with her sister Mary and her brother George, afterwards the unfortunate Viscount Rochford; but removed to Hever Castle about 1507 or 1508, when one of her companions was the youth who, in later life, as Sir Thomas Wyatt, exercised so fatal an influence upon her destiny.

Her mother died in 1512, and Anne was then placed under the guidance of a French governess, named Simonette, and competent masters in "needle-work, music, and dancing." She learned to write legibly, and to express herself clearly both in French and English—accomplishments rare enough in those days, and sufficient to recommend her, at the early age of fourteen, to the post of maid-of-honour to Henry's youngest

sister, the Princess Mary Tudor, whom she followed to France, on the occasion of her espousals with Louis the Twelfth in 1514, and soon became an attraction to the gay French gallants. Her fresh English loveliness was duly appreciated. A French chronicler, quoted by Miss Strickland in her "Lives of the Queens of England," describes the costume which enhanced her natural charms. She had a bourrelet or cape of blue velvet, trimmed with points; at the end of each hung a little bell of gold. She wore a vest of blue velvet starred with silver, and a surcoat of watered silk lined with miniver, with large hanging sleeves which hid her hands from the curiosity of the courtiers; her little feet were covered with blue velvet brodequins—the insteps were adorned each with a diamond star. On her head she wore a golden-coloured aureole of some kind of plaited gauze, and her hair fell in ringlets. Such was the dress of the youthful Anne Boleyn.

She returned from France in 1521. "The first time Henry saw her after her return," says Miss Strickland, "was in her father's garden at Hever, where it is said he encountered her by accident, and admiring her beauty and graceful demeanour, he entered into conversation with her, when he was so much charmed with her sprightly wit, that on his return to Westminster he told Wolsey 'that he had been discoursing with a young lady who had the wit of an angel, and was worthy of a crown.' 'It is sufficient if your majesty finds her worthy of your love,' was the shrewd rejoinder. Henry said, 'that he feared she would never condescend in that way.' 'Great Princes,' observed Wolsey, 'if they choose to play the lover, have that in their power which would mollify a heart of steel.'"

At this time "she had a beauty"—to quote the language of her lover, the poet Wyatt—"not so *whitely*, clear, and fresh, but above all we may esteem which appeared much more excellent by her favour, passing sweet and cheerful, and was enhanced by her noble presence of shape and fashion, representing both mildness and majesty, more than can be expressed." We may add that she dressed with infinite taste, sang and played with skill and expression, was exceedingly apt at repartee, and possessed that peculiar *attractiveness* which belongs to so few women, and is so difficult to describe.

Such was Anne Boleyn as she wandered about the stately gardens of Hever, listening to the loving words of the brave young noble, Henry Lord Percy, the only man she ever sincerely loved.

King Harry the Eighth, however, was not the lover to brook any rival ; and Lord Percy, in 1523, was wedded to a Lady Mary Talbot. He then declared his own royal passion for her—he, the husband of Queen Katharine—but in terms that were dishonouring, and which elicited from the proud beauty a well-merited rebuke. Falling on her knees, she made him this memorable reply—"I think, most noble and worthy king, your majesty speaks these words in mirth, to prove me, without intent of degrading your princely self. Therefore, to ease you of the labour of asking me any such question hereafter, I beseech your highness most earnestly to desist, and take this my answer (which I speak from the depth of my soul) in good part. Most noble king, I will rather lose my life than my virtue, which will be the greatest and best part of the dowry I shall bring my husband."

And now Anne Boleyn's life passes from the domains of biography into those of history ; for her brave refusal to become the mistress of a king led to one of the most signal revolutions which a nation has ever undergone. Not that we agree with the poet,

" And Gospel light first shone from Bullen's eyes,"

for the Reformation was the natural result of causes long at work, though quickened in their development by the impetuous passions of an arbitrary monarch. But Anne became the wife of Henry the Eighth, and the mother of Queen Elizabeth. The downfall of Wolsey, the rise of Cromwell and Cranmer, resulted from her elevation to the throne ; results of no mean importance, as the historical student will allow.

Anne's beauty soon palled upon the sensual Henry, and her own levity of manners contributed to work her ruin. A new love-star rose upon the monarch's mind, and Anne Boleyn yielded place to Jane Seymour. Charges of adultery, in which her brother, Lord Rochford, and several worthy gentlemen were implicated, were brought against her. But of these matters History has treated largely and frequently, and we may content ourselves with recording that ANNE BOLEYN was beheaded on Tower Hill, Friday the 19th day of May 1536.

From Hever we cross the hills to CHIDDINGSTONE (population, 1200), a village which is said to derive its name from a large mass of sandstone, about 18 feet in height, formerly made

use of as a "chiding stone" or "judgment seat" by the Celtic bards or Saxon priests. As many similar masses are scattered throughout this district we can hardly accept such an interpretation. It is more probable that the village retains the name of some early Saxon settler.

BOAR PLACE and BORESHILL, in this parish, point to the number of wild boars which, in the old days of the Weald, when the woods were almost impenetrable, haunted its gloomy recesses. STONEWALL PARK (E. Meade Waldo, Esq.), is a seat of some importance. In the village are many quaint old timbered houses, and in the neighbourhood some considerable farmsteads.

CHIDDINGSTONE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is a Perpendicular building, containing some curious monumental slabs of (Sussex ?) iron for members of the Streatfield family. The rectory, valued at £650, is in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Crossing the Medway, we enter upon classic ground—upon a soil rich in the glorious memories of heroes—we are at PENS-HURST (population, 1628). It takes its name from *Pen*, a height, and *hurst*, a wood. Its old name was Pencester, or the camp on the height. The lanes about here are rich in leafiness, and many of the farm-houses have a quaint and antique aspect.

PENSHURST CHURCH, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is a late Gothic building recently "restored." It contains a chancel, north and south chancels, transept, nave, north and south aisles, and tower steeple. The more interesting memorials are these:—A brass for *Walter Draynowtt*, and *Joanna* and *Ann* his wives, d. 1507; for *John Bust*, "God's painful minister in this place for 21 years;" *William Darkenoll*, rector, d. 1596; *Pawle Iden*, d. 1564; and *Margaret Sidney*, d. 1558. A small brass cross commemorates *Thomas Bullagen*, son of Sir Thomas Bullagen, and there are several memorials to members of the Sidney family. Two stone coffin lids, found under the north aisle, have been built into the interior wall of the tower. On one there is a relief of a female figure, clinging to a Greek cross, in a devotional attitude; on the other a Latin cross, elaborately floriated. Observe, too, the ancient stone effigy of Sir *Stephen de Pencester*.

The rectory, valued at £766, is in the patronage of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley. Dr. Henry Hammond, the chaplain of

Charles I. at Carisbrooke and Hampton Court, and uncle of Colonel Hammond, his sovereign's gaoler, was rector here from 1633 to 1643; and educated, during his residence at the parsonage, his nephew, afterwards Sir William Temple, statesman, diplomatist, and man of letters.

Near the village is the pleasant seat of REDLEAF (W. Wells, Esq.), containing a choice selection of specimens of our best English masters. Through the courtesy of Mr Wells, we are enabled to furnish a correct list of these costly *chefs d'œuvres*:—

"Magdalene," from Louis Philippe's col., *Murillo*; Large Landscape, *Ruysdael*; Landscape, *Hobbima*; Cattle Piece, *A. Vanderveldt*; Sea Piece, *W. Vanderveldt*; Sunset, Mouth of Thames, *Turner*; Distraint for Rent, *Wilkie*; Jew's Harp, *Wilkie*; Sketch for Village Festival, *Wilkie*; "Contemplation," *Sir J. Reynolds*; Interior of Highland Bothie,—*"None but the Brave,"*—*Gleaner*,—*Lassie and Cow*,—*Carrying Home the Deer*,—*Lassie Herding Sheep*,—*A Shepherd's Grave*,—all by *Sir E. Landseer*; "Dog of Two Minds," *Mulready*; Lago di Guarda, *C. Stanfield*, R. A.; "Rouge et Noir," *E. W. Cooke*; and Chalk Drawing, size of life, *Deer*, *Black Game*, etc., etc., *Sir E. Landseer*.

From Redleaf we may cross into PENSURST PLACE, and take the footpath through its noble grounds. Of this famous English mansion, however, we have already spoken at considerable length (see pages 385 to 392), and we recommend the tourist to devote a whole day to its examination. During the absence of the family it may be visited on any day in the week; when they are at Penshurst, admission can only be obtained on Mondays and Saturdays.

After leaving the Penshurst station the rail passes PENSURST PLACE, right, and HALL PLACE (T. F. Bailey, Esq.), on the left. It then crosses the Medway, and at 41 miles from London, reaches the JUNCTION STATION at Tunbridge.

TUNBRIDGE (population, 9317. *Hotel*: Rose and Crown) on the Medway, which here divides into several small streams. The streets are built upon the hill which rises up from the well-watered level, and bears upon its slope the new Decorated CHURCH of St. Stephen's. It is a quiet and somewhat old-fashioned town, owing whatever of life and activity it now possesses to the impetus always afforded by railway traffic. Some of its old timber-panelled houses are worth examination. On the river bank, near the principal bridge, is a large manufactory of Tunbridge ware, that peculiar tessellated wood so popular with visitors to Tunbridge Wells.

Tunbridge Castle was built to command the passage of the river, and was defended by three moats, the innermost of which is now the principal channel of the Medway. Its two spacious circular towers, 70 feet in diameter, communicated with each other by a wall of 60 feet high, and were also united to the stately keep, which occupied the summit of the NORMAN (?) MOUND, one acre in area, 100 feet above the river, and 70 above the court. The gate-tower is of considerable size and in good condition. Everywhere the excellence of the masonry is conspicuous, and the visitor will not fail to notice the richly moulded windows ; the numerous loopholes or apertures in the vault ; and the piscina which once indicated the entrance to the chapel. The inner wall is still extant, and some ruins of the old Norman wall on the top of the keep mound may be examined. From an archway in the curtain wall, which connected the gate-tower with the mound, it would seem that boats could be oared from the Medway, by means of a water-gate, into the interior of the castle defences.

Tunbridge Castle was probably commenced by Richard de Tunbridge, or Fitz-Gilbert, who had acquired the manor by exchange from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and formed it into the "lowy" or *leuca* of Tunbridge. The keep was, perhaps, the only portion raised by him. His descendants assumed the surname of De Clare, and in due succession ruled in his stead. Roger, Earl de Clare, was summoned by Becket to do him homage for the castle, which, he affirmed, belonged of right to the see, but Count Roger refused to acknowledge the archiepiscopal claim. From the De Clares it successively passed to the Audleys, and the Staffords ; was forfeited to the crown on the execution (*temp.* Richard III.) of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham ; was regranted, at different periods, to Cardinal Pole, Dudley Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Hunsdon ; and, after many changes, is now in the hands of a representative of its ancient owners, Jerningham, Lord Stafford. It was besieged by Henry III. prior to the battle of Lewes, and its lord, Gilbert de Clare, was forced to surrender.

The lords of Tunbridge were hereditary chief butlers and stewards of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and exercised those offices at their enthronization, receiving for their service as steward, "seven robes of scarlet, twenty gallons of wine, and fifty pounds of wax," and, as butler, a similarly liberal recompense ;

and on their departure, they claimed entertainment for themselves and fifty horsemen, for three days, at one of the Archbishop's Kentish manors, in order to reduce their system—"ad sanguinem minuendum"—after the rich meats and strong drinks plentifully provided at the archiepiscopal board.

Of TUNBRIDGE PRIORY, founded, *temp.* Henry II., by Richard de Clare, Earl of Hereford, for Premonstratensian canons, and whose income at the time of the Dissolution was computed at £169 : 10 : 3 per annum, there are now no remains extant. It occupied the site of the railway station, and its ruins were entirely removed, in 1840, during the construction of the line.

The GRAMMAR SCHOOL, at the north end of the town, was founded by a native of Tunbridge, Sir Andrew Judde, a wealthy London citizen, and in the fifth of Edward IV., London's lord mayor. He bequeathed a liberal endowment in trust to the Skinner's Company, and the revenues are now of a large amount. Sixteen exhibitions of £100 per annum, and twelve of less value, tenable either at Oxford or Cambridge, are attached to this prosperous foundation. Sir Sidney Smith, "the hero of St. Jean d'Acre," was educated here. Dr. Vicesimus Knox, the essayist, was its master, 1778.

TUNBRIDGE CHURCH, dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul, is a goodly and ancient pile, with a square tower at the west end. It has undergone considerable and severe restoration at different periods. Observe the defaced effigies of Sir *Anthony Denton* and wife, *temp.* James I. The vicarage, valued at £763, is in the gift of the Deacon family.

BRANCH ROUTE FROM TUNBRIDGE TO ROCHESTER.

At 3½ miles north-east of Tunbridge, on the main road to Rochester, lies HADLOW (population, 2395), a district bearing good corn, and "kindly for hops," "much covered with large and spreading oaks, and broad hedge rows." Here the principal seats are, HADLOW CASTLE (W. B. May, Esq.), with a tall campanile, or prospect-tower, popularly called May's Folly (90 feet in height), which overlooks a wide extent of country ; and OXENHEATH (Sir W. Geary, Bart.) The CHURCH (to the right of the road) is a small Early English building, dedicated to St. Mary, and containing a memorial to Sir *John Rivers* and his wife, *temp.* James I

The vicarage, valued at £789 per annum, is in the patronage of the Rev. J. Monypenny.

We next arrive at MEREWORTH (population, 912), situated in a luxuriant landscape, girt about with orchards and hop-bowers, and approached by a glorious avenue of oaks. MEREWORTH PARK lies on the right of the road, its sheet of water dimpling in the sunshine, and its wooded slopes rising in the rear, all picturesque and beautiful. It is now the property of the Viscountess Falmouth. The house is built after a design furnished by Palladio to "a noble Vicentine gentleman," one Paolo Almerico, for a villa—the villa Capra—"in a situation pleasant and delightful, and nearly like this," being watered in front with a river, and in the back encompassed with the most pleasant risings, which form a kind of theatre, and abound with large and stately groves of oaks and other trees. Its architecture so delighted Horace Walpole that he protested it had "recovered him a little from Gothic;" but he scarcely esteemed the church so much. He spoke of it as designed "for the latitude of Cheapside," with a steeple "so tall that the poor church curtsied under it, like Mary Rich in a vast high-crowned hat." Through the woods, in the rear of this Palladian palace, a noble avenue, three miles in length, has been fashioned; and there is an octagonal temple, and a triumphal arch, and a bit of antiquity or two, at which the tourist may gaze with befitting wonder. The estates passed by marriage from the Nevills of Abergavenny to the family of the Fanes, *temp.* Elizabeth.

MEREWORTH CHURCH, dedicated to St. Lawrence, was built by John, Earl of Westmoreland, early in the eighteenth century—about 1750—on the plan of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. It stands in the centre of the village, and is a very pretty specimen of the Georgian classical. The rectory, valued at £634, is in the patronage of the Baroness le Despencer.

To the left lies WEST PECKHAM (population, 545)—perhaps, from *peac*, the summit of a hill, and *ham*, a home, or settlement—on the gently undulating ground which rises out of the fertile valley of the Medway. In the north still flourish the ancient HURST WOODS, which, so late as the reign of Elizabeth, were much frequented by wild boar. The manor formerly belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who

had here a preceptory or commandery. The CHURCH is an Early English building, dedicated to St. Dunstan. The vicarage, valued at £177, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

Penetrating the Mereworth Woods, we soon enter WEST MALLING—a settlement of the Mallingas—where Bishop Gundulph, in 1090, founded an abbey of Benedictine nuns, which flourished through four centuries and a half, and at the time of its dissolution was worth £218 : 4 : 2½ yearly. It supported an abbess and eleven nuns. Some interesting ruins are still extant (*See ROUTE III.*) EAST MALLING lies on our left.

We move onward through a country-side of exquisite beauty and abundant fertility—Kentish orchards and Kentish hop-grounds intermingled with Kentish farmsteads and Kentish cottages—and following up the rich valley of the Medway, through Leybourne, Snodland, Lower Halling, Wouldham, and Cuxton, in due time arrive at the ancient town of Rochester. But as this district has been already reviewed by us, it is unnecessary for us here to dilate upon its agreeable and attractive features. (*See ROUTE III.*)

BRANCH ROUTE FROM TUNBRIDGE TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

On quitting the Tunbridge Junction Station we are rapidly borne past the fair estate of SOMERHILL (Baron Goldsmid), a favourite resort of the gay lords and ladies of Charles the Second's court, when the merry monarch regaled himself at Tunbridge Wells. The house was built in the red brick Tudor style (A.D. 1624) by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Clanricarde and Baron Somerhill (d. 1636) on the site of a house which had belonged to Sir Philip Sidney. Cromwell bestowed it upon President Bradshawe, in return for his great services to his country. It afterwards passed into the hands of the fair and wealthy Lady Muskerrey, celebrated by Count Grammont as "the Babylonian princess." The house is large, commodious, and picturesque; "stands high, commands a vast landscape beautifully wooded, and has quantities of large old trees to shelter itself." Its principal room is the LIBRARY, erected from the designs of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. The grounds are arranged with admirable taste, and

rejoice in some charming “nooks of greenery.” The roads, too, are all that pedestrian or equestrian can desire, and would certainly command the approval of Horace Walpole, who, on his Kentish tour in 1752, was much moved at their deplorable condition. “I much apprehend,” he writes, “that ‘La Monsery’ and the fair Mademoiselle Hamilton must have mounted their palfreys and rode behind their gentlemen-ushers upon pillions to the Wells.”

The line here runs through a tunnel. Upon emerging from it we see among the hills, on our right,—on those hills which overlook the classic ground of Penshurst,—the village and church of BIDBOROUGH (population, 269). Just beneath it, and adjoining the high road to Tunbridge Wells, stretches the park of GREAT BOUNDS (Sir C. Hardinge)—the name corrupted from that of its ancient proprietors, the Bohuns, or Boons. The CHURCH is dedicated to St. Lawrence, and is without interest to the archæologist. The patronage of the rectory, worth £227 per annum, is in the Deacon family.

About 3 miles west is SPELDHURST (population, 2839)—from *spild*, a precipice, and *hurst*, a wood—where, at a spot called BARDENS, was formerly a foundry for cannon, and some extensive iron-works. At POUND’S BRIDGE, on the Penshurst road, stands a quaint old timbered house of many gables, with the initials W. D., and the date 1593—perhaps for William Darkenoll, a former rector of Penshurst. In this district our fair Kentish scenery disappears, and the tourist must needs climb up lofty hills, and descend into shadowy valleys, ever meeting with glimpses of the wild and romantic. The sand or loam on the surface but ill conceals the bed of rockstone beneath, whence issue numerous streams, all more or less chalybeate in flavour. The old church was built by the Duke of Orleans, detained for 25 years a prisoner in the MOAT HOUSE at Groombridge, the residence of his captor at Agincourt (Sir Richard Waller), to whom he was yielded by King Henry. The duke, also, it is said, rebuilt the house.

The present CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, was rebuilt in 1791, after the destruction of the ancient building in a thunder-storm. A stone inserted in the south porch bears the armorial bearings of the Duke of Orleans, and was removed from the old


porch. The rectory, valued at £303, is in the gift of the Harbroe family.

At Rusthall Common, a small district church has recently been erected. By the roadside, at Groombridge, stands a small CHAPEL, built by John Parker, clerk of the privy seal to Charles I., and afterwards dedicated to "Saint Charles the Martyr." The Prince of Wales' crest and the following inscription are extant over the chapel door:—"D.O.M. 1625, ob felicissimi Caroli Principis ex Hispaniâ reducis Sacellum hoc D.D. (dedicavit) I. P."

These are points of interest conveniently to be visited from Tunbridge Wells—that most aristocratic of "watering-places"—at which we have now arrived, and where, with the tourist's permission, we propose for awhile to pause.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

[*Population*, 24,308. *Hotels*: Calverley, Mount Ephraim, Royal Sussex, Royal Kentish, and the Castle. 36 m. from London by road; Ightham, 11 m.; Seven-oaks, 13 m.; and Tunbridge, 5 m.

 Communication with London by S.-E. Railway in about 1½ hour, and with Brighton in 1½ hour.]

There are cities which have owed their foundation to the munificence of kings, the necessities of warriors, or the enterprise of commerce. There are towns which have owed their prosperity to the advantages of their position, and there are some which have sprung into importance from the rude plans of a land-surveyor. Tunbridge Wells, however, owes nothing to king, chief, or merchant. Its gratitude is due to—a Saint! And to no less a saint than the invulnerable Dunstan, who, according to Hume, behaved so ill to his lord and king, the ill-fated Edwy, and shewed a disgusting want of gentlemanly feeling in his transactions with the beautiful Elgiva, but was, nevertheless, a very heroic and potent spirit, swaying men as the storm-wind sways the seas. This worshipful saint had a cell, or some such lowly dwelling, at the pretty village of Mayfield (about 10 miles from the Wells), where, on one occasion, he was visited by the * * * Now, St. Dunstan was exceedingly cunning in the manufacture and elaboration of golden vessels, and when disturbed by his unwelcome visitor, was engaged in fabricating a splendid chalice. So, growing wroth with the devil, who teased

him, and tempted him, and sneered at his work, he suddenly seized a pair of tongs, red-hot from the blazing furnace, and—but we will quote the ancient poem—

“ St. Dunstan, as the story goes,
Once pull'd the devil by the nose
With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,
That he was heard three miles or more ! ”

And, when released from the tongs, he took, in sheer terror, a tremendous leap—right over brooks, fields, hedges, hills, and valleys—alighting at Tunbridge Wells, in whose coolsome spring-waters he plunged his glowing nose, and obtained relief !* Ever since that memorable dip, the waters have had—who can wonder at it ?—a very peculiar flavour, and, strange to say, have gained the valuable power of strengthening the debilitated, and exhilarating the depressed, so that from far and near, the ailing resort to them, and scatter bright gold in return about the neighbouring town.

It is true, indeed, that scientific men, who feel a singular pleasure in overthrowing all popular traditions, pretend to make light of this story, and assert that the waters owe their salutary qualities to an infusion of steel and iron, derived from the strata through which they bubble up ; but we never believe these *savants*, and we hope our readers are as incredulous as ourselves.

However, Dudley Lord North, a distinguished and gallant young noble, one of the comrades of Prince Henry, son of James the First, whose health had been shattered by his wild debaucheries, visited Tunbridge Wells in 1606, and received much benefit from the waters.† Twenty years afterwards he published a work,

* According to another version, St. Dunstan washed his tongs in the spring to cleanse them after their contact with the devil's nose.

† Lord North's discovery of the Springs is thus related :—“ His road [to Eridge House, whither he was going as a guest] lay directly through the wood in which these useful springs were concealed, so that when his lordship came upon the spot, he could not well pass by without taking notice of a water which seemed to claim his attention, on account of the shining mineral scum that everywhere swam on its surface, as well as on account of the ochreous substance which subsided at the bottom, and marked its course to a neighbouring brook. These uncommon appearances induced him to alight from his carriage, in order to examine it more attentively ; and the peculiar ferruginous lustre of the water not only convinced Lord

in which he praised them as equal in medicinal properties to the Spas of Germany, while free from the inconveniences which attended "a chargeable journey to sick bodies." At this time, there were but few houses, and those of low condition, at the Wells, and visitors resided at Tunbridge—whence the Wells obtained their present appellation—or at Southborough and Rusthall. During the later years of Charles the First's reign, under the patronage of Henrietta Maria, the Wells grew into wonderful repute, and lords and ladies, and stern republicans flocked to drink the waters; though, mind you, they did not lay aside their political differences! The Cavalier party lodged only at Southborough, while Rusthall recognised none but Round-heads.

After the Restoration "The Wells" became a place of the highest fashion, and excelled in the multiplicity of its attractions even the metropolis itself. The Merry Monarch's saturnine countenance might often be seen there, and the light laughter of the frail fair ones of his Court rang constantly through the trees. Rochester brought there his wit and animal spirits; Grammont, and Hamilton, and Sedley, their vices and gay manly qualities. It was a pleasant metamorphosis for them—from the sparkling courtiers of Buckingham House and the Mall, to the amateur-rustics of Tunbridge Wells! "There was then," says Lord Macaulay, "no town there; but within a mile of the spring, rustic cottages, somewhat cleaner and neater than the ordinary cottages of that time, were scattered over the heath. Some of these cabins were movable, and were carried on sledges from one part of the common to another. To these huts men of fashion, wearied with the din and smoke of London, sometimes came in the summer to breathe fresh air, and to catch a glimpse of rural life. During the season, a kind of fair was daily held near the fountain. The wives and daughters of the Kentish farmers came from the neighbouring villages with cream, cherries, wheat-ears, and quails. To chaffer with them, to flirt with them, to praise

North that it held its course through some undiscovered mine, contained in the dark cavities of the earth, but also gave him room to fancy that it was endued with some medicinal properties which might be highly beneficial to the human race. He therefore commanded his servants to bottle off some of the water, in order to consult his physicians." The opinion of the physicians was strongly pronounced in favour of "its valuable qualities"

their straw hats and tight heels, was a refreshing pastime to voluptuaries, sick of the airs of actresses and maids of honour. Milliners, toymen, and jewellers came down from London and opened a bazaar under the trees. In one booth, a politician might find his coffee and the *London Gazette*; in another were gamblers playing deep at basset; and on fine evenings, the fiddlers were in attendance, and there were morris-dancers on the elastic turf of the bowling-green. In 1685 a subscription had just been raised among those who frequented the Wells for building a church, which the Tories, who then domineered everywhere, insisted on dedicating to St. Charles the Martyr."

There was now a stone wall round the sacred spring, and a tavern, "The Castle," sprang up to meet the wants of the blithe London revellers; a bowling-green was enclosed at the back of what is now named "Chancellor House" (from infamous Judge Jefferies), and an Assembly Room was opened at Mount Ephraim. A fierce rivalry soon arose between Mount Zion and Mount Ephraim—it is said they received these names from a fancied similarity between the site of Tunbridge Wells and that of Jerusalem—and both grew mightily into aristocratic favour.

James Duke of York, afterwards James II., a good sailor but a bad monarch, and his duchess (Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon), brought down to the Wells, in 1670, their daughters—both fated to be queens—the princesses Anne and Mary. Dr. Owen, the Calvinist divine, was there at the time; and the duke sent for him to his "tent," and held long discourses with him concerning dissenters and conventicles.

The Princess Anne much affected the Wells, and often sojourned there. She was there in 1688, the year of the "Glorious Revolution;" and thence despatched to St. James's her equerry to congratulate her father on the birth of the ill-fated Prince of Wales, afterwards known as *the Pretender*. Before this royal lady, in the new church of St. Charles, Archbishop Tillotson preached, on the 2d September, his eloquent discourse, still to be read and admired by the devout, on the parable of the Ten Virgins.

In 1696, she caused a basin to be erected at the spring, which long afterwards bore the name of "the Queen's Well;" and in 1698, her son, the young Duke of Gloucester, having met with a serious fall on the rough ill-kempt walks, she placed in the hands of one of the principal inhabitants the sum of one hundred

pounds, that the roads and streets might be put into proper repair. She returned a year or two afterwards to find that the money had disappeared, and that the highways were untouched, which so justly incensed her Majesty that she withdrew the light of her countenance from the Wells, and never visited it again ; though the inhabitants, by way of peace-offering, in 1702, the year of her accession to the throne, planted upon the common a grove—unhappily it never flourished !—and called it “the Queen’s Grove.”

About the same time the church we have spoken of was completed, and though a small edifice, it was built in three parishes ; the altar, for instance, standing in Tunbridge, the vestry in Frant, and the pulpit in Speldhurst. And in due time the inhabitants, having either recovered the Queen’s one hundred pounds, or found the money themselves, carried out the Queen’s design, and the chief street of the Wells was paved with the peculiar materials which gave to that promenade the name it still retains—the *Pantiles*.

Up and down the Pantiles, “in the days when George was king,” paraded the celebrities of Britain. Dr. Johnson, burly and awkward, his coat conspicuously adorned with huge buttons ; Elizabeth Carter, who translated “Epictetus,” and talked Greek “faster than any one in England ;” Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the silver-tongued ; Cumberland, the dramatist (his residence, Cumberland House, is still standing) ; and lords and ladies, royal princes and princesses, flocked to the Wells to drink the waters, to stare at one another, to form small coteries, and circulate small talk.

About 1730, Tunbridge Wells first acknowledged the sway of Beau Nash, who was recognised as the master of the ceremonies at the assembly room, and became the despotic arbiter of fashion—Beau Nash, the impudent wit, the fortunate adventurer—Beau Nash, whose smile gave importance to those on whom it fell, whose frown withered the unlucky offender into insignificance, or branded him with shame.

Beau Nash’s repartees were the dread of the fashionable denizens of the Wells. They cut very deep at times, but were characterized rather by impudence than keenness ; and like most bullies he was easily “put down.” On one occasion, noticing in the ball-room a young lady plain in countenance and deformed in figure, he approached her, and bowing with an air of mock

courtesy, after a word or two of preface, inquired, "Do you know the name of Tobit's dog?" He slunk away discomfited at her reply. "Yes," she said, "his name was Nash, *and a very impudent dog he was too!*"

Since the days of Nash, other potentates have wielded the sceptre of fashion—Collet, Derrick, Blake, Tyson, Roberts, Captain Merryweather, and Lieut. Madden ; but none obtained the influence or repute of Beau Nash ; and with the resignation of Lieutenant Madden, in 1836, the mimic sovereignty came to an abrupt termination.

Tunbridge Wells cannot boast of any public buildings or architectural relics worthy of particular notice. There are, however, some houses associated with the memories of eminent individuals. Thus, the Duke of Chandos, immortalized by Pope, died at Mount Pleasant House ; at Grove House lived Lord North, once prime minister of England ; of Chancellor and Cumberland Houses we have already spoken ; at Boyne House the Queen resided in 1835, while yet Princess Victoria ; at Dover House the first Duchess of Wellington received the news of the victory of Salamanca ; the pious and munificent Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, lived at Culverden ; at Ephraim House, it is supposed, Charles II. and his courtiers made merry ; and at Somerville Cottage died the eccentric William Huntington, S.S., or Sinner Saved, as he delighted to particularize himself.

The two prominent features of Tunbridge Wells—as the excursionist will readily observe—are the Wells and the Tunbridge ware manufactory. For the preparation of the latter, upwards of forty varieties of British and foreign wood are employed, and much taste and ingenuity are displayed in their arrangement. The Wells are deservedly famous, the beneficial properties of the water having been tested by a long experience. The tourist may, if he pleases, purchase some specimens of the "ware," and drink a draught or two of the "water." He will then, having rambled through the town, having ascended the heights of Ephraim, Sion, and Calverley, betake himself to the common, thickly besprent with golden furze and waving ferns.

Here his attention will doubtlessly be attracted by the multiform rocks rising, gaunt and abrupt, out of the smiling herbage, especially by the singular cluster known as the TOAD ROCK, and the HIGH ROCKS, with their enclosures of birch-trees, spoken of, in 1661, by Evelyn ;—"Walking about the solitudes (solitudes

no longer !), I greatly admired," he says, "the extravagant turnings, insinuations, and growth of certain birch-trees among the rocks."

These rocks are covered with quaint inscriptions. One of them, the BELL ROCK, so called because when struck it gives forth a bell-like sound, bears an epitaph in memory of a lap-dog who had the ill-fortune to fall through the chasm :

1702.

"This scratch I make that you may know
On this rock lyes ye beauteous Bow ;
Reader, this Rock is the Bpw's Bell,
Strike 't with thy stick, and ring his knell."

On a rock adjoining is a more serious inscription :—

"Infidel ! who with thy finite wisdom,
Would grasp things Infinite, and dost become
A scoffer of God's holiest Mysteries,
Behold this Rock, then tremble, and rejoice.
Tremble ! for He who form'd this mighty mass,
Could, in His justice, crush thee where thou art :
Rejoice ! that still His mercy spares thee."

In the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells there are many scenes of interest, notable houses, and picturesque localities that will be more appropriately described as we pursue our regular routes. We proceed, however, to notice here two of "the lions" of the environs of Tunbridge Wells, both of which are not only accessible to the general tourist, but even to the excursionist whose "Day Out" is limited by a "return-ticket."

BAYHAM ABBEY (belonging to the Marquis of Camden), even in its very desolation, wears an aspect of beauty and grandeur. And the walk, or ride, to its ruins—now leading you across the smoothest and silkiest of sward, now plunging you into the shadows of interwoven boughs, now guiding you by the marge of an ample lake which glitters with a thousand prismatic hues—is eminently delightful. Nothing can be pleasanter on a summer noon than a stroll to Bayham Abbey ! The leafy avenues were made for lovers—the sweeping glades for poets ; the soft silent solitude, the shifting gleams and waves of light, the clusters of many-coloured blossoms, for both ! And then the grey old ruins themselves ; suggestive of a day of pomp and pride when cowed

monks wound in and out of the long-drawn aisles, and the Abbey acknowledged the portly presence of some such Prior Aymer as the genius of Scott has created in the magic pages of "Ivanhoe."

Bayham Abbey was founded about 1200 by a house of Premonstratensian canons, removed from Otham in Sussex, was largely endowed by several pious knights, flourished in surpassing splendour until the reign of Henry VIII., and fell with its sister-abbeys at the fiat of that burly sovereign. The ruins, which are now very carefully preserved, consist of the church (late Early English, 57 feet long and 24 broad), and some of its dependant offices. The nave, gateway, and transepts, present many architectural details of singular interest.

ERIDGE is the seat of the Earl of Abergavenny, and the estate has been in the possession of the family upwards of five centuries, though the present mansion has not been built above fifty or sixty years. It is not an edifice of peculiar beauty, but its situation amply compensates for its architectural deficiencies. The park which surrounds it is magnificent! The trees are venerable and majestic, the streams profuse and picturesque, and the whole expanse covers three thousand acres. The walks and rides wound through the park are said to exceed seventy miles in length. On the west side of it rises a lofty eminence, crowned by a curious circular camp—apparently a relic of ancient Britain—which has given the height its name, Saxonbury Hill.

The ERIDGE ROCKS lying near Eridge Green are worth notice, and two miles distant are PENN'S ROCKS, so called from the Quaker-founder of Pennsylvania, who had an estate in the neighbourhood.

At Eridge Castle, in 1578, Queen Elizabeth passed six days, and leaving it on a tour through Sussex, met with "more wondrous rocks and valleys, and much worse ground, than in the Peak."

[HINTS FOR RAMBLES.—1. Keep south, skirting Eridge Park, to Frant, thence to Mark's Cross, and through a picturesque country to Mayfield, 11 miles. The ruins may be seen daily. Cross to Ticehurst, and return by rail. 2. By the new road through Frant Forest to Bell's Ewe Green, and thence to Bayham, 5 miles, where the ruins are shewn every Tuesday and Friday. Cross to Lamberhurst, 2 miles, and keep in a north-west direction to Pembury Green. Then return by the Maidstone road to Tunbridge Wells, in all 15 miles. 3. To Nonsuch Green. Turn to the left and visit Speldhurst. Cross the hills to Penshurst, and Penshurst Place. Cross to Tunbridge, and return by way of Bidborough, about 16 miles. 4. To Eridge Green, and thence to Crowborough, 7 miles. Keep across Dod's Hill to Rotherfield, and

return by way of Eridge Park. In all 16½ miles. 5. To Pembury, 4 miles, and thence to Capel, 3 miles. Cross to Tudeley; visit Somerhill, and return by the main road, about 14 miles.

The following may be of service to the tourist:—From Tunbridge Wells to Ashurst, 3 m.; to Bayham Abbey, 2 m.; to Bidborough, 2 m.; to Cowden, 7 m.; to High Rocks, 6 m.; to Pembury, 3 m.; to Speldhurst, 3 m.; to Uckfield, 1½ m.; to Wytham, 8 m.]

TUNBRIDGE to RYE.

[Pembury, 3 m.; Brenchley, 5 m.; Horsemonden, 3 m.; Goudhurst, 2 m.; Cranbrooke, 5 m.; Hawkhurst, 4 m.; Sandhurst, 4 m.; Newenden, 2 m.; Peasmarsh, 6 m.; Rye, 3 m.]

“It is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o’er the hills expand.”

BYRON.

After skirting the delectable grounds of Somerhill we reach, at 3 miles from Tunbridge, the pretty village of PEMBURY (population, 1114),—as pleasant a spot as poet or artist could wish to repose in, for “crystal rills,” and “shady groves,” and “smiling cornfields” here combine to form a joyous and luxuriant picture. The old CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, was built by John Colepeper, *temp.* Edward III. A stone in the chancel bears an inscription in Norman-French capitals for *Margaret*, daughter of Sir Thomas Colepeper. There is also a brass for *Elizabeth Rowe*, d. 1607. A new CHURCH was erected a few years ago, on land presented by the Marquis Camden. It is dedicated to St. Peter, and Perpendicular in style. The vicarage, valued at £353, is in the gift of the Rev. G. S. Woodgate.

Adjoining the churchyard is SPRING GROVE (Miss Kaye); and at a short distance stands a farm called HAWKWELL, on the site of an old moated manor-house belonging to a family of that name. Beyond “the Camden Arms,” a lane on the right leads through green swathe and clustering hops to GREAT BAYHALL (Marquis Camden), an ancient seat of the Colepepers. Some portions of the moat may yet be traced.

Keeping to the north-east, across Matfield Green, we climb the hills to BRENCHLEY (population, 2693), anciently written *Brancheole*, situated upon the sandstone, with an abundance of

woods all about it, and old timbered houses facing patches of green sward scattered throughout the district, and deep hollows here and there reposing in heavy shadows. A conspicuous landmark to all this country-side is the cluster of venerable trees upon a neighbouring hill known as BRENCHLEY TOLL.

BRENCHLEY CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, contains an inscription for *Elizabeth Flane*, d. 1566, and several monuments to members of Roberts and Courthope families. The churchyard is neatly ordered, and a fine avenue of yews leads up to the porch. The vicarage, valued at £749, is in the gift of G. C. Courthope, Esq.

At CAPGRAVE, in this parish, was born the learned monk, John Capgrave, whose chronicles have been recently published by order of the Master of the Rolls. He died at Lynn in 1484.

The pleasantest way from this point to HORSEMONDEN (population, 1226), our next halting-place, is across the hills to Bushes Green, on the Maidstone road, and so, by way of the euphoniously named "Surg's Hole," into the village, which is built round a patch of heath. The affix *den* will at once indicate to the tourist that we are now penetrating into the depths of the Weald country, where the early Saxon settlers at favourable points made some slight clearances in the dense leafiness for their herds of cattle. South of the village lies SPELMDONDEN, an ancient manorial seat of the Poynings, and, though now a farm-house, retaining, like a decayed admiral, some traces of its whilom importance. At BADMONDEN was a cell attached to the priory of Beaulieu, dissolved in 1540.

HORSEMONDEN CHURCH, about a quarter of a mile south of the village, is dedicated to St. Margaret, and contains a good brass to *John de Grofhurst*, d. 1330, which does not seem of English workmanship. A label across the breast records his donation of the manor of LEUESHOTHE (Lewes heath) to Bayham Abbey. The ornamentation is rich and delicate. The church has been recently restored.

The rectory, valued at £596, is in the patronage of the present incumbent.

Keeping east through the coppice woods which still clothe the southern ridge, and crossing the river Teis, we ascend the lofty hill where Goudhurst Church is planted like a watch-tower, and

overlooking a wondrous expanse of country. From this elevated point no less than fifty-nine parish churches may (it is said) be plainly detected—tall spire and gray tower soaring out of thick belts of foliage, or standing, silent and alone, in some broad meadow or shadowy combe.

GOUDHURST (population, 2594) assumes the dimensions of a town, as it spreads itself over the five roads which unite near a large pond in its centre. There are many curious old-timbered houses in it, and a cottage with a remarkable doorway of oak, “cinque-foiled, with two quatre-foiled circles in each spandril.” Goudhurst was formerly one of the seats of the Kentish woollen trade.

The CHURCH, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is a large and goodly building, with a low massive tower at the west end. It contains numerous memorials of the Colepepers of Bedgebury, in this parish,—amongst others an ancient tomb of Bethersden marble, with recumbent effigies in brass of a knight, his wife, and six children. Against the south wall is an imposing sculpture of many-coloured marbles, adorned with numerous figures, to *Thomas Colepeper*, d. 1550, and others. On a tomb of Bethersden marble, in the south aisle, lie recumbent the effigies of a man and woman, finely carved in wood. Date, early in the fifteenth century. A yew in the churchyard is of remarkable girth. The vicarage, worth £432 yearly, is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

About 2 miles south, at KILNDOWN, stands a very graceful DISTRICT CHURCH (Christ Church), erected in 1840 through the liberality of the late Viscount and Viscountess Beresford, and their heir, A. S. B. Beresford Hope, Esq. Its richly-stained windows, executed at Munich, representing certain English saints,—among which is included, of course, “*Carolus rex et martyr*,”—are fine specimens of the opaque illumination peculiar to the German school. The screens and stalls in the chancel are beautifully carved. On the south side of the churchyard stands the remarkable sarcophagus of the late Field-Marshal Viscount Beresford and his wife, erected by the former in imitation of the Scaligerian cenotaphs at Verona. Two lofty black marble tombs, divided by a pillared aisle, are covered with a high-coped canopy of stone. The perpetual curacy of Kilndown, valued at £350, is in the patronage of A. Beresford Hope, Esq.

Near this point wave "the many-branched oaks" and noble beeches of BEDGEBURY PARK (A. J. Beresford Hope, Esq.), formerly the residence of the Bedgeburys and Colepepers, and purchased by Lord Beresford in 1836. The old house was worked into the present stately mansion, which has the general characteristics of the Italian style. A lake of 22 acres in extent sparkles in the rarely-blossomed garden, and the woodland which spreads around covers upwards of 2000 acres.

A breezy walk across the hills, and down into the valley, will bring us to the once-important town of CRANBROOK (population, 4020—*Inns*: The George and the Bull)—where the Flemings, in 1336, established several broad-cloth factories, and laid the foundations of the prosperity of the surrounding district. The Bathursts, and the Courthopes, the Ongleys, Westons, and Plumers, all became clothiers, and these "grey coats of Kent," as they were called from their distinctive attire, carried everything before them at the county elections. The introduction of machinery carried the cloth manufacture into the north, and Queen Victoria could not *now*, as it is said her ancestor Queen Bess once did, walk to Coursehorne manor (the seat of the Hawleys), a mile distant, entirely upon broadcloth woven by the looms of Cranbrook.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Dunstan, is a remarkably handsome pile, partly Decorated and partly Perpendicular, with an elegant pillared nave, and a richly decorated chancel. The porch and lower storey of the tower are adorned with a good groined roof. The vicarage, valued at £163, is included in the patronage of the see of Canterbury.

A singular custom prevails here and in some of the neighbouring parishes. A newly-married couple, when they quit the church, walk along a path thickly strewn with emblems of the bridegroom's trade; thus, butchers tread upon skins, carpenters upon shavings, and shoemakers upon strips of leather.

About 1½ mile from the town, at MILKHOUSE STREET, are the ruins of a chapel founded by John Lawness, *temp.* Henry VI., and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. SISSINGHURST (or Saxenhurst, the residence of a family of the same name), the birthplace of Sir Richard Baker, one of our famous old English chroniclers, is close at hand. Of the stately mansion built by Sir John Baker, *temp.* Edward VI., and which, during the great war, was used as a place of confinement for French prisoners, the principal entrance and

some other ruined portions remain. It is now the property of the heirs of Earl Cornwallis.

[An omnibus runs to and from the Staplehurst Station three times daily. The journey (6 m.) occupies about an hour. (Fare, 1s. 6d.) On the road the tourist will pass near FRITTENDEN (population, 908), a small village seated upon a hill, with its church near it. The latter building, dedicated to St. Mary, consists of a nave, chancel, south chancel, south aisle, and spire steeple. The rectory, valued at £287, is in the gift of the Rev. E. Moore.]

A pleasant leafy road runs southward to HAWKHURST (population, 2504),—*i.e.*, hawk-wood,—anciently a market-town, but now a quiet pretty village, on the borders of Sussex, with some decent houses, a good inn, and much delectable scenery around it. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is built of sandstone; some portions are Decorated, others Perpendicular. The east window is enriched with very graceful tracery, and there are a few remains of painted glass. It was founded by the Abbot of Battle, *temp.* Edward III. There is a brass for *John Roberts*, without date; and a memorial for *Thomas Iddenden*, d. 1556. In the north chancel lies interred *Richard Kilburne*, d. 1678, author of a well-known “Survey of Kent,” published in 1659. His residence was at FOWLERS, on the north side of the road to Newenden. The perpetual curacy, valued at £127, is in the patronage of the Provost and Fellows of Christ Church, Oxon.

This village, in the “good old times,” was a famous nest of land-pirates and water-pirates,—the boldest smugglers on the marshy shores of Romney and Rye having here their head-quarters. Walpole, in a letter to Montague, who had a seat at TONGS (north of the village), quotes “a list of outlawed smugglers” from “an old newspaper.” There were “John Price, *alias* Miss Marjoram, Bob Plunder, Bricklayer Tom, and Robin Cursemother,—all of Hawkhurst in Kent.”

In the palmy days of the Sussex iron-manufacture—

“When as the anvil’s weight, and hammer’s dreadful sound,
Even rent the hollow woods and shook the queachy ground”—

there were iron-foundries both at Horsemonden and Hawkhurst,—the latter belonging to the famous quaker, William Penn.

COLLINGWOOD LODGE, in this neighbourhood, is the residence of the astronomer-philosopher, Sir John Herschel, Bart.

At 3 miles from Hawkhurst we reach SANDHURST (popula-

tion, 1235), still keeping close to the Sussex border. Its CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, and built of sandstone, is early Decorated, with nave, chancel, south chancel, south aisle, and square tower. Successive churchwardens appear to have repaired and restored it with unwonted severity. Some remains of stained glass, exhibiting the figure of an armed knight (one John de Betherinden, *temp.* Edward II.), have happily escaped. The rectory, worth £613, is in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

From Sandhurst we descend into the valley of Newenden (see p. 173), and crossing the Rother at Newenden Bridge, enter Sussex. To the right lies NORTHIAM (population, 1306), 55 miles from London, in a delightfully wooded country, which has much of the character of Kentish scenery. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, has a Norman tower, crowned by a turret with a stone spire. There are brasses for *Robert Penford*, rector, d. 1518, and *Nicholas Tufton*, d. 1538. The mausoleum of the Frewen family was erected in 1846, from Smirke's designs; the stained-glass window is by Willement, and the bust of A. Frewen by Behnes. The rectory, valued at £786, is in the gift of the Rev. W. Lord.

The adjoining CHURCH HOUSE, with its raised terraces and broad lawn, belted with vigorous chesnut-trees, dates from the reign of Henry VIII., and is built in the form of his initial, **H** DIXTER (G. Springett, Esq.) is an old timbered house, built in 1583. About 1½ mile west lies TUFTON PLACE, a fine old farmstead, once the home of the Tuftons, now Earls of Thanet. The WELL HOUSE (1 mile south of Northiam, on the Rye road) is another old Elizabethan house, with a fine hall which had once a central fireplace. Just beyond is

BRICKWALL PARK (T. Frewen, Esq.), purchased from the Whites by Stephen Frewen, alderman of London, in 1566. His father had been rector of Northiam, and having certain puritanical leanings, had christened his children with strongly odorous names—Stephen, Thankful, and Accepted. Thankful Frewen became secretary to Lord Keeper Coventry; Accepted rose to the archbishopric of York, and being a warm royalist, was proscribed by Cromwell, and his head valued at £1000.

The house is an Elizabethan three-gabled pile, picturesque and commodious, with additions and ornaments in the interior—painted ceilings for instance—which indicate the Gallican tastes

of the latter part of the seventeenth century. Here are portraits of Archbishop Accepted Frewen, by *Loest*; Stephen, the alderman, *Loest*; Lady Guildford, *Holbein*; Rector Frewen, *Mark Gerard*; and Lord Keeper Coventry and his fair wife, by *Jansen*. Here, too, is a curious finger-organ, by Schmidt; a wheel barometer, made use of by Archbishop Frewen; the ruthless Oxenbridge's spur; and Queen Elizabeth's green silk shoes. The grounds are very pleasant, and the views of considerable extent.

On the village green stand the venerable remains of Queen Elizabeth's Oak, under whose wide-spreading branches Gloriana dined, August 11, 1573, on her way to Rye. Here she changed her shoes, the rejected pair being religiously preserved at Brick-wall,—where, too, in front of the house, flourishes a noble oak, 18 feet in girth, the sole relic of a magnificent avenue planted from acorns gathered off the tree so honoured by Queen Elizabeth. One mile south of Northiam lies BECKLEY (population, 1342), with an ancient church, which may be worthy of a visit. The rectory, valued at £851, is in the gift of University College, Oxford.

We regain the high road at a point near the Four Oaks, and keep to the south, “under the shade of melancholy boughs,” for about 2 miles, where, on a hill, stands the partly Norman, partly Early English Church of PEASMARSH (population, 898). The vicarage, worth £261 per annum, is in the patronage of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

Two miles further, and we climb the ascent from which RYE, with its gray walls and picturesque towers, looks out upon the gleaming waters of the Channel. (See ROUTE IV., p. 175).

EXCURSION—A DAY IN ANCIENT ENGLAND.

[Osengall, Richborough, and Reculver—See p. 297.]

OSENGALL DOWN, anciently known as Osendun, is about a mile and a half from Ramsgate and six miles from Sandwich. Beneath it, in a deep cutting, runs the railway from Ramsgate to Canterbury. Except for the occasional passage of a rapid train and the shrill whistle of the distant locomotive, the place is as silent and lonesome as the most ruminative Jaques could desire.

and eminently favourable for an antiquary's meditations among the tombs. It derives its interest, indeed, from antiquarian associations, from the numerous graves of our Saxon forefathers which here cover the hill-tops, and have recently been made to render up their curious relics of the past to stimulate investigation and reward curiosity.

How rich in thoughts—how abundant in memories that stir the brain and quicken the heart—how fertile in fancies that arouse and amuse the imagination—is every inch of the soil that we are about to tread! It is like walking through a gallery of ancestral figures thus to move among the dead of a bygone age. It is a new and vivid reading of English History, which assuredly must inform the dullest and interest the most apathetic. "It is thus," as Douglas Jerrold eloquently says, "that the spirit of past deeds survives immortally, and works upon the future: it is thus we are indissolubly linked to the memories of the bygone day by the still active soul that once informed it." Roman, and Saxon, where are they now! From their union has sprung a mightier race, whose universal enterprise has poured new life into the veins of earth, and carried one language, and one polity, and one literature from pole to pole. Let us go see the memorials which these men—these forefathers of ours—these pioneers of a wondrous people, have left behind them, and wander for a day in *their* England, in the England of the Roman and the Saxon—an England, to us, of shadow, and cloud, and dream!

We shall start from Sandwich, and first bend our steps to OSENGALL; next we shall visit RICHBOROUGH; and finally, cross the fair green country, almost in the line of the Stour, to RECVLVER. From Reculver we may return to Herne, and there pass the night, or go onward to Margate, and make the next day for Ramsgate. The tourist from Ramsgate will necessarily reverse this route, and visit Osengall *first*, then Richborough, then Reculver—finishing the day's excursion either at Herne or Margate.

The ramble from Sandwich to Osengall is, on a summer's day, especially beautiful. The distance is somewhat less than six miles. On the hill to the left frown the time-worn ruins of the ancient RUTUPLÆ. Beyond the distant trees rises the gray tower of Minster Church. All around stretch broad green meadows, enlivened by pleasant water-courses, and occasionally dappled with the shadows of a line of pollards. Behind us lies the once-busy and now decayed borough port of Sandwich; and the rail-

way, as a type of that modern civilization which has dealt so hardly with the civilization of the past, runs yonder, at the foot of the hill, and away through the leafy groves. Not far beyond Richborough, on the flat ground below, may be observed a *tumulus* or barrow, of more than average size, enshrining, perhaps,—"as this is supposed by many to have been the mode of burial with which, among the Romans, those who fell in battle were more especially honoured"—the bones of some distinguished Roman soldier, slain in a struggle with the fierce Celtic aborigines of Kent. As we advance, the road trends abruptly towards the sea-coast, and, bright and beautiful, the small bay of Pegwell bursts upon us, in the summer-sunlight, a mass of molten silver—of shimmering flame—and the cliffs wind in a long and glittering line of bold sea-wall away to Ramsgate Harbour.

"As we pass a tavern, called from its position between Sandwich and Ramsgate the 'Half-way-House,' the road," says Mr. Wright, "which before has no other hedge than a few bushes of blackthorn, begins to be bordered with hawthorn hedges, and we commence a gradual ascent, during which the prospect to the left is cast off by the rising hill, but to the right and behind us the view becomes more glorious at every step. Richborough still continues to present itself as a bold feature in the landscape, and beyond it lies Sandwich, and the line of coast stretching out towards Deal. Higher up, the distant line of the Kentish Hills offers itself to our view, and the prospect extends over the sea to the Downs, and to the remoter coast of France; and when at length we reach the spot on which the followers of Hengist and Horsa were buried, with the same magnificent prospect towards the sea, the line of the Kentish Hills becomes more extensive inland, and the towers of Canterbury Cathedral are added to the intermediate landscape; a noble burial-place for men whose brithright it was to play with the ocean, and who had so recently made themselves masters of the valleys that lay extended below"—(*Wright, Wanderings of an Antiquary*).

The graves at Osengall are hollowed out of the solid chalk, to an average depth of about four feet. They lie in irregular rows, and were probably covered, at first, with low mounds or barrows which the unceasing action of wind and weather have levelled with the surrounding soil. Many graves were carelessly destroyed in the construction of the neighbouring railway. The skeletons found here have been numerous. In one case, the

skeletons of a man, woman, and child were found together, laid arm in arm, evidently indicating a close domestic relationship. Iron spearheads and knives, beads of glass and amber, bronze tweezers, swords and brooches, shields, early Saxon coins, "a beautiful pair of bronze scales, delicately shaped, and a complete set of weights formed out of Roman coins," have been among the curious souvenirs of the past discovered in the graves at Osengall. Their examination has led to one interesting conclusion : that "a Roman and a Saxon population lived simultaneously, and probably mixed together, in the Isle of Thanet." This conclusion, indeed, is one at which every unbiassed student of our early history will necessarily arrive. The conquest of Britain by the Saxons began in colonization. Settlements had been peaceably effected on the coast of Kent by tribes of Jutes long before the departure of the Romans from the British Isles, and the Hengist and Horsa legend is no more to be accepted in its entirety than the myths which perplex the student of the history of Early Rome.

"It is after all," says Mr Wright, "but a melancholy way of making acquaintance with our forefathers of thirteen centuries ago, by raising from the grave the bones which are no longer able to tell us their history—and could they rise and see what is going on around, their astonishment would, doubtless, be equal with or greater than ours. The outline of the landscape is the same, and the green sea lies before them as of old. They would see again the distant white cliffs of France, which they had known as a friendly shore, inhabited by a kindred race, but it would require some explanation to make them understand how the political feuds and national hostilities of six or seven centuries had made the two peoples 'natural enemies.' They might even recognise in the battered walls of Richborough the remains of the proud fortress on which they had so often gazed, when the Roman or Saxon garrison issued from its uninjured gates. But they would be ready to shrink back into their graves when they saw its new neighbour, Sandwich, as well as their newer neighbour Ramsgate, with its protecting pier and harbour, the majestic shipping with which those well known waves are now covered, the altered garb and physiognomy of their countrymen, and above all that smoking, rumbling, railway-train, which was the first cause of disturbing them from their slumber of ages."

Returning from Osengall, the traveller will dip under the railway (from Ramsgate to Sandwich), cross the Stour, and make

the best of his way to the hill whereon Richborough raises its ruined walls, and which, from a surprising distance, afford a most conspicuous landmark. The level which we traverse before commencing our ascent was probably, in the days of the Roman dominion, covered with water. Richborough, indeed, remained a port until early in the seventh century. St. Augustine landed there in 597, but in 665 Wilfred of York, on his return from the Continent, put into the harbour of Sandwich, an indication, we think, that the sea was already receding from the former port.

Rutupiæ was undoubtedly a town of considerable importance; one of the most important Roman stations on the south-east coast; and the landing-place (*"statio tranquilla"*) for passengers from Boulogne (*Bononia*). There are numerous allusions to it in the Latin poets. Lucan speaks of the raging seas which seethed and fretted on the Rutupine coast (*"Rutupina quæ litora fervent"*), and Juvenal refers to the superior flavour of its oysters (*"Rutupinove edita fundo"*). The uncle of Ausonius was buried here (*"Contentum, tellus quem Rutupina tegit"*), and it was long prosperous and peaceful under the government of his brother-in-law, Flavius Sanctus (*"Præside lætatus quo Rutupinus ager"*). From hence extended the great Roman road—the *"Watling Street"* of the Saxons—through Canterbury and Rochester to London, and thence to Segontium, on the northern coast of Wales. At the beginning of the fifth century it became the head-quarters of the Second Legion.

Even after the withdrawal of the Romans it did not fall into decay, but continued a favourite port until the recession of the waters effected its destruction. "Saxon coins have been found at Richborough, not only of the earliest description of Anglo-Saxon money called *sceattas*, but of Saxon kings down to so late a date as the middle of the ninth century, which prove the continuous occupation of the site till that period."

The finest portion of the existing ruins is the **NORTHERN WALL**, 440 feet long, and varying in height from 10 to 30 feet. When perfect, its length was 560 feet, and its height about 32. The *"facing"* is extremely perfect, and presents an imposing example of Roman masonry, consisting of regular layers of squared stones, with bonding courses of red and yellow tiles, of the form constantly found in Roman building. "The first of these bonding-courses commences at about 5 feet from the original foot of the wall, and they are repeated upwards at distances varying

from 3 feet 3 inches to 4 feet 3 inches. On this side the wall had been overgrown with large masses of ivy, some of which remains, but much has been cut away, and thus many peculiarities of the building, not previously observed, have been exposed to view. In the interior the facing of the wall appears to have been composed entirely of flints, arranged in regular layers, with single bonding-courses of tiles. The walls are, at the bottom, between 11 and 12 feet thick, and diminish slightly towards the top"—(*Wright*).

Of the SOUTH WALL about 260 feet remain standing. The WESTERN WALL was, when complete, 460 feet long. In the centre is the grand entrance, or Decuman Gate, and beyond it stand the remains of a square tower. At the south-west angle remains the foundation of another tower, and a tower may also be seen in the south wall. "These towers were solid to the extent of nearly 8 feet from the foundation, hollow in the centre, and united to the main wall again at the top. It is probable that they contained a room, with loopholes for watchers."

The postern in the northern wall is well constructed, and the wall itself is there 10 feet 8 inches thick. On the east side the fort was protected by no artificial defences, but by the cliff alone, at whose base winds the river Stour; but there would seem to have been a return wall, at the north-east corner, which ran down under the cliff, and protected the road leading to the landing-place.

Nearly in the middle of the area of the CASTRUM we have been describing may be observed the base of a building in the form of a cross, rising somewhat above the level. This cruciform structure rested on a foundation of masonry, 5 feet thick, 145 feet long, and 104 feet wide. Its "shaft" ran north and south to a length of 87 feet, and was 7 feet 5 inches broad. The arms extended 46 feet, and their breadth was 22. Beneath it was discovered, in 1822, a remarkable subterranean building (132 feet by 94), whose uses it is impossible to conjecture, and which has never yet been fully examined. The cross above is called "St. Augustine's," from some traditionary remembrance, perhaps, of King Ethelbert's reception here of that great missionary-priest.

"Such are the remains of the citadel of the Roman town of Rutupiae, the principal port of entrance into Britain in the days of the Cæsars. That it was far more splendidly ornamented than

the present bare and shattered walls might lead us to suppose is proved by the great quantity of pieces of white Italian marble which have been found in excavating ; some being flat slabs which seem to have been fitted on the surface of walls, others carved into cornices, mouldings of columns, and other ornaments. Many of these were found about the platform in the interior ; others seem to have been carried away from their original site, and were found in the excavations for the railway. These latter works also laid bare part of the foundations of a Roman house or villa, which seems to have stood upon the beach." The town itself probably extended to the west and south of the citadel, whose completion or renovation, by the way, has been attributed to the illustrious Stilicho. On the highest part of the hill, about 460 yards from the south-west corner, a hollow in the ground marks the site of the ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE. It was elliptical in shape, and walled all round. The entrances were on the north, south, and west sides. The length is put at 200 feet ; the breadth at 166. A skeleton, the bones of an ox, some iron nails, and forty-three coins have been found here. From this elevation "a fair view" is commanded. The cliffs of Boulogne are visible across the Channel ; and the Reculvers may be seen on the shore of the widening estuary of the Thames. A winding river, grassy meads, quiet villages nestling among leafy shadows, and many a goodly farm and tranquil manor-house, fill up the extended landscape.*

The road from RUTUPIÆ to its sister fortress REGULBIUM (Reculver) is a very pleasant one, but needs no particular description here. The distance does not exceed 9 miles, and those nine miles include an agreeable breadth of meadow-land, fertilized by the Stour and numerous water-courses.

Regulbium is mentioned in the *Notitia*, and in the *Itinerary* of Antoninus. It was garrisoned in the early part of the fifth century by the first cohort of the Vetasii (Brabantois), and erected for the protection of the northern coast of Thanet. The Wantsome here emptied itself into the sea. Of the walls of the ancient castrum the south and east are yet standing, but much shattered and crumbled, and thickly covered with ivies and lichens, mosses, grasses, wild fig-trees, and elder berries. The

* For fuller particulars consult Mr. C. R. Smith's "Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lymne," Boys' "History of Sandwich," and Wright's "Wanderings of an Antiquary."

entire area would seem to have included eight acres. The principal entrance was in the centre of the west wall, and the walls appear to have been about 12 feet thick, and built of flints and pebbles, mingled with layers of septaria. Leland tells us that the castrum stood at a distance of half a mile from the sea, but in 1780 the encroaching waters had crept up to its very margin, and a fall of the cliff brought down the whole of the north wall. An artificial rampart of stones and heavy wood in piles now affords a partial protection to this part of the coast, but, according to Sir Charles Lyell, the sea still gains upon the land, between the Reculvers and the North Foreland, at the rate of 2 feet per annum.

Regulbium, in due time, was occupied by the Saxons, who called it RACULF-CEASTRE, now corrupted into RECVLVER. It was here that King Ethelbert, after his conversion and baptism by St. Augustine, took up his abode, and built himself a palace out of the ruins of the Roman fortress. The tradition ran that he was buried here, though he was really interred in St. Augustine's, Canterbury. A minster was erected in 669 by Bassa, "a mass priest," who had obtained a grant of Reculver from King Egbert. Both the monastery and the manor were conferred (A. D. 949) by Edred, at the instigation of St. Dunstan, upon the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury. In the monastic CHURCH were embodied some portions of a Roman building, which, after a long period of neglect, have recently been restored, but the church itself, notwithstanding its remarkable interest, was pulled down by the parishioners in 1809. Fortunately the corporation of the Trinity House interfered before the work of destruction was quite completed, and saved the two western towers, known as "the sisters," and of some importance to mariners as a landmark. To these towers attaches a pathetic legend:—"Frances St. Clare, lady-abbess of the Benedictine nuns at Faversham, being visited by a violent sickness, vowed that in the event of her recovery she would visit the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Bradstow (Broadstairs, see p. 293), and there present a costly offering in gratitude for the Virgin's intercession on her behalf. In accordance with this vow, she embarked on the 3rd of May, the feast of Holy Cross, accompanied by her sister Isabel, for whom she entertained the warmest affection, but they had not been at sea two hours ere a storm arose, which drove the vessel on a sandbank near Reculver. Part of the crew and

passengers, including the abbess, succeeded in reaching the shore in a boat, but Isabel, who had remained on the wreck till a boat was sent from shore to the rescue of the remainder, suffered so severely from cold and exhaustion that she died the following day. To perpetuate her memory, as well as to warn mariners against the recurrence of similar calamities, the abbess caused the church towers, then much decayed, to be repaired, and two spires to be added, which she directed should be named 'the Sisters.'

The beach below the towers is strewn with bones from the churchyard. Hasted intimates that the town formerly extended as far as "the Black Rock," now some distance out at sea, and strange memorials—odd, quaint, household relics—are frequently discovered at low tides. The fact of a whole town thus engulfed in the ocean is something difficult for the mind to conceive, and the traveller looking forth upon the wild sweep of waters, will perhaps be inspired with a similar fancy to that which Douglas Jerrold so characteristically describes. "We are apt to dream," he says, "that the said market town has only suffered 'a sea-change,' and that fathoms deep the town still stands, that busy life goes on, that people of an odd, sea-green aspect, it may be, still carry on the work of mortal breathing, make love, beget little ones, and die."

The village of Reculver (3 miles from Herne, and 9 miles from Margate) has a fine flavour of antiquity about it, and at its hostelry, the "Ethelbert's Arms"—what a famous old world sign it is!—decent accommodation may be procured by the not fastidious tourist. He may then return to Margate or Herne at his pleasure, and plunge again into busy modern life, after a day full of interest and emotion in "ancient England."

EXCURSION.—SHEERNESS AND THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY.

(See p. 370).

[ROUTES.—FROM LONDON: by London, Chatham, and Dover Railway (Sittingbourne and Sheerness branch). Or from STROUD, by the Medway Company's Steamboats. Or from SITTINGBOURNE, by road, crossing the Swale by ferry. Or, from GRAVESEND and TILBURY, by Steam-packets (in the summer season only).]

The ISLAND of SHEPPEY (*Secepiġe*, sheep, a Saxon version of its earlier appellation; *Malata*, from the British *molkt*, a sheep),

lies at the junction of the Thames and Medway, the former river washing it on the north, and the latter on the west. Its insulation is completed on the south and east by an arm of the sea, called the Swale, where St. Augustine, on Christmas day A.D. 597, baptized 10,000 converts, and which is now traversed by the vast iron bridge of the Sittingbourne and Sheerness railway. Its length, from north-west to south-east, is about $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; its breadth, from north to south, about 4. Including the peninsulas, formerly islands, of Elmley and Harty, its circumference is 30 miles, its area 18,000 acres, and its population 13,000 souls. It comprises seven parishes,—

Pop.

Minster (including Sheerness, p. 463),	15,964,	to the north-west.
Queenborough	973,	„ south-west.
Eastchurch	996,	„ east of Minster.
Warden	47,	„ extreme east.
Leysdown	215,	„ south and east.
Harty	159,	„ south of Leysdown.
Elmley	140,	„ between Harty and
		Queenborough
	18,494	

The cliffs (London clay) on the north side are from 60 to 80 feet high, but are rapidly crumbling into decay, and yielding to the rapid encroachments of the sea. They terminate eastward in Warden Point, the “Land’s End” of Sheppey. Southward, the land slopes into fertile pastures protected from inundation by stout sea-walls. “They abound with fat cattle, are dotted all over with substantial farm-houses, and shew every here and there the remarkable mounds, called the Coterells, which, thanks to local tradition, call to mind Hasting and the Northmen ; a tradition highly probable, but, as far as we know, still to be tested by opening some of them.” The high ground in the centre of the island is pleasantly enriched with wood.

Numerous fossils may be found on the beach east of Sheerness : “stems and branches of trees, and fragments of wood, perforated by tendines ; specimens of the fruits of palms, resembling the recent *nipas* of the Moluccas (the *nipas* are low, shrub-like plants, having the general aspect of palms, and growing in marshy tracts at the mouths of great rivers ; the fruit here found is known as ‘petrified figs’), of plants allied to the cucumber, bean, cypress, laburnum, etc. ; claws and fragments of the shields of crabs ; portions of the carapaces of turtles, teeth of sharks and of rays, several

species of the usual shells of the London clay, and an occasional specimen of nautilus"—(*Dr. Mantell*). Hence it may be inferred that in the pre-historic period numerous islands, such as now form the Eastern Archipelago, studded the vast estuary which then covered "the London district," and bred the spice tree and the palm, nourished the boa-constrictor, and gathered on their wooded shores the turtle and the shark.

Communication with the mainland is kept up by three public ferries: from Sheerness to Faversham road,—from Harty to Oare,—and from Elmley to Tong. "King's Ferry" has been superseded by the Sittingbourne railway, whose bridge is rendered available for foot and horse passengers.

"The general aspect of Sheppey," says a recent writer (*Gentleman's Magazine*, September 1860), "is, to our eyes at least, a very pleasant one. Its ridge of high land, along the north coast, commands views from sea to sea. Its highest point is crowned by a church, the mutilated remains of Sexburga's Minster (see *post*), which is seen from almost every part of the island, carrying the mind back to the times of the Heptarchy, whilst in the low grounds may be seen the numerous smooth green elevations, the coterells, where probably repose many of its Northman destroyers. A double one, of much larger size than the rest, close to the gate that divides Eastchurch from Harty, is a remarkable object from many points. Bright inlets of the sea, here termed fleets, bring hoys and other small sailing vessels, far into the southern parts, and a wharf is no uncommon appendage to the farm-yard. Well cultivated fields, with handsome timber in the hedges, forming often shady lanes that would delight the painter, are the characteristic of the north of the island. Much of the land is occupied as market gardens, or for growing to contract valuable crops (as canary or mustard) for the London seedsmen. Indeed, Sheppey wherever arable land is found, is emphatically the region of high farming, and no one but a wealthy tenant can long hold land there. Consequently the farms are yearly getting larger and larger, and holdings of 1000 acres are not uncommon. As a natural result, the hedges and water-courses are all kept in the best order, the fields are clean, and every farm office testifies to the well-to-do condition of the agriculturist. Steam machinery appears every here and there; the fences and gates and vehicles are kept so freshly painted as to seem always new, and the well-fed horses are ordinarily decorated with coloured fringes to their

harness. But better than this, the cottages of the labourers look much more comfortable than is always the case in high-farmed districts. Some modern ones are of brick, but the generality are of wood, which is the common material even of substantial farm-houses. Many of these have a foundation and a few feet of lower wall of brick, but the upper part is of wood, often painted black on one face and white on the other. Several of the farm-houses occupy the site and retain the name of ancient manor-houses; as Neats Court, near Queenborough, once a portion of the dower lands of Henrietta Maria; Dandeleigh, which belonged to the Admiral, Lord Thomas Seymour; Shurland, near Eastchurch, the stronghold of Sir Robert Shurland, warden of the Cinque Ports in the reign of Edward I., whose remarkable tomb is at Minster; and a fine old mansion, also near Eastchurch, which belonged to Livesay, the regicide, who was twice sheriff of Kent under the Commonwealth.

"Farming and fishing are the chief occupations in Sheppey, but one of its old manufactures, that of copperas, which was noticed at Queenborough Castle by Lambarde nearly three centuries ago, is still continued, on a limited scale. Lime-burning is pursued at Queenborough to supply the agriculturists with the needful dressing for their heavy clay soil, and Roman cement is manufactured extensively from the septaria, or masses of indurated clay, that supply the well-known post-pliocene fossils of the island."

The ordinary route for visitors to Sheerness is by rail. The line crosses the Swale at King's Ferry, leaving Milton, the castle of Hasting, the Danish jarl, and Tong Castle, the scene of Vortigern's betrayal by the beautiful Rowena, on the right. Queenborough Station is a noticeable structure of red and yellow brick. The railway then runs onward, almost parallel with the sea-wall, to Sheerness, crosses the moat, and, within the range of certain grim looking guns, enters the Sheerness Station.

SHEERNESS (population, 14,286.—*Inns*: in the Blue Town, the Fountain; in the Mile Town, the Royal, and Wellington) is a considerable town, with two principal divisions, quaintly named BLUE TOWN and MILE TOWN, and two suburbs, stretching along the northern shore, BANKS TOWN, and MARINA. The latter are opposite the noted oyster beds which yield the genuine "natives," have a good beach, a handsome row of houses called

Crimea Terrace, hotels, and public gardens. Blue Town is *within*, and Mile Town *without*, the garrison limits. Four wells of unusual depth supply Sheerness with good water—a commodity not over plentiful in Sheppey. In sinking them, the labourers met with a subterraneous forest, through which they could only penetrate by the agency of fire. The PIER is 3000 feet long.

Sheerness was occupied by the Dutch on their ascent of the Medway in 1667, but since that disaster its importance has been recognized by the Government, and extensive fortifications now protect it. The Royal Defences' Commission recommended further and important works, which are being rapidly carried out.

The DOCKYARD is of course the great attraction of Sheerness. It occupies 60 acres, and is surrounded by a wall of brick, built at a cost of £40,000. There are two small basins and one large basin, capable of accommodating six large men-of-war. The Storehouse is six stories high, and can receive 30,000 tons of stores. Numerous vessels are always lying here in ordinary, and the spectacle at all times is animated and magnificent, but as dockyards in their details closely resemble one another, we may possibly be allowed to abridge our description.

A walk along the cliff, eastward, brings us to MINSTER, where a fine old CHURCH, dedicated to Saints Mary and Sexburga, is well worth a visit. A monastery was founded here in 673, in honour of Sexburga, the widow of Ercombert, king of Kent, which supported seventy-seven nuns. The Danes, in their predatory incursions, destroyed it. Archbishop Corboil restored it in 1130, and placed in it a body of Benedictine nuns. At the Dissolution its spoils fell into the hands of Sir Thomas Cheney. Of the monastic buildings only the GATE-HOUSE and, perhaps, the CHURCH remain, though some authorities contend that the latter was not connected with the abbey. It contains the effigy of a knight, exhumed in the churchyard in 1833, the tomb of Sir *Thomas Cheney*, and that of Sir *Robert de Shurland*, temp. Edward I., with his effigy in armour, and, above it, a horse's head projecting from the wall above. The animal seems to be swimming, with his nostrils almost touching the waves. This curious memorial is attempted to be accounted for by an old legend:—"He is said to have come to the churchyard of Minster one day, and seen a crowd gathered around a priest beside an open grave. Inquiring the cause, he was told that the priest refused to perform his office without payment, on which the knight drew his

sword, at one sweep took off the priest's head, and tumbled him into the grave. Whether service was performed over the two corpses we are not informed, but it seems the knight retired to his stronghold in Eastchurch, and thus kept out of harm's way for a while until he heard that the king was sailing by the island, when he determined to venture out and solicit pardon. He mounted his favourite horse, galloped down the cliffs, where no one dared to follow him, and spurring his charger into the sea, swam off to the king, who readily promised his pardon on condition of his swimming back again. He reached the shore in safety, and was patting his horse, when a witch approached and told him that the animal which had that day saved his life, would yet cause his death. The knight, as we have seen, was prompt in resolve, and to defeat the prophecy he killed his horse on the spot. Some time after, he was walking on the beach, when he kicked against what he took to be a stone, but it was the skull of his ill-requited charger; he had broken it by the blow, a piece of the bone pierced his foot, and he died, only living time enough to direct that his steed should share his monument with him. The story is old, but it was related a very short time ago, with every appearance of belief, by the person who shewed the church." Another explanation is, however, offered. Sir Robert was lord of the manor, and had the privilege of claiming all the waifs, and strays, and wrecks upon the shore which he could touch with his spear, after riding into the sea, at low tide, as far as possible.

The brasses of Sir *John* and Lady *de Northwode*, of Northwode, in the parish of Eastchurch, demand a careful investigation. They have been figured in the Messrs. Wallace's elaborate work.

The next parish to Minster is that of EASTCHURCH. The village mainly consists of one street, with the CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, at the west end of it, girded round by a belt of neatly painted water-butts. to catch the invaluable rains of heaven. Observe the tomb and effigies of *Gabriel Livesay*, d. 1622, and his wife,—the parents of Livesay, the regicide. The church at one time belonged to the Cistercian Abbey of Dunes (on the Flemish coast), but was afterwards transferred to Boxley, as "a recompense for entertaining visitors to England of the Cistercian order."

We pass through a pleasantly wooded lane, all green and

leafy, to WARDEN, and its CHURCH, dedicated to St. James, —a small building repaired and rebuilt, about thirty years ago, with stone from Old London Bridge. From the falls of cliff continually occurring here, its position has become exceedingly insecure.

LEYSDOWN has a small and mean-looking CHURCH, dedicated to St. Clement. Just beyond, the cliffs terminate, and the shore trends away to the low sands of SHELLNESS POINT, where James II. was seized (12th December 1688) on his attempted escape from England. (See *Macaulay*, chap. x.)

ELMLEY has an important manufactory of cement, and there is a considerable extent of fertile grazing land. Some large plantations have been recently made here, and the CHURCH has been rebuilt. The whole district has a significant air of business and prosperity.

HARTY has no village, and but a poor small CHURCH, dedicated to St. Thomas. The whole parish is portioned out amongst a few large farmers.

At QUEENBOROUGH, a castle, for the protection of the inhabitants of Sheerness, was built by order of Edward III., under the superintendence of the illustrious William of Wykeham. It was called "Queenborough," in honour of Philippa of Hainault. Henry VIII. repaired it in 1539, during his "fortification mania;" but it fell into ruins in the time of the Commonwealth, and its site is now only commemorated by the ancient moat. The castle well remains, and is held in considerable estimation, —the water in Sheppey being usually brackish and unwholesome.

Thus we conclude our perambulation of Sheppey,—an island which is well calculated to afford the tourist an agreeable 'summer-day's excursion."

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THE Magnificent and Historical Mansion of Conishead Priory, built at a cost of over £140,000, standing on its own beautifully-wooded grounds, on the western shore of Morecambe Bay, is, on high medical authority, stated to be one of the best Hydro-pathics in the kingdom, both for Summer and Winter residence.

Excursions can be made from the Priory, either by coach or rail, to any part of the English Lake District, returning in the course of the day; and special arrangements have been made for excursion parties on extremely moderate terms. The Directors have also liberally provided for amusements.

"One of the finest of old English mansions."—*Scotsman*. "Justly described as the Paradise of Furness."—*Black's Guide*. "The furnishings and appointments throughout are of the best."—*Bradford Observer*. "The architectural character of Conishead Priory gives this establishment a more magnificent building than usual, indeed no place of the kind at all approaches it in this respect."—*Newcastle Chronicle*. "Here the hawthorn scents the air; there a gigantic rhododendron lavishes all its beauties; sycamores and oaks, and firs abound."—*Christian World*.

Daily Excursions to the Lakes at specially reduced rates.

The PRIORY OMNIBUS waits the arrival of every Train at Ulverston.

Passengers for the PRIORY by the London and North-Western Railway change Carriages at Carnforth Junction. Passengers by the Midland Railway may require to change at Hellfield.

COLWYN BAY, NORTH WALES.
POLLYCROCHAN HOTEL

(Late the Residence of Lady Erskine).

THIS First-class Family Hotel is most beautifully situated in its own finely-wooded park in Colwyn Bay, commanding splendid land and sea views; there are delightful walks in the adjacent woods. It is within a few minutes' walk of the Beach and ten minutes' of Colwyn Bay Station, and a short drive of Conway and Llandudno.

Sea-Bathing, Tennis, Billiards, Posting.

J. PORTER, *Proprietor.*

The Proprietor begs to announce that to meet an increased demand he has added a handsome and commodious wing, containing Sitting and Bed Rooms.

CORK.

STEPHENS'S COMMERCIAL HOTEL

(*Opposite the General Post Office, Cork*)

POSSESSES first-class accommodation for Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and Families.

It is very centrally situated—close to the Banks and Theatre.

Charges extremely Moderate.

MRS. STEPHENS, PROPRIETRESS,
From the West of England.

EXTRACT from a "Tour through Ireland," published in the
North Briton, 1864:—

"When we arrived in Cork we took up our quarters at Stephens's Commercial Hotel, where we obtained excellent accommodation."

EXTRACT from the *Glasgow Chiel*, 27th December 1884.

"When you go to Cork, stop at Stephens's capital Hotel—everything done well."

CONWAY.

THE CASTLE HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS. Beautifully situated in the Vale of Conway, and very central for Tourists in North Wales.

MISS DUTTON, *Proprietress.*

CRIEFF.

THE DRUMMOND ARMS HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS. Renovated and Refurnished. Under new management. Families boarded by Week or Month. Large Posting Establishment.

The Hotel Omnibus meets every Train.

W. C. S. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

DERBY.

THE ST. JAMES'S HOTEL,

IN the centre of the Town, facing the Post Office and Corn Market, is new, with every convenience for Families and Commercial Gentlemen. A Large Hall for Meetings, Wedding Breakfasts, Concerts, &c. Hot and Cold Baths. Stock Rooms.

THE STABLING IS PERFECT AND EXTENSIVE.

J. WAGSTAFF, Proprietor.

DUBLIN.

JURY'S HOTEL, COLLEGE GREEN.

The most Central Hotel in the City.

Superior Accommodation. Tariff extremely Moderate.
Table d'Hôte at 3 and 6.30 p.m. daily.

LADIES' COFFEE, DINING, AND DRAWING ROOMS.

HENRY J. JURY, *Proprietor.*

DUBLIN.

SHELBOURNE HOTEL,

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.

SITUATED in the most central and fashionable part of Dublin, and is the great Tourist Hotel of Ireland. Contains magnificent Public Rooms, Elevator, Telegraph Office, &c. &c. First-Class. Charges Moderate.

JURY & COTTON, *Proprietors.*

DUBLIN.

THE WICKLOW HOTEL

(FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL),

6, 7, & 8 WICKLOW STREET,

Off Grafton Street, Dublin.

THE very centre of the City. Quiet, clean, comfortable, and homely. Most moderate charges.

RICHARD O'BRIEN, *Proprietor.*

DUBLIN.

THE GRESHAM HOTEL,

UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

120 Bedrooms, Suites of Apartments for Families, Ladies' Coffee-Room and Drawing-Room. Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms.

Tariff fixed and moderate.**PROPRIETORS—THE GRESHAM HOTEL CO., LIMITED.**

DUBLIN.

MAPLE'S HOTEL,

25 TO 28 KILDARE STREET.

THIS First-Class Establishment is built on one of the finest sites in the City, with southern aspect. It is situated between the College Park and St. Stephen's Green, and is replete with every comfort, contains upwards of 100 Bedrooms, numerous suites of Private Apartments, and the usual Public accommodation. It is acknowledged to be one of the most comfortable Hotels in the Kingdom.

*Terms Moderate.***First-Class Livery Stables attached to the Premises.**FREDRICK MAPLE, *Proprietor.*

DUBLIN.

MORRISSON'S HOTEL,

DAWSON STREET AND NASSAU STREET.

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL contains 100 handsome Apartments, newly decorated. Central position, overlooking College Park. Table d'Hôte at separate tables. Charges moderate. Bedrooms from 2s. 6d. Telephone 381. W. H. LUMLEY, *Proprietor*.

DUBLIN.

FRANKLIN'S HOTEL, 11 COLLEGE GREEN.

MOST CENTRAL.

Very Moderate Charges. Extreme Cleanliness and Comfort.

RESTAURANT ADJOINING.

Dinners from 1 o'clock to 7 o'clock p.m.

NIGHT PORTER.

E. FRANKLIN, *Proprietor*.

DUBLIN.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL,

LOWER SACKVILLE STREET.

(Next the General Post Office.)

Central. Convenient. Moderate Charges.

JURY BROTHERS, *Proprietors*.

DULVERTON.

CARNARVON ARMS FAMILY HOTEL.

(QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.)

SEVEN Miles private Trout-Fishing near Hotel, property of the Right Honourable EARL OF CARNARVON (rivers Exe and Barle), *free* to Anglers staying [here]. Fine bracing air amidst charming and varied scenery. The Devon and Somerset Stag-Hounds hunt this country.

Hunters. Post-Horses. Tennis. Billiards.

Close to Railway Junction Station.

A. NELDER & SON.

DUNBLANE.

STIRLING ARMS HOTEL.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED on the River Allan, near to the Cathedral. One minute's walk from Station.

Charges Strictly Moderate.

MRS. MARSHALL, *Proprietress.*

DUNDEE.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,

160 NETHERGATE.

MAGNIFICENT Views of the River and Tay Bridge. Handsome Billiard, Smoking, and Stock Rooms. A 'Bus from the Hotel awaits the arrival of all Trains. Stabling.

MATHERS'

TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

WHITEHALL STREET, DUNDEE.

PLAIN BREAKFAST OR TEA, 1s., WITH MEAT, 2s.

BEDROOM FOR ONE, INCLUDING ALL ATTENDANCE, 2s. 6d.

DUNKELD.

FISHER'S

ROYAL**HOTEL.**

Under the Patronage of the Royal Family.

MR. FISHER begs to state that the additions and alterations to this large first-class Establishment are now completed; and, having been redecorated and refurnished in an elegant style, it will be found equal to any in the North of Scotland. A Large and Elegant Dining Saloon, with Ladies' Drawing-Room (*en suite*). Private Suites of Apartments, and Spacious Billiard and Smoking Saloon.

The only COACH for BRAEMAR and BALMORAL, *via* BLAIRGOWRIE, starts from the Hotel, where seats for the above can only be secured. Telegrams for Apartments, Coach Seats, or Carriages punctually attended to. Omnibuses from the Hotel attend the different Trains.

DUNKELD.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLE'S ARMS HOTEL.

D. ROBERTSON, *Proprietor* (late GRANT'S).

THIS Hotel, from its situation close to the beautiful Bridge of Dunkeld (and also close to the gates of the Cathedral), commands an unrivalled view of the magnificent scenery on either side of the river Tay. The Apartments, both Public and Private, are elegantly furnished and well aired. Her Majesty the Queen, in her Journal of her Life in the Highlands, has been graciously pleased to take notice of this Hotel as being very clean, and having such a charming view from the windows. The Empress of the French, with her Son the Prince Imperial, also visited this Hotel, and was pleased to express her entire approval of all the arrangements. EVERY ATTENTION IS PAID TO THE COMFORT OF VISITORS. *Job and Post Horses, with Careful Drivers. An Omnibus awaits the arrival and departure of all the Trains. Seats can be secured at this Hotel for the Braemar Coach.*

DUNOON.

ARGYLL HOTEL.

THE only First-Class Hotel in Dunoon, close to the Pier, commanding a magnificent view of the Firth of Clyde. Visitors staying at this Hotel will have the opportunity of visiting all the following places of interest and returning to Hotel same day, viz. Ayr, Arran, Kyles of Bute, per Steamer 'Columba'; Inveraray, Loch Fyne, etc., per 'Lord of the Isles'; Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Trossachs, Gairloch, etc. Coaches leave the Hotel daily for Loch Eck, which is the favourite new route for Inveraray and Oban. Table d'hôte daily at 6.30 p.m. Special reduced rates for parties staying a week or longer. This Hotel is now under New Management, and particular attention will be paid to the comfort of Visitors. Splendid Sea Fishing. Boots waits arrival of all Steamers.

A. M. PHILLIPS, *Lessee.*

THE CLARENDON HOTEL,

J. L. KERPEN, PROPR.

FACING THE CASTLE AND PRINCES STREET GARDENS.

This Hotel
 is noted for
 its home
 comforts and
 moderate
 charges.



5 minutes'
 walk from
 either
 Station.

EDINBURGH,
 104, 106 PRINCES STREET.

OPPOSITE
THE
SCOTT
MONUMENT



AND
PRINCES
STREET
GARDENS

(One of the finest Hotels in Europe.)

THE ROYAL HOTEL

DONALD MACGREGOR, PROPRIETOR,
53 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

The Royal Hotel is within a hundred yards of Railway Terminus, and occupies the finest position in the City.

PLACES OF INTEREST SEEN FROM HOTEL:—Arthur's Seat, over 800 feet high. Assembly Hall. Calton Hill. Edinburgh Castle. East and West Princes Street Gardens. Free Church College and Assembly Hall. Royal Observatory. Sir Walter Scott's Monument. Salisbury Crags. St. Giles's Cathedral. Parliament House. The Royal Institution. The Royal Scottish Academy and National Gallery. The Antiquarian Museum. From tower of Hotel are seen the Firth of Forth, Bass Rock, the Lomond, Corstorphine, and Pentland Hills, and a part of four or five of the neighbouring counties.

Charges Moderate. Rooms from 2s. 6d. Passenger Elevator. Night Porters.

CAUTION.—Visitors intending to put up at the Royal must be careful to see that they are taken there, as mistakes have occurred causing great disappointment.

CRANSTON'S WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTELS.

THE OLD WAVERLEY,

42, 43, 44, 45, & 46 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

ROBERT CRANSTON begs to return his sincere thanks to his Patrons and the Public for their favours during the last forty years, and has to intimate that the above Hotel has been entirely rebuilt, and is now second to none in the City. The whole of the internal arrangements have been remodelled, the accommodation greatly increased, including a most spacious Dining Room and a Ladies' Drawing Room, and the entire building fitted up in the latest and most approved manner, with a view to the comfort and convenience of his Patrons. It will, when completed, be the largest Temperance Hotel in the Kingdom. Notwithstanding the great expense attending the reconstruction, the charges will remain as formerly.

THE NEW WAVERLEY, WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH,

Has been enlarged and improved, and to meet the great demand a number of commodious well-lighted Stock Rooms were added last year, affording special facilities to Commercial Gentlemen. Also, the new Waverley Hall, seated for upwards of 700 persons, is well ventilated, and admirably adapted for all descriptions of meetings.

THE LONDON WAVERLEY, KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE (Established upwards of 35 years),

Has recently been more than doubled in size by the addition of an entire division of Trump Street, which has afforded greatly increased accommodation; and from its unrivalled position in the commercial centre of the city, it offers exceptional advantages to persons visiting London, either on business or on pleasure. The Guildhall, Corporation Offices, and the various Law Courts are in King Street, adjoining the Hotel, and Omnibuses pass the door every minute for every district and Railway Station in London.

THE GLASGOW WAVERLEY,

In BUCHANAN STREET, is now closed, the site having been acquired by the Glasgow District Underground Railway. The name and business have been transferred to the WASHINGTON HOTEL, No. 172 SAUCHIEHALL STREET, one of the finest streets and busiest thoroughfares in the city, and in close proximity to the Railway Stations and to the Steamboat Piers. Principal Theatres in immediate neighbourhood, and Tramway and 'Bus communication to all parts of the city. The BUSINESS will be carried on there under the management of my Daughter, M. R. CRANSTON, on the same principles and at the same rates as the other Waverleys. Uniform Charges at all the Waverleys, viz.—

Breakfast or Tea	1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s.
Public Dinner	2s.
Bedroom	1s. 6d.
Private Parlours	3s.
Service	1s.
Stock Rooms, from 2s. 6d. per day, according to Size.	

Recommended by Bradshaw's Tourists' Guide as "the cheapest and best Temperance Hotel they had ever seen," and by J. B. Gough as "the only HOME he had found since leaving his own in America."

EDINBURGH.



THE
COCKBURN HOTEL

Adjoining the Station and overlooking the Gardens.

NO INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

JOHN MACPHERSON, PROPRIETOR.

ROXBURGHE HOTEL,

CHARLOTTE SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

In Connection with the above is CHRISTIE'S PRIVATE HOTEL.
Apartments *en suite*, and Board on Moderate Terms.

J. CHRISTIE, *Proprietor.*

EDINBURGH.

DARLING'S REGENT HOTEL,

20 WATERLOO PLACE.

(PRINCES STREET.)



Nearly opposite the General Post Office, and only a few minutes' walk from General Railway Terminus.

This is admitted to be one of the best Temperance Hotels in Scotland.

Special Terms for Board during the Winter Months.

EDINBURGH.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

100 PRINCES STREET.

*(Opposite the Castle.)***A. M. THIEM, PROPRIETOR.**

THIS old-established Hotel, one of the finest in Edinburgh, entirely rebuilt and refurnished in the most elegant manner, offers superior accommodation and comfort. The Proprietor is especially cognisant of the needs of the Nobility and Gentry, and spares no pains to render their sojourn with him agreeable.

BEDFORD HOTEL,

83 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Under the personal superintendence of Mme. Dejay (late of Dejay's Hotel).
Unsurpassed for comfort, economy, and quietness.

*Most moderate Terms.**Cuisine à la française.***Coffee Room and Ladies' Drawing Room.**

This Hotel is situated in the best part of Princes Street, and commands a good view of the Castle. *On parle français.*

EDINBURGH. CALEDONIAN HOTEL,

115, 116, & 117 PRINCES STREET, AND 1, 3, & 5 CASTLE STREET.

Established 60 Years.

(Exactly opposite the Castle.)

R. B. MOORE. LATE J. BURNETT.

THE ALBERT HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, 23 AND 25 HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.

THIS Central Hotel affords first-class accommodation to Tourists and others visiting the City. Every home comfort.

BILLIARD AND SMOKE ROOMS.

Terms Strictly Moderate.

Tariff on Application.

D. ROBERTSON, *Proprietor.*

THE LONDON HOTEL, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Patronised by Royalty.

Visitors will find the Hotel very convenient and comfortable. The spacious Square in front is a great attraction.

WINES AND CUISINE EXCELLENT. See *Land and Water* of 19th December 1885.

CHARGES MODERATE.

J. J. MEPHIUS, *Proprietor.*

EDINBURGH.

THE

TREVELYAN TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 2 & 3 CALTON STREET.

For Cleanliness, Home Comforts, and Moderate Charges,
unsurpassed.

D. MACKENZIE, *Proprietor.*

EDINBURGH CAFÉ COMPANY,

70 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

High-Class Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen.

**BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEA, COFFEE,
FANCY PASTRY, CAKES, &c.**

ELEGANT SALOON FOR LADIES.—CLOAK-ROOMS, &c.

**WEDDING BREAKFASTS, BALL SUPPERS, DINNERS, AND
COLD COLLATIONS CONTRACTED FOR.**

EDINBURGH.

CRAIGLOCKHART HYDROPATHIC.



MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT
in Western Suburbs of City,

having

**ACCOMMODATION
FOR 200 VISITORS.**

Fine Bracing Air off
Pentland Hills.

**BATHS. SWIMMING POND. BOWLING. LAWN TENNIS.
CONCERTS. DANCES. DRIVES.**

Easy of Access by Bus, Tram, or Rail.

The Best Residence for Visitors to Edinburgh.

Good centre from which to visit Glasgow, Stirling, Callander, The Trossachs, Loch Lomond, Crieff, Roslin, Dalkeith Palace, Dalmeny, and Forth Bridge, &c. **TERMS:** From 8s. 6d. per Day; or from £2 : 12 : 6 per Week; upper Rooms from £2 : 2s. per week.

GOOD TABLE. HOME COMFORTS.

ADDRESS—THE MANAGER.

FERGUSON'S EDINBURGH ROCK.

The Best Present from Edinburgh.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AND DAILY BY

ALEX. FERGUSON,

**CONFECTIONER TO THE QUEEN & H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH,
1 MELBOURNE PLACE, EDINBURGH.**

(Near the Castle.)

PRIZE MEDALS,
LONDON, PARIS,
1862. 1873. 1867. 1878.

EDINBURGH

GOLD & SILVER
MEDALS.



"Mr. Marshall's productions are not surpassed in interest and beauty by those of Castellani himself."—*Correspondent of the Scotsman on the International Exhibition.*

ROBERT M'DOWELL & SONS'

UNRIVALLED

Biscuits, Shortbread, and Cakes.

Entire Wheaten.	Chester.	Cracknel.
Small Abernethy.	Albert.	Milk.
Small Captains.	Plain Wine.	&c., &c.

SCOTCH CAKES.

Sultana.	Seed.	Madeira.	Plum.
Alexandra.	Rose.	Cocoanut.	Orange.
Tivoli.	Rice.	Caraway.	Tennis.
Genoa.	Lemon.	Chocolate.	Raspberry.

SCOTCH BUN (Christmas).

SHORTBREAD AND PITCAITHLY BANNOCKS.

SCOTCH OATCAKES.

60 George Street, 19 Frederick Street, & 1 Wemyss Place, Edinburgh.

ELGIN. STATION HOTEL.

THIS first-class Family and Commercial Hotel occupies one of the best sites in the town, close to the Railway Stations, about five minutes' walk from the Cathedral, and within easy drive of the beautiful and romantic Pluscarden Abbey and other places of interest in the neighbourhood. The Bedroom accommodation is first-class. Large Coffee Room, Drawing Room, Private Sitting Rooms, &c. &c. Also Billiard, Smoking, and Hot and Cold Bath Rooms.

Hiring. Table d'Hote daily.

WILLIAM CHRISTIE, *Lessee.*

Also of the Station Hotel, Lossiemouth.

EXETER. ROUGEMONT HOTEL.

Devon and Exeter Hotel Co., Limited.

FOR FAMILIES AND GENTLEMEN.

THE LARGEST AND ONLY MODERN HOTEL
IN THE CITY.

Omnibus and Hotel Porters meet all Trains.

NIGHT PORTER. TABLE D'HOTE, 7 O'CLOCK.

T. W. HUSSEY, MANAGER.

EXETER.

ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL,

CATHEDRAL YARD,

WITH FULL VIEW OF THE GRAND OLD CATHEDRAL.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

REDUCED CHARGES.

Every effort is made to ensure the unqualified satisfaction of Ladies and Gentlemen.

Handsomely Furnished Suites of Apartments.

LADIES' COFFEE-ROOM.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Omnibuses and Cabs meet every Train.

J. HEADON STANBURY, *Proprietor.*

EXETER.

POPLE'S

NEW LONDON HOTEL,

FOR FAMILIES AND GENTLEMEN.

THIS Hotel contains all the appointments found in First-class Establishments, adjoining Northernhay Park, within three minutes' walk of the Cathedral, and opposite the New General Post Office. Visitors will find the comfort and attention of home with fixed moderate charges. A Ladies' Coffee Room. Night Porter. Omnibuses and Cabs to every Train. Posting in all its branches. Also Proprietor of the Globe Hotel, Newton Abbot.

EXETER.

STANBURY'S

HALF MOON HOTEL,

HIGH STREET.

Old Established. Family and Commercial.

IS situated in the most central part of the City. Families and Commercial Gentlemen will find this House replete with every comfort, and the Charges Moderate.

Ladies' Coffee Room and Superior Billiard Room. Eight Spacious and well-lighted Stock Rooms. Omnibuses belonging to the Hotel meet all Trains. A Night Porter.

FORRES.

CAMPBELL'S

STATION HOTEL



Adjoining the Railway Platform, Forres.

STANDING WITHIN ITS OWN GROUNDS AND BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

(Patronised by the Royal Family and Leading Members of the Nobility and Aristocracy of Europe.)

APARTMENTS EN SUITE. SPACIOUS BILLIARD & SMOKING ROOM.
Boots in attendance at all Trains.

JAMES CAMPBELL, *Lessee and Proprietor.*

FORRES, MORAYSHIRE, N.B.

CLUNY HILL HYDROPATHIC.*On Highland Railway, 24 miles south of Inverness.*

STANDS on one of the beautiful eminences known as the Cluny Hills. These are clothed with pine woods and intersected by about 5 miles of Walks. Air Dry and Bracing. Finest River scenery in Scotland. Tennis and other Amusements. Possesses every home comfort.

Charges in Summer 8s. 6d. per day, or £2:12:6 per week.

N.B.—Six miles of Salmon, Grilse, and Trout Fishing.

The nearest and most convenient for any wishing to ascend the Ben.



FORT-WILLIAM.

THE ALEXANDRA HOTEL,
PARADE, FORT-WILLIAM.

GATEHOUSE OF FLEET, N.B.

MURRAY ARMS HOTEL

HAS comfortable accommodation for Families and Tourists at very moderate terms. The Drives, Walks, and Scenery in the neighbourhood are unsurpassed in the South of Scotland, embracing as they do the scene of Scott's "Guy Mannering."

Visitors have fishing in Loch Whinyeon and the River Fleet free, a boat being kept on the Loch for their sole use.

POSTING.

LETTERS, ETC., PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

GEORGE McMICHAEL, Proprietor.

Moderate Charges.—Mrs. DOIG, Proprietrix.

THE SHANDON HYDROPATHIC

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON THE GARELOCH, near HELENSBURGH, N.B.

Within 1½ hours of Glasgow, and 40 minutes of Greenock.



THE FINEST HYDROPATHIC RESIDENCE IN THE KINGDOM.

WELL adapted for FAMILIES returning from INDIA or the Colonies, and a convenient centre for TOURISTS making Excursions to Lochlomond, and to much of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland. The Conservatory, Vineries, Gardens, and Policies are unrivalled. Magnificent Sea-Water Swimming Bath (heated), and other Baths, with every luxury. Pleasure Boats, Games, &c. Post and Telegraph Offices at the Entrance Lodge. Excellent Cuisine, and every Home Comfort.

Numerous Trains from Glasgow and Edinburgh connecting with Steamers at Craighendran Pier on North British Railway, also direct communication with Greenock by Steamers.

Apply for Prospectus to The Manager, Shandon, by Helensburgh.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.



CAUSEWAY HOTEL AND ELECTRIC TRAMWAY.

THIS beautifully situated Hotel is worked in connection with the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY ELECTRIC TRAMWAY. It is the most central spot for Tourists visiting the district, being close to the Giant's Causeway, and with Dunluce Castle, Dunseverick Castle, and Carrick-a-Rede in the immediate neighbourhood.

The Hotel stands in its own grounds of 25 Acres, and has been three times enlarged within the last four years to meet the growing popularity of the Establishment, which will be found most comfortable, and the charges moderate. There is an *Asphalte Lawn Tennis Court* and Kiosk. The Hotel is lighted throughout with the Electric Light.

Guides, Boats, and Posting are attached to the Hotel with fixed scale of charges. Electric Tram Cars leave Portrush Station on the arrival of all trains, with through booking to the Causeway Hotel. The extension of the Electric Tramway from Bushmills to the Causeway will be open this season, when Tourists will be landed in the Hotel grounds without any trouble or change of Cars. There will be an increased service of Electric Tram Cars on the Tramway during the summer months, and the Antrim coast service will be entirely remodelled. Orders to view the Electric Generating Station at Walkmills can be obtained at the Hotel.

Postal and Telegraph Address—The MANAGER, Causeway Hotel, Bushmills.

Note.—Always ask for through Railway Tickets to the Giant's Causeway.

GLASGOW.

HIS LORDSHIP'S LARDER AND HOTEL,
10 ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.

(*Opposite St. Enoch Station Booking Office.*)

TO ensure economy consistent with comfort, Visitors cannot do better than live at this most central House. Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, and Bedroom included, from 7s. to 8s. per day.

T. WHITE, *Proprietor.*

GLASGOW.

PHILP'S COCKBURN HOTEL,

141 BATH STREET.

THIS large new Hotel is especially planned and constructed with every Modern Improvement to meet the requirements of a First-Class Hotel. Situation unsurpassed. In an elevated and quiet but central and convenient part of the City; with in easy access of the different Railway Stations and Steam-Ship Landings. Street Cars pass within a few yards to all parts of the City.

Passenger Elevator.

Turkish Baths and Billiard Rooms.

The home of Americans in Glasgow.

BED AND ATTENDANCE FROM 2s. 6d.

LIBERAL BOARDING TERMS.

N.B.—In connection with the Cockburn Hotel, EDINBURGH, and Philp's Glenburn Hydropathic, Rothesay.

Every information given regarding Tours.



High-Class Temperance House.

TO THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.



THE BATH HOTEL,

152 BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

The most comfortable First-class Hotel in Glasgow. Very Moderate Charges.

P. ROBERTSON, PROPRIETOR.

CRANSTON'S WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTEL, GLASGOW,

Is now removed to 172 SAUCHIEHALL STREET

(For particulars see Advertisement, p. 26).

GLASGOW (Note new address)	. 172 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.
EDINBURGH, "Old"	. 43 PRINCES STREET.
EDINBURGH, "New"	. 16 WATERLOO PLACE.
LONDON	. 37 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

CAUTION! No connection with any other Waverley Hotel in Glasgow.

GLASGOW.

CITY COMMERCIAL RESTAURANT,

54 AND 60 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

THE most extensive and comfortable Dining Room in Scotland. Breakfasts, Dinners, and Teas served with comfort, economy, and despatch. Bill of Fare—EXTRA MODERATE.

LADIES' PRIVATE DINING ROOM AND LAVATORY.
GENTLEMEN'S LAVATORIES.

No Gratuities to Waiters.

MATTHEW WADDELL, *Proprietor.*

GLASGOW.

STEEL'S HOTEL,

CORNER OF QUEEN STREET AND ARGYLE STREET.

The most central Hotel in Glasgow.

Ladies' Coffee Room. Over 90 Apartments.

Breakfast and Lunch from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. Dinner from 3s.

Bed and Attendance from 2s. 6d.

Bed and Board per week, £2:12s.

WM. ANDERSON, *Proprietor.*

Late of Café Royal Hotel, Edinburgh.

GLASGOW.

MACLEAN'S HOTEL,

ST. VINCENT STREET.

FIRST CLASS. 120 APARTMENTS.

MODERATE CHARGES.



Close to Railway Stations.

TOURISTS AND STRANGERS VISITING GLASGOW

WILL FIND A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED VARIETY OF
VIEWS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY,
GUIDE-BOOKS, MAPS, &c. &c.

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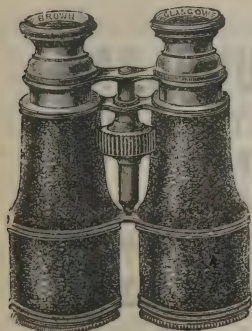
REID'S TOURIST EMPORIUM,
144 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.

 Fourth Shop West of Buchanan Street. 

Speciality.—White-Wood Goods with views of Scottish Scenery—very suitable as Souvenirs of Scotland—from 6d. and upwards.

GLASGOW.

“SCORER” FIELD GLASS,



As represented by engraving, is Unrivalled for Value!!! Price in Sling Case 35s.; or with Best Dull Leather Case, suitable for any Climate, 41s. **Second to None.**

BROWN'S

Optical Wonder Field or Opera Glasses, 10s. 6d., 14s. 21s., 25s.

Magic Lanterns from 1s. 6d. to £25.

The Lecturer's Magic Lantern is the best value made, 84s.

Orthoscopic or Correct Vision Spectacles, with finest Glass Lenses, in Steel Frames, 4s. 6d.

Ditto, with finest Pebble Lenses, 7s. 6d.

BROWN, Oculist Optician, 76 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.



THOMPSON'S AMERICAN CORN SOLVENT.

HARD or SOFT CORNS, BUNIONS and WARTS, and reduces
ENLARGED or INFLAMED TOE JOINTS.

NO PAIN. INSTANT RELIEF.

Bottles 1s. 1½d., Post Free for 14 Stamps. GENUINE only from

M. F. THOMPSON,
HOMŒOPATHIC AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,
17 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

SMITH, SONS,

AND

LAUGHLAND,

SILK MERCERS, FAMILY DRAPERS,
COMPLETE OUTFITTERS,

GENERAL WAREHOUSEMEN,

Carpet Merchants and Household Furnishers,

78 to 82 UNION STREET,

GLASGOW,

Have always a Large, Choice, fully Assorted Stock ; and Novelties
are added to each Department as they appear.

GLOUCESTER.

THE BELL HOTEL,

SITUATE in the centre of the City, near the Cathedral, and is the Leading Hotel for Families and Gentlemen.

EXCELLENT STABLING. POST HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

FULL FUNERAL EQUIPMENTS.

Omnibuses to and from every Train. Night Porter.

MISS CORNER, *Manageress.*

GLOUCESTER.

SPREAD EAGLE HOTEL.

THIS Old-Established First-Class Family Hotel will be found by Visitors replete with every comfort. Well-ventilated Bed and Sitting Rooms *en suite*. Headquarters Bicycle Touring Club. Handsome Coffee Room. Hot and Cold Baths. All the latest sanitary arrangements complete. First-rate *Cuisine* and choice Wines, &c. Good Stabling and Loose Boxes for Hunters, &c. An Elegant and Spacious Ballroom to be let for Balls, Concerts, Dinners, Meetings, Sales, &c. Tariff on application. Posting. Flys, &c., on hire.

The Hotel Omnibus meets all Trains.

A NIGHT PORTER ALWAYS IN ATTENDANCE.

HENRY CHARLES GROGAN, *Proprietor.*

GOLSPIE.

ROYAL SUTHERLAND ARMS HOTEL.

BEAUTIFULLY situated within a mile of Dunrobin Castle, the Grounds of which are open to the Public. Free Trout Fishing on Loch Brora for parties staying at the Hotel. Five minutes' walk from sea-shore. Horses and Carriages on Hire. An Omnibus meets Trains. Charges moderate.

JAMES MITCHELL, *Proprietor.*

THE ISLAND OF GUERNSEY.

GARDNER'S

ROYAL**HOTEL,**

FAMILY & COMMERCIAL HOUSE, ESPLANADE, GUERNSEY.

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

THIS Hotel is situated in the most commanding part of the Island, facing the spacious harbours and the approaches thereto, also having a full front view of the adjacent islands of Sark, Herm, Jersey, and Alderney. Visitors should be especially careful on landing to ask for the "Royal." *Table d'Hôte*. BILLIARDS for the use of visitors staying in the Hotel only. Telegraphic Address—"Gardner, Guernsey."

JAS. B. GARDNER, *Proprietor.*

HARROGATE.

ROYAL HOTEL.

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY, PROPRIETOR.

THIS first-class Family Hotel is most pleasantly and healthily situated, and is replete with every comfort for families. Within five minutes' walk of the Railway Station.

BILLIARD ROOM.

HARROGATE.

“THE GRANBY,”

HIGH HARROGATE,

FACING THE STRAY.

THIS First-Class Family Hotel stands in its own extensive grounds, and is beautifully situated in the best part of Harrogate. Good Lawn-Tennis Court. Great alterations have lately been made in the House, and Visitors will find in it every convenience. Carriages to the Wells and Baths every morning free of charge. Ten minutes' walk from the Station. For Terms, &c., apply W. H. MILNER, *Proprietor*.

Good Stabling. Carriages on Hire.

HARROGATE WELLS.

BARBER'S GEORGE HOTEL.

VISITORS to Harrogate will find many advantages in making their temporary residence at this Hotel, it being situated within three minutes' walk of the Sulphur and Cheltenham Springs, seven minutes' walk from the Railway Station, and in the immediate vicinity of the Public Baths, Concert Rooms, &c. The sheltered situation of the Hotel makes it admirably adapted for Visitors in Spring and Autumn. Terms per day:—Board and Lodgings, in Public Rooms, 6s. 6d. each; ditto, ditto, in Private Rooms, 7s. 6d. each; Private Sitting Rooms, 3s. to 5s. each; Attendance, &c., 1s. 3d. each. Beds charged extra if for less than three nights. Horses' Hay, 10s. 6d. per week. Ostler extra. Billiard Rooms. Stabling for Hunters and Carriage Horses.

N.B.—No fees given to Conductor to recommend this Hotel. NOTE.—Harrogate being a health resort, the Patrons of this Hotel are not expected to use Wine, &c., unless they require it.

HIGH HARROGATE.

GASCOIGNE'S**FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.**

STANDING in its own grounds, in the most fashionable part of 'High Harrogate. Seven minutes' walk from the Station. A Carriage leaves the Hotel for Wells each morning, free of charge. Private Sitting Rooms on application. Billiards. Terms moderate. An Omnibus meets every Train. J. S. DAVIES, *Proprietor*.

In order to prevent disappointment please note Address.

SOUTH ASPECT.

HELENSBURGH.

THE Finest Watering-Place in the West of Scotland. Trains and Boats to Loch Lomond and Trossachs, and Steamer every morning to Dunoon at 8.45, in time to meet the "Iona" for the Highlands by that most celebrated Route—Ardishaig, Crinan, and Oban, to Staffa and Iona. The alterations and improvements at the **QUEEN'S HOTEL** are now completed, and the Suites of Apartments for Families cannot be surpassed. The view of the Clyde and Lake is most magnificent. Tourists conveniently arranged. A magnificent Coffee Room. Smoking and Billiard Room.

All Charges strictly Moderate.

Omnibuses and Carriages to all Steamers and Trains.

A. WILLIAMSON, Proprietor.

HELSTON.

ANGEL HOTEL,

FOR THE LIZARD AND KYNANCE COVE.

THIS Hotel affords every Accommodation for Families and Gentlemen, and is especially adapted for Excursionists. Twenty minutes' walk from the celebrated Looe Pool. Posting in all its branches. Brake to the Lizard daily (Sundays excepted) during the Season.

W. BLACKWELL, Proprietor.

HUNTER'S QUAY, HOLY LOCH.

ROYAL MARINE HOTEL.

HHEADQUARTERS of ROYAL CLYDE YACHT CLUB. Situated close to Hunter's Quay, at which Pier Steamers call several times a day, and is within ten minutes' walk of Kinn Pier. The Hotel has lately been considerably enlarged, and is most comfortably furnished, offering superior accommodation for Families and Gentlemen. Charges strictly moderate. Visitors boarded by day or week. Coaches pass daily by Loch Eck Route to and from Inveraray. There is frequent communication between Dunoon and Sandbank by brakes. Hot, Cold, Spray, and Douche Baths. Carriages and Boats for hire.

OSCAR TROEGER, Manager.

ILFRACOMBE.

ROYAL CLARENCE FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

RELETE with every Home comfort. A spacious Ladies' Coffee Room, with large number of Bedrooms, has recently been added. Moderate Charges. Tariff on application.

First-Class Billiard Room. Omnibus meets every Train.

CHARLES ED. CLEMON, Proprietor.

In connection with Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, London, and Peacock and Royal, Boston, Linc.



THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.

NEWLY DECORATED AND FURNISHED.

250 Apartments. Magnificent *Salle à Manger*. Elegant Drawing-Rooms. Reading Room. Large Billiard Room. Comfortable Smoking Room. Ornamental Grounds of Five Acres, extending to the Sea. Eight Lawn Tennis Courts.

Table d'Hôte Dinner at Separate Tables, daily from 6 to 8 o'clock.

There is attached to the Hotel one of the largest Swimming Baths in England. Also Private Hot and Cold Sea and Fresh Water Baths, Douche, Shower, &c.

THE attractions of Ilfracombe, and the places of interest in the neighbourhood, point to it as the natural centre to be chosen by the Tourist who desires to see with comfort all the beauties of Coast and Inland Scenery which North Devon affords. There is also easy access into South Devon and Cornwall. The means of communication with Ilfracombe by Rail, Road, and Steamboat are most complete.

Tourist Tickets to Ilfracombe for two months are issued during the Season at all the principal Railway Stations in England.

Address—MANAGER, ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON.

THE ROYAL BRITANNIA HOTEL, ILFRACOMBE.

GOOD PUBLIC ROOMS. MODERATE TERMS.

ADDRESS—THE MANAGER.

ILKLEY, YORKSHIRE.

MIDDLETON HOTEL,*FACING THE MOORS.*

THIS First-Class Family HOTEL stands in its own extensive grounds on the banks of the picturesque River Wharfe, six miles from the famous Bolton Woods. Spacious Dining, Drawing, and Coffee Rooms. Billiard and Smoke Rooms. Suites of Apartments, &c.

TABLE D'HOTE, 6.45—SEPARATE TABLE.

TENNIS COURTS.

GOOD STABLING.

*TARIFF ON APPLICATION TO**The Manageress.*

ILKLEY, NEAR LEEDS.

**TROUTBECK HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT
AND SANATORIUM.***Physician*—THOMAS SCOTT, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.*Proprietor and Manager*—JOHN DOBSON.

TROUTBECK is beautifully situated on an eminence overlooking the Valley of the Wharfe, adjoining the Moor, and close to the Tarn. This Establishment is a handsome erection in the Elizabethan style, capable of accommodating seventy persons, built expressly for the purpose of carrying out the Hydropathic System to its fullest extent, and is justly famed for being one of the most compact and comfortable in Ilkley, every attention having been paid to render it at all times a most attractive residence for Invalids seeking health, as well as for Visitors who desire merely relaxation and change.

For full Prospectus, address—JOHN DOBSON, as above.

INVERARAY.

ST. CATHERINE'S HOTEL,

LOCH FYNE, FACING INVERARAY.

DONALD SUTHERLAND, *Proprietor.*

GOOD Shooting, Grouse, Black Game, &c., for Visitors; also Stream and Loch Fishing. Coaches in connection with Glasgow Steamers start from and stop at St. Catherine's. Posting. Carriages on Hire.

Moderate Charges.

INNELLAN.

ROYAL HOTEL.

J. MAITLAND begs to announce that he has purchased the above large and commodious Hotel, which has lately undergone extensive alterations and additions, including one of the largest and most handsome Dining-Rooms and Ladies' Sitting-Rooms of any Hotel on the Firth of Clyde ; also Parlours with Suites of Bedrooms on each flat. The Hotel is within three minutes' walk of the Pier, and being built upon an elevation, commands a Sea view of the surrounding country, including Bute, Arran, The Cumbræes, Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, and Dumbartonshire, making the situation one of the finest in Scotland. The grounds of the Hotel being laid out in walks, and interspersed with shrubs and flowers, are quiet and retired for Families. There are also beautiful drives in the vicinity. The Dining-Room has a large Fernery, with water fountain, which plays daily during the summer, making it cool and refreshing during the hot weather. Steamers call at the Pier nearly every hour for the Highlands and all parts of the Coast. Tourists arriving at the Hotel the night before can have Breakfast at Table d'Hôte at 9 A.M., and be in time to join the "IONA" at 10 A.M. for the north, calling at Innellan on her return about 4 P.M. The *Cuisine* and Wines are of the finest quality.

Large Billiard-Room attached. Hot, Cold, and Spray Baths.
Horses and Carriages kept for Hire.

FAMILIES BOARDED BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

* * * In connection with Ardlui Hotel, Loch Lomond, and Bridge Street Station Hotel, Glasgow.

INVERARAY.

THE GEORGE HOTEL.

Under New Management.

Tourists, Families, and Commercial Gentlemen will find this Hotel most comfortable, combined with Moderate Charges.

Special Rates for Commercial Gentlemen and Bicyclists.

R. CLARK, *Lessee.*

INVERARAY.

THE ARGYLL ARMS HOTEL,

Entirely Refurnished, and under new Management.

Charges strictly Moderate.

Parties boarded April to July. Fishing.

JOHN CLARK, *Proprietor.*

INVERGARRY.

INVERGARRY HOTEL,

INVERNESS-SHIRE.

NOW reopened after being rebuilt and enlarged. Comfortable accommodation and perfect quietness amid very beautiful scenery. Reasonable Charges. Excellent Trout Fishing and use of Boats in Loch Garry Free. Post and Telegraph Office near Hotel.

JOHN McINNES, *Lessee.*

INVERNESS.

THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY COMPANY'S

STATION HOTEL.

FREQUENTLY PATRONISED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY.

A PRIVATE entrance from the platform under cover. The Hotel Porters attend the Trains, and an Omnibus the Caledonian Canal Steamers.

POSTING.

VERY MODERATE TARIFF.

EDWARD CESARI, *Manager.*

CALEDONIAN HOTEL

Facing the Railway Station, and within one minute's walk.



THIS well-known first-class Family Hotel is patronised by the Royal Family and most of the nobility of Europe. Having recently added fifty rooms with numerous suites of apartments for families, handsomely refurnished throughout, it is now the largest and best appointed Hotel in Inverness, and universally acknowledged one of the most comfortable in Scotland.

In point of situation this Hotel is the only one overlooking the river Ness, the magnificent view from the windows being unsurpassed, and extending to upwards of fifty miles of

the surrounding strath and mountain scenery of the great glen of "Caledonia."
MAGNIFICENT LADIES' DRAWING ROOM. An Omnibus attends all the Canal Steamers.

The Hotel Porters await the arrival of all Trains. Posting.

ALEXANDER M'FARLANE, Proprietor.

FIRST-

CLASS

FAMILY



AND

COMMERCIAL

HOTEL.

One Minute's walk from the Railway Station.

INVERNESS.

WAVERLEY HOTEL

(Late Harcombe's).

Unsurpassed for Situation and Comfort, combined with Moderate Charges.

TARIFF.

Breakfast (Plain)	1s. 6d.	Tea (Plain)	1s. 6d.
Do. (Table d'Hôte)	2s. 6d.	Dinner (Table d'Hôte)	3s. 6d.
Bedrooms from 1s. 6d.		Attendance 1s. 6d.	

The Porters of the Hotel attend all Trains, and the Hotel Omnibus runs in connection with the Caledonian Canal Steamers.

D. DAVIDSON, Proprietor.



THE VICTORIA HOTEL, INVERNESS

On the Promenade leading to the Cathedral and Ness Islands.

THE VICTORIA is the best situated Hotel in Inverness, being the nearest to Canal Steamers, and the only first-class Hotel facing the River and Castle.

Omnibus attends Steamers and Trains.

JOHN BLACK, *Proprietor.*

SHANKLIN FOR SUNSHINE.

HINTON'S ROYAL SPA HOTEL,

The only Hotel on the Esplanade and facing the Sea.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

A SHELTERED and sequestered nook. Drawing Room, Conservatory, Flowers and Birds. Table d'Hôte at 7. Separate Tables. 50 Bed and Sitting Rooms. Billiards free of charge, and constant Amusements for Families residing in the Hotel.

PENSION { From 3 Guineas a week in Winter.
,, 3½ Guineas ,, in Summer.

MACBEAN'S
IMPERIAL HOTEL,
 INVERNESS.

The most central First-class Hotel in Town, and opposite to the Railway Station.

Large Dining
 Saloon
 accommodating
 90 Guests.
 Ladies'
 Drawing Room.



Billiard Room
 with
 Two Tables,
 Hot and Cold
 Baths, and
 upwards of
 60 Rooms.

The Hotel Omnibus attends all Steamers, and Porters await the arrival of Trains.

WINES AND LIQUORS OF SUPERIOR QUALITY.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

DROVER'S MARINE HOTEL,
 PARADE, WEST COWES.

JAMES DROVER, PROPRIETOR.

PLEASANTLY SITUATED, FACING THE SEA.

The Comfort of Visitors studied in every way.

N.B.—Board at low Rates during the Winter Months.

VENTNOR, I.W.

ESPLANADE BOARDING HOUSE.

Best position on Esplanade. Completely sheltered from North and East winds, with South aspect overlooking sea. Close to Pier. Good Bathing and Boating. Liberal Table.

Terms from 35s. to 3 Guineas per Week.

DERWENTWATER LAKE.

JEFFERY'S

"Blencathra" Family & Commercial Temperance Hotel

(*Opposite the Wesleyan Chapel*),

SOUTHEY STREET, KESWICK.

FIVE MINUTES' WALK FROM THE STATION.

PLEASANTLY situated, commanding extensive views of Mountain Scenery, recently enlarged and Refurnished. Ladies' Drawing-Room. Hot and Cold Baths. Posting in all its branches.

A 'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.

JOHN H. JEFFERY, *Proprietor.*

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

"THE LAKE HOTEL."

The only Hotel in Killarney situated on the Lake Shore.

It is essential to apprise Tourists that there is at Killarney but one establishment called **"THE LAKE HOTEL."**

IT is situate in the Bay of Casselough, on the Eastern Shore of the Lower Lake, in the centre of the varied scenery of the Lake, within ten minutes' drive of the Railway Station.

The waters of the Lake approach the Hall Door, and hence the distinctive title, **"THE LAKE HOTEL."**

Boats and Vehicles of every description supplied at fixed and Moderate Prices.

No Gratuities allowed to Drivers, Boatmen, etc., as they are paid ample wages by the Proprietor.

The Lake Hotel Omnibus attends the arrival and departure of the Trains.

NOTICE OF THE PRESS—*From Bradshaw's "Tourists' Hand-Book."*

"In point of situation, that of 'THE LAKE HOTEL' is, beyond question, the very best in the Lakes of Killarney. It occupies the centre of the circle described by the great mountain ranges of Mangerton, Torc, Eagle's Nest, Purple Mountain, Glenna, Toomies, Dunloe Gap, and Carranathual, and concentrates in one view all that is graceful, picturesque, and sublime in the scenery of Killarney."—*Bradshaw's "Tourists' Hand-Book," page 382.*

KILLARNEY

By Her Most Gracious Majesty's Special Permission.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

(Open throughout the Year.)

SITUATED ON THE SHORE OF THE LOWER LAKE.

Patronised by H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ;

by H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ;

by the Royal Families of France, Belgium, &c. ; and Leading American Families.

THIS Hotel is situated on the shore of the Lower Lake, facing the far-famed Island of Innisfallen, within ten minutes' drive of the Railway Station, and a short distance from the Gap of Dunloe.

TABLE D'HOTE DURING THE SEASON.

Boarding terms from October to June inclusive.

Postal Telegraph Office in the House. JOHN O'LEARY, *Proprietor.*

KILLARNEY LAKE DISTRICT.

THE MUCKROSS HOTEL,

COMBINED with strictly moderate charges, contains all that is necessary to promote the comfort and convenience of Visitors. It is situated in the most central and beautiful part of the Lake District, and within fifteen minutes' drive of the Railway Station, at which the hotel 'bus attends. Surrounded by pleasant walks and drives, many objects of great interest and beauty, this Hotel will be found a most desirable place to spend a few days or weeks.

Angling.—The Proprietor has arranged for the use of Visitors good Salmon Fishing. There is also good Salmon and Trout Fishing on the lakes, which are FREE, and Anglers can have boats from the Proprietor without charge.

Tariff and other particulars on application.

Please be particular to observe the 'bus you enter bears the name, *THE MUCK-ROSS HOTEL.*

LOCH-TAY,

KILLIN HOTEL,

PERTHSHIRE.

BY Callander and Oban Railway, thence per New Branch Railway to Killin in connection with Loch Tay Steamers. This Hotel is within two minutes' walk of the Railway Station, situated on the banks of the Lochay, at the head of Loch Tay, amongst some of the finest scenery in Scotland. A recently constructed road has now opened for the first time to Tourists, by Coach "GLENLOCHAY," the finest of the Perthshire Glens. Winding through the gentler beauties of its opening on Loch Tay, the traveller speedily reaches the mystic pass of the "Collig," which for sounding waterfall, frowning precipice, and pine-clad hills, equals, if it does not excel, the far-famed Trossachs. Farther onward, girt in by the mountain ridges of Glen Dochart, Glen Lochay, and Glen Lyon, the wild chaos forming the ancient Forest of Mamlorn, and lying under the shadow of the mighty Ben Hallum, there is found a scene of the most exquisite pastoral loveliness—

"The silence that is in the starry sky,

"The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Among the many places of interest are Finlarig Castle, Mausoleum of the Breadalbane Family, Inchbute, the Burial Place of the Clan M'Nab. English Church. Post and Telegraph Office close by. Lawn Tennis. Trout Fishing and Pleasure Boats FREE OF CHARGE. Posting establishment complete. A Coach will leave Killin Hotel daily for Glen Lochay, at 11.50 a.m., returning for North and South Trains and Steamers.

ALEXANDER STUART, Proprietor.

KINGSTOWN (CO. DUBLIN).

THE ROYAL MARINE HOTEL, KINGSTOWN.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

Faces Dublin Bay and Kingstown Harbour.

Two minutes from Royal Mail Packet Pier.

TWELVE MINUTES FROM DUBLIN BY RAIL.

LUGGAGE PER MAIL SHOULD BE LABELLED "KINGSTOWN."

KIRKWALL—ORKNEY ISLES.

THE KIRKWALL HOTEL.

WILLIAM DUNNET, Proprietor, begs to intimate that the Hotel has been recently enlarged, thus affording additional accommodation, comprising Coffee, Commercial, Billiard, and Smoking Rooms. Private Parlours, with comfortable, well-aired, and spacious Bedrooms. The Pleasure Grounds, adjoining the Hotel, are beautifully adorned with large trees, which shade the Bowling, Croquet, and Quoit Greens. The Hotel is situated within a few minutes' walk of the Pier, and in close proximity to the Cathedral and Bishop's Palace. Conveyances wait arrival of Daily Mail Steamer from Thurso. Gentlemen staying at this Hotel may enjoy Shooting and Fishing free of charge. Posting in all its departments.

LEAMINGTON.

ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA. MANOR HOUSE HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS for Families and Gentlemen. Surrounded by its most magnificently laid-out grounds, sloping to the River Leam, facing the Pump-Room Gardens, and in close proximity to both Railway Stations—thus making it one of the prettiest places of resort in the Kingdom. The Hotel has been considerably enlarged, furnished with all modern comforts, possesses the largest and handsomest Royal Assembly Room in the town. French Cuisine. Table d'Hôte at Seven o'clock. Prices moderate.

POSTING, &c. SPLENDID NEW BOXES FOR HUNTING.

ROBERT LAMPLOUGH, Proprietor
(Late Proprietor of the White Hart Hotel, Harrogate).



LIVERPOOL.
SHAFTESBURY
TEMPERANCE HOTEL,
 MOUNT PLEASANT.

About Three Minutes' Walk from Central and Lime Street Stations.

OMNIBUSES for the Landing Stage and all parts of the City either pass the door or near the Hotel. Over 100 Rooms. Cleanliness, Comfort, and Economy. Night Porter.

LL ANDUDNO.
THE IMPERIAL FAMILY HOTEL.
 (CENTRE OF BAY.)

IN consequence of the EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE which this Hotel has enjoyed since it was opened in 1872, it has been found necessary to ADD A NEW WING.

APARTMENTS *EN SUITE*

ELEGANT BILLIARD SALOON FOR THREE TABLES.

An Omnibus attends all Trains. EXCELLENT STABLING. Tariff on Application.

JOHN CHANTREY, *Proprietor.*

LLANGOLLEN.
EDWARDS' HAND HOTEL.

Unequalled for the Beauty of its Situation on the Banks of the Dee.

Several Bedrooms and Sitting Rooms have been added to the House to suit the requirements of Families visiting this delightful Neighbourhood.

TABLE D'HOTE, 6.30.

BILLIARDS.

Omnibuses from this Hotel meet all Trains.

THE LOCH AWE AND DALMALLY HOTELS,
 ARGYLLSHIRE.

THE scenery round these well-known Hotels is certainly the finest in the Highlands. Situations unsurpassed. The great centres for tourists. Numerous delightful Excursions by coach, rail, and steamer.

Capital Salmon and Trout Fishing, Boating, Tennis, Billiards, etc.

Visitors to Exhibition will find these Hotels central for numerous excursions.

DUNCAN FRASER, *Proprietor.*

LOCH AWE.

FREE TROUT, SALMON, AND SALMO-FEROX FISHING ON LOCH AWE. TAYCREGGAN HOTEL, NORTH PORTSONACHAN.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL for Families and Anglers, close to Loch Awe at Portsonachan, half an hour's sail from Loch Awe Station, and one hour's drive from Taynuilt Station. Replete with every convenience. Is the nearest First-class Hotel to Loch Awe, Loch Avich, Loch Nant, and ten other Hill Lochs, all Free to Visitors and mostly within easy walking distance, and some of which have been stocked with Loch Leven Trout, and can only be fished by staying at this Hotel. All Steamers call at the Hotel Pier. A Coach in connection with the Steamer "Countess of Breadalbane" leaves Hotel daily in the season, running through Glen Nant. Passengers booked for Taynuilt, Oban, Head of Loch Etive, and Loch Awe, *via* Pass of Brander. Baths. Good Boats. Best Fishing Tackle. Post Horses. Families Boarded. Lawn Tennis.

Telegraph Address—TAYCREGGAN, LOCH AWE.

A. & A. MUNRO.

PORTSONACHAN HOTEL

(LOCH AWE, ARGYLLSHIRE, N.B.),

IS beautifully situated (half an hour's sail from Loch Awe Station), and is the best angling station on the Lake.

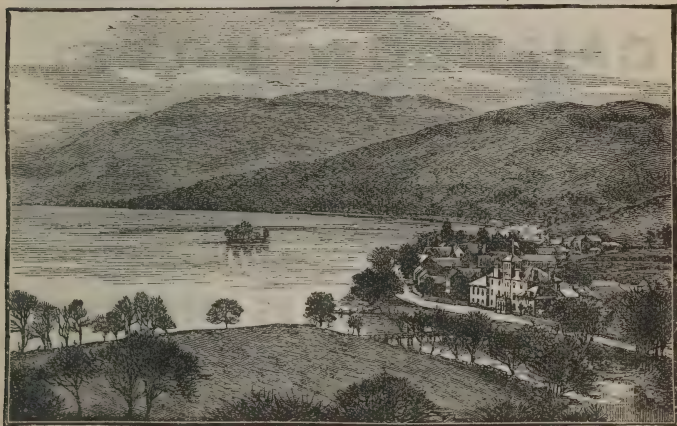
The Hotel was lately rebuilt, and is now replete with every comfort. The fishing, which is first class, is free. Commodious boats and experienced boatmen always available. The Hotel Steamer plys three times daily to Station. Numerous daily excursions from Hotel by Coach and Steamer.

Hotel Tariff free on application.

THOMAS CAMERON, *Proprietor*.

Telegraphic Address—"Portsonachan Hotel, Loch Awe."

DRUMMOND ARMS HOTEL, ST. FILLANS, BY GRIEFF.



THIS New and Commodious Hotel, beautifully situated at the foot of Lochearn, is well adapted for Families and Tourists. St. Fillans is one of the loveliest places to be met with anywhere. Boats for Fishing and Carriages for Hire. Caledonian Coaches pass daily during the summer months.

A. DAVIE.

LOCH EARN HEAD.

LOCH EARN HEAD HOTEL,

BALQUHIDDER, PERTHSHIRE.

12 miles by rail from Callander.

(Under Royal Patronage. Twice visited by the Queen.)

THIS Hotel, which has been long established, has excellent accommodation for Families and Tourists, with every comfort and quiet, lies high and dry, and charmingly sheltered at the foot of the Wild Glen Ogle (the Kyber Pass). It commands fine views of the surrounding Hills and Loch, the old Castle of Glenample, the scenery of the Legend of Montrose, in the neighbourhood of Ben Voirlich, Rob Roy's Grave, Loch Voil, Loch Doine, and Loch Lubnaig, with many fine drives and walks. Posting and Carriages. Boats for Fishing and Rowing free. A 'Bus to and from the Hotel for the Trains during Summer. **Coaches to and from Crieff daily in Summer.**

R. DAYTON.

The Callander and Oban Railway is now open. Parties breaking the journey here can proceed next morning with greater comfort.

LOCH FYNE.

**CAIRNDOW HOTEL,
HEAD OF LOCH FYNE.**

PARTIES staying at the Hotel can have excellent Salmon and Trout Fishing, free of charge, on the River Kinglass and Loch Restal. See pages 188 and 184 of *The Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide*. The Tarbet, Inveraray, and Oban Coaches pass the Hotel daily during the season.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES ON HIRE.WILLIAM JONES, *Proprietor*.

LOCH LOMOND.

BALLOCH HOTEL, FOOT OF LOCH LOMOND.

THE above Hotel is beautifully situated at the foot of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," and within two minutes' walk of the Railway Station. Visitors will find every comfort, combined with moderate charges.

First-class Billiard Room, Smoking Room, Hot and Cold Baths, &c.

Parties purposing to proceed by first Steamer up Loch Lomond would do well to arrive at the Hotel the previous evening.

Visitors staying at the Hotel have the privilege of walking through the Grounds and Flower Gardens of Mr. Campbell of Tullichewan Castle, and also permission to visit "Mount Misery," which commands 17 miles of the most beautiful portion of Loch-lomond—23 islands being comprised in the view. Trout and Salmon Fishing. Posting in all its branches. Boats for the Lake.

MRS. M'DOUGALL, *Proprietrix*.

LOCH LOMOND.

INVERNAID HOTEL.

THIS Hotel is centrally situated in the Scottish Lake District amidst unrivalled scenery. In the neighbourhood are many places of interest, such as Rob Roy's Cave, the islands on Loch Lomond, on some of which are the remains of feudal strongholds, and within a few yards of the Hotel, Inversnaid Falls, rendered famous by Wordsworth in his poem "To a Highland Girl."

Coaches to and from Loch Katrine in connection with all the sailings of the steamer there to and from the Trossachs.

LAWN TENNIS. BOATS. BILLIARDS, &c.

TROUT FISHING ON THE LOCH FREE.

Parties Boarded by Week or Month, except in August.

ROBERT BLAIR, *Proprietor.*

LOCH LOMOND.



TARBET HOTEL.

THIS Hotel has lately undergone considerable alterations with extensive additions, comprising Billiard Room, Sitting Rooms, Ladies' Drawing Rooms and Bed-rooms, &c.

Croquet.

Lawn Tennis.

A. H. MACPHERSON, *Proprietor.*

Parties Boarded on Moderate Terms.
Small Boats on the Loch, and Fishing Free.

Coaches to and from Inveraray, Dalmally, and Oban daily during the Season. Posting.



DALLAS'S DRUMNADROCHIT HOTEL, GLEN URQUHART, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

THIS old-established and well-known Hotel has been entirely rebuilt on a first-class scale, having now Thirty large Bedrooms, splendid Coffee and Drawing Rooms, besides Parlours, Smoking Room, Bath Room, and all conveniences. The House was specially built for an Hotel, and is newly and elegantly furnished in the most modern style, and Families and Visitors are now afforded first-class accommodation, combined with comfort and quiet, at moderate charges.

The Walks and Drives around Drumnadrochit are unrivalled for beauty, variety, and extent, while in the immediate vicinity is scenery made famous by Phillips, Millais, Shirley Brooks, John Bright, and others. Within convenient distances are Urquhart Castle, Falls of Dhivach, Dog Falls, and the famous Glen Affric and Strathglass.

Visitors staying at the Hotel have liberty to fish in Loch Ness, and other Fishing can be had in the neighbourhood.

**Posting complete in all Departments, and Conveyances, on Intimation,
will meet all Steamers.**

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

J. SIMPSON, Lessee.

Drumnadrochit Post and Telegraph Office within Two Minutes' walk of Hotel.

MR. MACBRAYNE'S STEAMERS CALL AT TEMPLE PIER DAILY.

LOCH LONG.

ARROCHAR HOTEL,

ARROCHAR, HEAD OF LOCH LONG.

One and a half miles from Tarbet (Loch Lomond).

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. Newly and elegantly furnished. Several Steamers call daily at Hotel Pier from Glasgow, etc. Coaches in connection with Inveraray, Dalmally, and Oban during the season. 'Bus meets arrival of all Loch Lomond Steamers at Tarbet Pier. Families, Tourists, and Artists will find this Hotel an excellent marine residence and a convenient centre for touring to the Trossachs and Western Highlands.

Good Sea-Fishing and Boating. Posting. Charges Moderate.

P. STALKER, *Lessee.*

ARMFIELD'S

SOUTH PLACE HOTEL,

FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.,

IS Unsurpassed for its Central Position and Easy Access from all parts of the Kingdom and Metropolis. With a high reputation for over thirty years. It has been recently enlarged, decorated, and refurnished, and now affords increased efficiency with modern comforts at a moderate tariff, as a First-class Temperance Hotel.

The Apartments, which are cheerful and comfortably furnished, consist of Coffee, Commercial, and Private Sitting Rooms, with about Seventy well-appointed and Airy Bedrooms. Ladies' Drawing Room select.

Well-ventilated Smoking and Billiard Rooms, for the use of Visitors, furnished by Burroughes & Watts.

Telephone 140. A Night Porter. Telegraph Armfield's, London.

Terms, &c., per return of post on application to the Proprietors,
JOSEPH ARMFIELD & SON.

Three minutes' walk from Broad Street, Liverpool Street, and Moorgate Stations.

LONDON.

RESIDENTIAL CLUB—THRALE HALL,

STREATHAM, S.W.,

LONDON'S healthiest suburb, with purest, bracing, yet balmy, air. Board and residence with comfort and elegance on very moderate terms by the day or week. Noble Reception, Reading, Smoking, Billiard, and Recreation Rooms. Corridors warmed in winter.

Hotel Breakfast, 7.45 till 10 a.m. Hot Luncheon, 1 p.m. Tea, 4.30, and unequalled "Table d'Hôte" (6 or 7 courses) at 7 p.m.

Enjoyable Entertainments, Frequent Dances, and Asphalt Tennis Court.

**HOTELS,
LONDON &
BRIGHTON.**

LONDON.
FAULKNER'S
LONDON ESTABLISHMENTS.

**Turkish Baths,
Newgate St.
& Hastings.**

CITY CENTRAL HOTEL, NEWGATE ST., AND PANYER ALLEY.
FAULKNER'S HOTEL, VILLIERS ST., STRAND.
GARDEN HOTEL, MIDDLE ST., BRIGHTON LARGE GARDEN
(50 Yards from the Sea).

HOME COMFORTS AND MODERATE CHARGES.

Tariff on application at 50 Newgate Street and at any Branch in London or Country.

HAIR-CUTTING SALOONS,
THE MOST COMPLETE IN LONDON.

BATHS (ALL KINDS), LAVATORIES, AND DRESSING-ROOMS.
HOSIERY, AND GENERAL OUTFITTING.
Hats, Brushes, Cutlery, Bags, Perfumery, etc., etc.

50 Newgate St., and 3, 4, and 5 Panyer Alley, E.C.; 26 and 27 Villiers St., alongside Charing Cross Station; White Rock, Hastings, Little Bridge St., Ludgate Hill; Fenchurch St. Railway Station; The Colonnade, Ramsgate Sands; National Rifle Association, Wimbledon; and at *Liverpool St. Station, G. E. Railway; *Broad St. Station, N. L. Railway; *Waterloo Station, L. and S. W. Railway; St. Pancras, and all Principal Stations on the Midland and North Staffordshire Railways. * No baths at these.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE HOTEL,
12 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.

H. G. CHALKLEY, *Proprietor.*

T. H. CHALKLEY, *Manager.*

A First-Class Temperance Hotel.

VISITORS to London will find this one of the most central positions from which, whether by Rail, Omnibus, or Tram, they can reach all parts. The Hotel is fitted with every modern improvement. The Public Rooms and Private Sitting Rooms are handsomely furnished, and the Bedrooms will be found most comfortable. Every attention paid to Visitors. Reduced Charges are made during the Winter Months, and liberal arrangements made with those staying a lengthened period.

A Porter is in attendance all night.

For Tariff of Charges apply to the Manager.—Telegraphic Address,

"Exterior, London."

VISITORS TO LONDON.
TRANTER'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

7, 8, 9 BRIDGEWATER SQUARE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

MOST CENTRAL FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.

Close to Aldersgate Street, Metropolitan Railway Station, and near St. Paul's Cathedral and General Post Office.

Homelike, Highly Respectable, and Quiet. Clean and well Ventilated Bedrooms, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. Breakfast or Tea from 1s. to 1s. 9d. NO charge for attendance.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

Private, Family, and Commercial, Recently Enlarged.

VISITORS' GUIDE TO LONDON, Regd.—What to see, and How to see it in a Week; and Tariff Card free on application to G. T. S. TRANTER, *Proprietor.*

LAMBERT,

JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS,

COVENTRY STREET, LONDON.

N.B.—WEDDING, BIRTHDAY,
AND COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.

S. FISHER, 188 STRAND.

THE
PERFECT
EMPTY
BAG.



THE
PERFECT
FITTED
BAG.

AND THE BEST BAG EVER INVENTED FOR
CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING.
LIGHT, STRONG, SECURE.

Catalogues Post Free.

THE SARACEN'S HEAD HOTEL,

SNOW HILL, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

Opposite the Snow Hill Station of the L. C. & D. Railway.

FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.

Omnibus and Railway communication with all parts of London immediately available. One of the most conveniently situated Hotels in the City.

M. H. WOODHILL, *Proprietor.*

Telegraphic Address—"WOODHILL, LONDON."

By
SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
TO



HER MAJESTY
AND
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

TURKEY, PERSIAN, & INDIAN CARPETS.

IMPORTED BY THOS. BONTOR & CO., LATE

WATSON, BONTOR, & COMPANY,

Carpet Manufacturers to the Royal Family,

35 & 36 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862; DUBLIN, 1865; AND
AMSTERDAM, 1883.

**Superior Brussels, Velvet, Saxony, and all other Carpets
in the Newest Designs.**

JURY'S HOTEL, LONDONDERRY.

TOURISTS, Families, and Commercial Gentlemen visiting the North of Ireland will find the above Hotel replete with every accommodation, combined with moderate charges.

A NIGHT PORTER ALWAYS IN ATTENDANCE.

Posting in all its Branches.

Omnibuses attend the arrival and departure of all Trains and Steamers.

GEORGE J. JURY, *Proprietor.*



LYNTON, NORTH DEVON.

THE ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL.

Patronised by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and other Members of the Royal Family.

The finest sea and land views in the world.

THIS Hotel, standing in its own ornamental grounds of about 12 acres, 500 feet above the level of the sea, overlooking the Bristol Channel, commands uninterrupted views of the Valleys of the East and West Lynn, Lynn Cliff, Brendon and Countisbury Hills, The Tors, the Village of Lynmouth, the Foreland, the Welsh Coast, and the far-famed Valley of Rocks. Having been under the management of the present Proprietor nearly 50 years, the Hotel has been recently and extensively enlarged to meet the requirements of modern society, and combines the comforts of a private house with the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. Elegant Suites of Private Apartments. New and commodious Table d'Hôte, Coffee Room, and Ladies' Drawing Room, facing the sea. Excellent Cuisine. Moderate Charges. In connection with this Hotel, and in the same delightful grounds, is a PRIVATE HOTEL and BOARDING HOUSE, which offers excellent accommodation for Families visiting this charming neighbourhood. New and convenient Stables.

Post Horses and Carriages of every description.

Coaches in the Season to Ilfracombe, Minehead, and Barnstaple.

THOMAS BAKER, *Proprietor.*

FIRST-CLASS EXMOOR PONIES FOR SALE.

LYNTON, NORTH DEVON.

THE VALLEY OF ROCKS HOTEL

(ESTABLISHED 1800).

In every respect First-Class and Complete.

DELIGHTFULLY situated in extensive ornamental Grounds 500 feet above the level of the Sea, with a full view of it, also the Foreland, the Tors, the valleys of the Lynns, &c. &c. Elegant Suites of Apartments, also Spacious Table d'Hôte and Coffee Rooms, Reading Rooms, and Ladies' Drawing Room. The most modern conveniences to secure home comforts, good fare, and prompt attention. Handsomely-fitted Billiard Room open during the Season for Residents in the Hotel only.

CHARGES MODERATE.

TARIFF FORWARDED ON APPLICATION.

Post Horses and Carriages.

JOHN CROOK, *Proprietor.*

MALVERN.

THE ABBEY HOTEL,

IN EXCELLENT SITUATION.

MOST COMFORTABLE FAMILY HOTEL.

Coffee-Room, Reading-Room, and Drawing-Room for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Table d'Hôte during the Season.

L. ARCHER, *Proprietor.*

Miss SCHNEIDER, *Manager.*

MALVERN.

THE FOLEY ARMS HOTEL*(Patronised by the Royal Family).*

"THE first time we visited Malvern, when shown into an upper chamber in the 'FOLEY ARMS,' we were literally taken aback. We can hardly say more than that the prospect struck us as far finer than from the terrace over the Thames at Richmond, etc., etc."—*Extract from article in "Blackwood," August 1884.*

Coffee-Room and Drawing-Room for Ladies and Gentlemen.

EDWARD ARCHER, *Proprietor.*MISS YOUNGER, *Manager.*

MANCHESTER.

GRAND HOTEL**COMPANY OF MANCHESTER, LIMITED.****AYTOUN STREET. PORTLAND STREET.***The Best Hotel in the City. Every modern convenience. Lift.**First-Class Cuisine and Cellar.*F. MOERSCHHELL, *Manager.*

MANCHESTER.

KNOWSLEY HOTEL,**CHEETHAM HILL ROAD***(Only a few Minutes' walk from Victoria Railway Station),*

WILL be found to possess all home comforts, and the Finest Wines, Oldest Spirits, and Brightest Beer, all at most moderate charges.

Parties staying a lengthened Period may make Special Terms.

Omnibuses to all parts of the City pass the door every few minutes.

R. KNOX, *Manager.*

MATLOCK BATH.

THE ROYAL HOTEL*(LATE OLD BATH).*

VISITORS to this Romantic County should make Matlock Bath their Headquarters.

Delightful walks and drives to all places of interest. Central and charming. This Hotel adjoins the pavilion and gardens. Newly furnished and fitted with all modern improvements. Table d'hôte. Lawn Tennis, Billiards, Fishing, Large Tepid Swimming Bath, free of charge.

Omnibus meets all Trains.*Tariff on application to J. A. HINTON, late of Castle Manx, Isle of Man.*

MATLOCK BATH, DERBYSHIRE. TYACK'S NEW BATH HOTEL,

Recently enlarged and newly furnished, adjoining the Pavilion Grounds. It affords every comfort and convenience of a first-class modern Hotel, and has Pleasure Grounds extending to 9 acres, commanding some of the finest views of Derbyshire. It has been long patronised by the best English and American Families. Private Sitting Rooms, Drawing Room, Smoke, and Billiard Rooms. A large Swimming Bath, Hot and Cold Baths. Lawn Tennis, Fishing. Balls weekly during the Season. Posting, Stabling.

BUS MEETS EACH TRAIN.

Terms Strictly Moderate, for which apply to the Proprietor,

T. TYACK.

Places of interest within easy reach daily by Rail or Coach :—
Buxton, Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Castleton, Dovedale, Wingfield Manor, Hardwick Hall.

MELROSE.

THE

WAVERLEY HYDROPATHIC.

ONE hour from Edinburgh, one and a half from Carlisle. Terms from £2 : 2s. per week. Summer, from £2 : 9s. Billiards, Bowling, Lawn Tennis, Trout Fishing in Tweed included. First-class Table.

For Prospectus apply to the Manager.

MELROSE.

THE ABBEY HOTEL, ABBEY GATE, AND GEORGE AND ABBOTSFORD HOTEL, HIGH STREET, MELROSE.

THE only first-class Hotels in Melrose, both overlooking the ruins, and only 2 minutes' walk from the Railway Station. The Hotel Buses attend all Trains. First-class Horses and Carriages for Abbotsford, Dryburgh, etc., can be had at both establishments.

G. HAMILTON, PROPRIETOR.

MOFFAT SPA.

ANNANDALE ARMS HOTEL.

TOURISTS and Visitors to this famous Watering-Place will find at the ANNANDALE ARMS first-class accommodation, combined with Moderate Charges. Commercial Gentlemen will find every attention to their convenience and interests. 'Buses meet the Trains at Moffat Station. A Summer Excursion Omnibus runs along the route, passing "Craigieburn Wood," Bodesbeck, Grey Mare's Tail—to St. Mary's Loch, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, in connection with a Coach to Selkirk.

OMNIBUSES PLY TO THE WELL EVERY MORNING.

Carriages of all kinds.

Job and Post Horses on Hire.

ROBERT NORRIS, *Proprietor.*

MONMOUTH.**VALLEY OF THE WYE.****THE KING'S HEAD HOTEL
AND POSTING HOUSE.**

THIS old-established Hotel, situate in Agincourt Square, the centre of the town, is replete with every accommodation for Families and Tourists, at Moderate Charges.

**A SPACIOUS LADIES' COFFEE ROOM,
AND A SUPERIOR BILLIARD ROOM.**

An Omnibus meets every Train.

JOHN THOMAS, PROPRIETOR.

MONMOUTH.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP,

AGINCOURT SQUARE, MONMOUTH.

Close to the King's Head Hotel and Beaufort Arms Hotel.

ANTIQUE PORCELAINS.

ANTIQUE PLATE.

ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

Collector.—HENRY T. SIMMONDS.

NAIRN.

ROYAL MARINE HOTEL*(Fifteen miles South of Inverness).*

Patronised by the Royal Family.

THE "BRIGHTON OF THE NORTH."

A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL for Families and Tourists at Moderate Rates. The House was specially built for an Hotel, and has undergone a thorough and extensive Repair, and is newly and elegantly Furnished in the most modern style, and contains numerous Suites of Private Rooms, including Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining Saloon, with Drawing Room; also Smoking Room, Billiard Room, &c. Over 70 Beds can be made up.

The Climate of Nairn is well known to be the best in Scotland, and is becoming yearly more and more a favourite resort of the Upper Classes and Tourists from all parts of the Kingdom. It is also in high repute with the leading Physicians of the country, who invariably recommend their patients in increasing numbers to secure the benefits of the dry and bracing air of the district.

Superior HOT and COLD SALT WATER BATHS in the Hotel, supplied by a powerful Steam Engine direct from the sea.

An Omnibus awaits the arrival of all trains. Posting in all its branches will be done in first-class style, and will be carefully attended to.

JOHN MACDONALD, *Proprietor*
(Late Lessee of the Station Hotel, Inverness).

OBAN.

COLUMBA HOTEL.

ON THE ESPLANADE.

FIRST CLASS.

NEAREST THE STEAMBOAT PIER,

AND ONLY

THREE MINUTES' WALK FROM
RAILWAY STATION.

'BUS NOT REQUIRED.D. C. MACMILLAN, *Lessee.*



OBAN.

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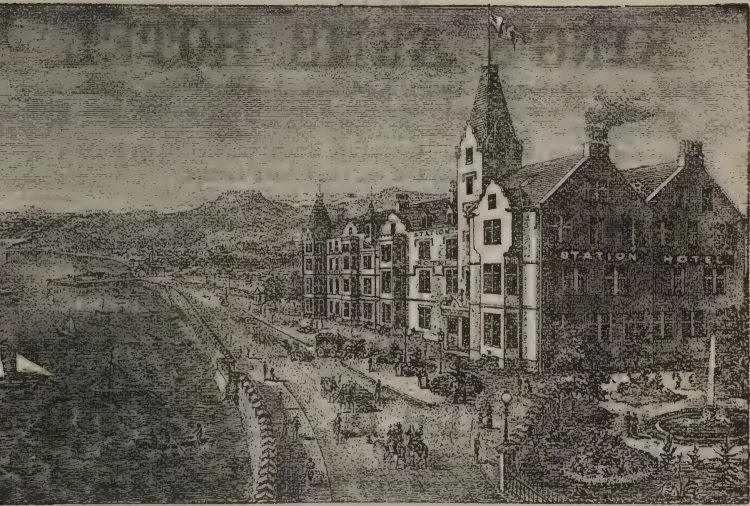
FIRST-CLASS HOTEL,

ON THE ESPLANADE, OBAN.

Stands within its own Grounds, and commands the Finest
View in Oban.

NEW BILLIARD ROOM. 'BUS FREE OF CHARGE.

L. G. M'ARTHUR, *Proprietor.*



OBAN.

THE STATION HOTEL.

FIRST CLASS.

NEAREST RAILWAY STATION
AND PIER.

VIEWS UNSURPASSED.

C. CAMPBELL, *Proprietrix.*

OBAN.

O B A N.

KING'S ARMS HOTEL

HAS a commanding sea view; is adjacent to the railway station and steamboat wharf; and possesses home comforts, combined with moderate charges.

LADIES' DRAWING ROOM. BILLIARD, SMOKING, and BATH ROOMS.

Parties boarded on moderate terms.

Tariff on application.

Table d'Hôte daily.

Boots waits the arrival of Trains and Steamers. Boat kept for fishing.

ALEX. M'TAVISH, PROPRIETOR.

O B A N.

A N G U S ' S

IMPERIAL HOTEL.

Immediately opposite the Steamboat Pier.

OBAN.

BLACK'S ARGYLL HOTEL.

(Under New Management.)

SITUATED ON THE ESPLANADE CLOSE TO THE STEAMBOAT PIER.

CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

D. MACDONALD

(Late of the Alexandra Hotel), Proprietor.

OBAN.

SUTHERLAND'S GREAT WESTERN HOTEL.

LARGEST AND LEADING HOTEL IN THE
WEST HIGHLANDS.

An Omnibus attends the arrival and departure of Trains and Steamers.

Visitors conveyed to and from the Hotel free of Charge.

OBAN.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

FIRST-CLASS TEMPERANCE—THE ONLY HIGH-CLASS IN CLOSE
PROXIMITY TO RAILWAY STATION, PIER, AND POST OFFICE.

Bedrooms 1s. 6d. and 2s. Teas and Breakfasts 1s. 6d. and 2s.

Dinners, à la carte, 2s. 9d.

Registered telegraphic address, "MACLACHLAN" Oban.

OXFORD.

RANDOLPH HOTEL,

IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY.

THE only modern built Hotel in Oxford, close to the Colleges and
Public Buildings, and commanding a fine open view down
Beaumont Street, St. Giles's Street, and Magdalen Street, opposite

THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.

*Handsome Suites of Apartments. Drawing Room, Billiard Rooms, and
every modern comfort and convenience.*

Excellent Wines imported direct from abroad.

CHARGES MODERATE.

GOOD STABLING AND LOOSE BOXES.

Visitors at this Hotel will meet with every attention and
consideration.

ADDRESS—THE MANAGER.

OXFORD.

THE CLARENDON HOTEL.

PATRONISED by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Their
Imperial Majesties The Emperor and Empress of Brazil, The Princess Frederick
Charles of Prussia, and Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte.

Situate in the most central part of the city, near the principal Colleges and places
of interest to Visitors. Families and Gentlemen will find the Hotel replete with every
comfort.

SPACIOUS COFFEE AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

PRIVATE SITTING AND BEDROOMS (*en suite*).

LADIES' COFFEE ROOM.

Guides always in Attendance.

Fashionable Open and Close Carriages.

Job and Post Horses. Good Stabling and commodious Coach Houses.

JOHN F. ATTWOOD, Proprietor.

OXFORD.

THE MITRE HOTEL,

Situated in the centre of the finest Street in Europe, is one of the most ECONOMICAL First-Class Hotels in the Kingdom.

PENZANCE.



QUEEN'S HOTEL.

ON THE ESPLANADE.

THIS Hotel has a frontage of over 170 feet, all the rooms of which overlook the sea. It is the principal and largest in Penzance. For Families, Ladies, and Gentlemen only. Penzance stands unrivalled for the variety and quiet beauty of its scenery, whilst the mildness of its climate is admirably adapted to invalids. Apartments *en suite*. Ladies' Drawing, Reading, and Coffee Rooms, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, Hot and Cold Baths. Table d'Hôte.

An Omnibus meets every Train.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

ALEX. H. HORA, *Proprietor.*

PENZANCE.

MOUNT'S BAY HOTEL,

ON THE ESPLANADE.

THIS old-established Hotel commands a better view of Mount's Bay than any other Hotel in Penzance, as all the windows in the front and at side have an

Uninterrupted and unsurpassed View of all the Bay and St. Michael's Mount.

THE HOTEL IS HEATED WITH HOT WATER. HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Choice Wines, etc. Post Horses and Carriages.

TABLE D'HOTE. PORTER MEETS EACH TRAIN. CHARGES MODERATE.

Terms and View on Application.

MRS. LAVIN, Proprietress.

PENSARN.

CAMBRIAN HOTEL,

ABERGELE.

Close to the Railway Station, Beach, and Lawn Tennis Grounds.

It is conveniently situated for the daily Welsh Circular Tours.

ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Proprietor.

BILLIARDS.

PERTH.

HENRY'S QUEEN'S HOTEL

Opposite the General Railway Station.

(OVER THE BRIDGE.)

THAT IS THE HOUSE TO GO TO.

PERTH.

POPLE'S ROYAL BRITISH HOTEL

(Opposite the General Station).

Patronised by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Duke of Connaught, and other Members of the Royal Family, and the leading Nobility of the Kingdom.

THIS Family Hotel has long stood pre-eminent; and the Proprietor would remark that the same care and unremitting attention, which are universally acknowledged by all who have patronised him, it will be his constant study to continue. *Telegraphic Address—POPLE, PERTH.*

PERTH.

SALUTATION HOTEL.

AT this old-established and well-known Hotel (under new management) Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and Families will find comfort and attention, combined with strictly moderate charges. Special terms for Cyclists.

BILLIARD ROOM WITH FIRST CLASS TABLES.

HOTEL 'BUS AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF TRAINS.

Orders by Letter or Telegram receive prompt attention.

W. CARGILL, Proprietor.

PLYMOUTH.

GRAND HOTEL.

(ON THE HOE.)

THE ONLY HOTEL WITH SEA VIEW.

Facing Sound, Breakwater, Eddystone.

MAIL STEAMERS ANCHOR IN SIGHT.

Public Rooms and Sitting Rooms, with Balconies.

JAMES BOHN, PROPRIETOR.

KYLES OF BUTE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT,

PORT BANNATYNE, BUTE, N.B.

UNRIVALLED as a Marine Residence. Situated 200 feet above the level of the Sea, commanding magnificent view of Loch Striven and the entrance to the Far Famed Kyles of Bute. Sheltered Walks within Policies. Every Home Comfort. Unsurpassed Salt, Fresh Water, and Turkish Baths. Climate during Winter free from fogs, and as mild as the South of England and Channel Islands.

Consulting Physician.—Dr. ANDREW J. HALL.

Lady Superintendent.—Miss MALCOLM.

Terms on Application.

ATHOLE HYDROPATHIC.

PITLOCHRIE, PERTHSHIRE.

THIS Palatial Establishment, after extensive alterations, extension of Tennis Courts, &c., will be reopened for the reception of Visitors on the **19th May**,

UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF THE

**Proprietor, W. MACDONALD, Royal Refreshment Rooms,
Perth Station,**

WHO WILL FORWARD PROSPECTUSES ON APPLICATION.



PITLOCHRIE.
FISHER'S HOTEL.
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL
 AND
POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

PARTIES wishing to see the magnificent Scenery in this part of the Scottish Highlands will find this Hotel (to which large additions have been made) most convenient, for in One Drive they can visit the

**Falls of Tummel, the Queen's View of Loch Tummel;
 The Far-Famed Pass of Killiecrankie;
 Glen Tilt; The Falls of Bruar, &c.**

Pitlochrie is on the direct route to Balmoral Castle, by Spital of Glen-shee and Braemar; and to Taymouth Castle and Kinloch-Rannoch, by Tummel Bridge.

Salmon and Trout Fishing on the Rivers Tummel and Garry, and on the Lochs in the neighbourhood.

EXCURSION COACHES

leave the Hotel daily during the summer season for Pass of Killiecrankie, Falls of Bruar, Queen's View on Loch Tummel, Kinloch-Rannoch, Glen Tilt, &c. Seats secured at the Hotel. Fares moderate.

*Job and Post Horses and Carriages of every kind,
 By the Day, Week, or Month.*

**ORDERS BY TELEGRAPH FOR ROOMS, CARRIAGES, OR COACH SEATS,
 PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.**

THE ROYAL HOTEL, PLYMOUTH.

*Two Lines of Railway from London and the North of England to Plymouth, viz.—
Great-Western and London and South-Western.*



EXTENSIVE POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

**SPACIOUS GENERAL COFFEE ROOM. RETIRING ROOM
FOR LADIES.**

Good Smoking Room for Gentlemen staying in the Hotel.

S. PEARSE, PROPRIETOR.

PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.

Half-way between London and Edinburgh, and London and Glasgow.

THE VICTORIA AND STATION HOTEL.

Close to the Railway Station. Established 50 Years.

Night Porter. Charges Reasonable.

GOOD STABLING AND COACH-HOUSES.

MISS BILLINGTON, *Proprietress.*

RHYL—NORTH WALES.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, FACING THE SEA.

RIPON, FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

UNICORN HOTEL AND POSTING HOUSE.

PATRONISED BY H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.

ONE of the Oldest Established Hotels in the North of England, and the principal in Ripon. To meet requirements it has been lately much enlarged and improved.

Orders by Post punctually attended to.

R. E. COLLINSON, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT, *Proprietor.*

ROTHESAY, ISLE OF BUTE.

(Opposite the Pier.)

THE BUTE ARMS HOTEL.

(UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.)

THIS Old-Established and First-Class Hotel affords excellent accommodation for Families, Tourists, and Commercial Gentlemen.

Charges Strictly Moderate.

PARTIES BOARDED BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

ROBERT SMITH, *Proprietor.*

ROTHESAY.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, WEST BAY.

*Established over Twenty-one Years.**Five Minutes' Walk from the Quay. On the Esplanade.*

MR D. M'PHERSON (for 29 years Lessee of the Argyll Arms Hotel, Inveraray) begs to announce that he has just succeeded to this OLD-ESTABLISHED and FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL, which comprises magnificent Dining Saloon (one of the finest in Scotland), Ladies' Drawing Room, elegant Sitting Rooms, Smoking and Billiard Rooms, Bath Rooms, and over FORTY Bedrooms—all furnished in the most modern style.

Tourists would find the QUEEN'S HOTEL a most suitable and convenient resort for breaking their journey, either going North or South.

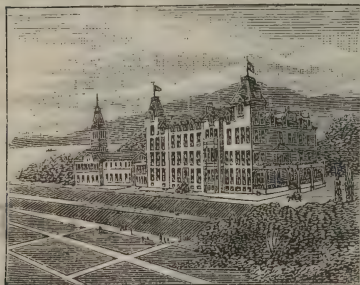
Several Pleasure Excursions can be had from Rothesay at convenient hours every forenoon by 'Columba,' 'Lord of the Isles,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'Gael,' 'Bonnie Doon,' 'Sultana,' and other Steamers, for Arran, Cumbrae, Campbeltown, Inveraray, Ardrishaig, Ayr, Arrochar (Loch Lomond), and other places on the Firth of Clyde; returning to Rothesay in the afternoon. A variety of beautiful Drives can also be had to various places of interest in the Island.

TABLE D'HÔTE AT 6.30. BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.

*Letters and Telegrams Punctually Attended to.***PARTIES BOARDED BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.**

ROTHESAY, BUTE.

GLENBURN HYDROPATHIC,



DELIGHTFUL Residence,
Climate mild, Protected
from East Winds.

Newly added—An additional Drawing-Room, with a Southern aspect, overlooking the Flower Garden, with over 20 new Bedrooms and Nursery for Children.

Large Handsome Recreation Hall, Music and Billiard Room, Lawn and Ash Tennis Court, Bowling, Boating, etc., etc.

The Baths—Turkish, Vapour, Salt, Russian, Medicated, Electric and Swimming—finest in Britain.

DR. PHILP, Resident Physician.

Under the Direction of Mr. PHILP, Proprietor of the Cockburn Hotels,
Edinburgh and Glasgow.

SALISBURY.



THE WHITE HART HOTEL.

The Largest and Principal Hotel in the City.

AN old-established and well-known first-class Family Hotel, nearly opposite Salisbury Cathedral, and within a pleasant drive of Stonehenge. This Hotel is acknowledged to be one of the most comfortable in England. Table d'Hôte at separate Tables from 6.30 to 8.30 P.M. daily.

A Ladies' Coffee Room, a Coffee Room for Gentlemen, and first-class Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Carriages and Horses of every description for Stonehenge and other places of interest. Excellent Stabling. Loose Boxes, etc.

Posting-Masters to Her Majesty.

Tariff on application to H. T. BOWES, Manager.

SCARBOROUGH.

THE ALEXANDRA HOTEL

ESTABLISHED 1864.

A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL—Detached—On the Cliff, with unrivalled Sea Views, and commanding most extensive and picturesque views of the surrounding country. Elegant Private Apartments. The Cuisine superior, and the Wines carefully selected, but visitors can use their own without extra charge.

FULL TERMS—

À la Carte ; or, Board and Attendance in Public Room, including bed,
10s. per day. *Per week, £3 : 3 : 0.*

Private Apartments, from two to six guineas per week, and Board and Attendance from 10s. 6d. per day, or £3 : 10 : 0 per week.

REDUCED TARIFF TO THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK IN AUGUST.

Board and Attendance, in public rooms, per week, £2 : 12 : 6.

Per day, 9s., and no charge for beds.

Full tariff, and particulars on application to

MISS CHANDLER, Manager.

SKIPTON.

THE DEVONSHIRE HOTEL.

AN old-established First-class Family and Commercial Hotel, in the centre of the Town. Parties visiting "BOLTON ABBEY" will find this Hotel within an easy distance; with comfort, superior accommodation, and moderate charges combined. Conveyances of all kinds on hire.

Billiards and Bowling Green.

AN HOTEL OMNIBUS MEETS THE TRAINS.

MRS. EDMUND WRIGLEY, *Proprietress.*

SKYE.

SLIGACHAN HOTEL,

Nearest House to Loch Coruisk.

BEAUTIFULLY situated at the foot of the Coolin Hills. Parties living in the Hotel have the Privilege of good Sea-trout fishing on the river Sligachan; also good Loch and Sea fishing. Boats free of charge. Boatmen, 4s. per day. Parties landing at Coruisk can have ponies or guides sent to meet them at Camasunary, or the Hill above Coruisk, by sending letter or telegram the day previous.

POSTING.

WM. SHARP, *Lessee.*

SOUTHPORT.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL.

FOR FAMILIES AND GENTLEMEN.

*ELEGANTLY APPOINTED. STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES
BOARDING ARRANGEMENTS.*

C. O. WILKINSON, *Manager.*

STIRLING.

ROYAL HOTEL.

THIS old-established First-Class Hotel is conveniently situated for Families, Tourists, and Commercial Gentlemen, being within three minutes' walk of the Railway Station. Carriages of every description kept at the Hotel. *Omnibus awaits all Trains.*

A. CAMPBELL, *Proprietor.*

THE
HIGHLAND SULPHUR SPA,
 STRATHPEFFER, ROSS-SHIRE.

These Waters are among the strongest in Europe, and are
 unrivalled in Great Britain in the treatment of

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

DISEASES OF THE SKIN,

AND

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

Superior Effervescing Chalybeate Spring,

UNIQUE IN THIS COUNTRY.

SULPHUR BATHS AND DOUCHES HEATED ON THE MOST APPROVED SYSTEM.

EXTENSIVE IMPROVEMENTS AND ALTERATIONS EFFECTED SINCE LAST SEASON.

SPLENDID PAVILION FOR BALLS, CONCERTS, ETC.

Resident Physician—Dr. FORTESCUE FOX, from London Hospital.

See Late Dr. MANSON'S Book, 5th Edition.

IMPROVED DRAINAGE AND WATER SUPPLY.

STRATHPEFFER.

BEN WYVIS HOTEL,

Two Minutes walk from Railway Station and

MINERAL WELLS AND BATHS,

CONTAINS SPLENDID NEW DRAWING AND DINING ROOMS,

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE APARTMENTS

(En Suite),

BILLIARD AND RECREATION ROOMS,

BOWLING AND TENNIS GREENS,

Amidst Scenery Unsurpassed in Scotland.

NEAR POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

POSTING.

APPLY THE MANAGER.

STRATHPEFFER.

SPA HOTEL.

THIS Old Established Hotel occupies one of the best situations in Strathpeffer, now considered the most popular Health Resort in the Country, within 5 minutes from the Spa Mineral Wells, Pavilion, Post-Office, etc.

It stands within its own Grounds, commands a particularly fine view of the beautiful scenery of the Strath, and is secluded enough to ensure to visitors the privacy and quiet of an ordinary Country Residence.

It has recently been enlarged, and now contains BILLIARD ROOM, HANDSOME DRAWING ROOM, and SPACIOUS DINING HALL, etc. The GROUNDS have been beautifully laid out with Sheltered Walks and TENNIS LAWNS, etc.

The Hotel is well-known as a First-Class home, is noted for the Excellence of its CUISINE, and unrivalled for cleanliness and comfort.

Omnibus and Boots attend all Trains.

*Telephone communication between Hotel and
Strathpeffer Station.*

**VISITORS CONVEYED FREE OF CHARGE
TO AND FROM WELLS.**

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Charges Strictly Moderate.

A. WALLACE, *Proprietor.*



TARBERT HOTEL,

ISLE OF HARRIS.

SALMON & SEA-TROUT FISHING FREE. SEA-FISHING.

ROBERT HORNSBY

BEGS respectfully to call the attention of Tourists, Anglers, &c., to his Hotel, where they will find every comfort and good sport. Parties living in the Hotel can get good Salmon and Sea-trout Fishing, or they can have Boats for Sea-Fishing. Various Lochs in connection with the Establishment. Post Horses and Carriages are kept for hire. The scenery of Harris is magnificent, including a view of St. Kilda, and the climate is extremely healthy.

The Steamer DUNARA CASTLE, from Glasgow, calls every week; and the Steamer CLYDESDALE, also from Glasgow, every fortnight.

The Lochs of the Island of Scalpa can be fished by residing at this Hotel, and Excursions can be arranged to all the outlying Islands.

The Shootings of the Island of Scalpay, &c., also Seal Shooting, are attached to the Hotel.

Yachts supplied with Stores and Fresh Vegetables.

Reading Parties taken in by the Week or Month.

TAYNUILT.

TAYNUILT HOTEL.

THIS Hotel is situated near Loch Etive, within two minutes' walk from the Taynuilt Station on the Callander and Oban Railway. Visitors have the privilege of Salmon and Trout Fishing on the River Awe.

JAMES MURRAY, *Proprietor.*

Post Horses, Carriages, &c.

TENBY.

ROYAL GATE HOUSE HOTEL.

THIS well-known Hotel is replete with every comfort for the reception of Families and Gentlemen, combined with moderate charges. The situation cannot be surpassed, commanding most extensive sea-views. Ladies' Drawing Room, Private Sitting Rooms, Bath Room, &c. Billiards. Excellent Stabling.

PENSION FOR FAMILIES AT REDUCED TERMS DURING WINTER SEASON.

Table d'Hôte at 7 p.m.

MISS BRIGHT, *Manageress.*

TENBY.

THE COBOURG HOTEL.

UNRIVALLED POSITION. FACING THE SEA.

Ladies' Drawing Room, Private Sitting Rooms, Hot and Cold Bath Rooms. Good Livery Stables. Tariff—From Three Guineas per week. Special Terms for Winter Season. Omnibus to all Trains.

JOHN B. HUGHES, *Proprietor.*

TINTERN ABBEY.

**BEAUFORT ARMS HOTEL,
TINTERN.**

A CHARMING First-Class Hotel, delightfully situated in its own Grounds, directly facing the noble Ruins of the Abbey.

Carriages meet all Trains at Tintern Station.

EMMA GARRETT, *Proprietress* { Beaufort Arms Hotel, TINTERN.
Beaufort Arms Hotel, CHEPSTOW

TOBERMORY (ISLAND OF MULL), N.B.
WESTERN ISLES HOTEL
 (FIRST CLASS).

Use of Boats for Fishing the famous Mishnish Lochs
 and Frisa, free of charge.

Beautiful Spot for a Family Resort.

Families and Gentlemen Boarded from £2:5s. per week until July
 ALBERT MÜNZER.

TORQUAY.

THE WESTERN HOTEL.

Personally Patronised by Members of the Royal Family.

The nearest Hotel to the Railway Station,
 Sands, and Bathing. Commanding
 Situation—free and open.



Equally suitable for a Summer as a
 Winter Resort.

Magnificent views from every window. Home Comforts. Excellent Cuisine and
 Wines. Baths. Tennis Courts. Billiard Room. Coffee and Public Drawing Rooms
 Table d'Hôte. Telephone. For Rooms, Tariff, &c., apply to the MANAGER.

THE TORQUAY
GRANVILLE MANSIONS BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT AND PENSION.
LATE THE HYDROPATHIC.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is conducted with a view to give every home comfort that
 Visitors may require. The situation is healthy, free from fogs, rarely any snow or
 frost seen. Its altitude is 250 feet above Torbay, over which there are very extensive
 views, equal to Italian Scenery. The Cuisine is good, all provisions being supplied
 from the Home Farm. A spacious Billiard-Room and Reading-Room supplied with
 daily papers. Saddle Horses. Boating and Fishing in deep sea if required. Torquay
 and Neighbourhood in the months of April, May, June, September, October, are simply
 delightful. The Establishment is patronised by the Medical Men of Torquay and
 District, and is under the careful supervision of a well qualified Lady and Gentleman
 For prospectus apply to the Manager.

W. BENNET DAW, Proprietor.

TOTLAND BAY, NEAR ALUM BAY AND FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT.

TOTLAND BAY HOTEL.

MAGNIFICENT SEA VIEWS.

COMFORT with Moderate Charges. Billiard Room. Bracing air, excellent Sands and Promenade Pier. Good Boating and Bathing.

Apply to MANAGER.

TOTNES.

THE SEYMOUR FAMILY HOTEL

And Posting House.

ON THE BANKS OF THE DART.

Patronised by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Omnibus meets all Trains and Steamboats.

G. & F. MITCHELL, *Proprietors.*

TYNDRUM.

ROYAL HOTEL.

JOSEPH STEWART, of Crianlarich Hotel, begs to intimate that he has taken a lease of the above First-Class Hotel, which, having been built within the last few years, contains superior accommodation, having large and lofty Bedrooms, Baths, etc., with excellent Public Rooms and Private Parlours, Billiard Room, Smoking Room, etc. The whole house has been beautifully furnished anew, and forms one of the most comfortable and healthful resorts in the Highlands. First rate Cuisine. Table d'Hôte Breakfasts and Dinners. Wines, Spirits, and Malt Liquors of best qualities. The outdoor attractions include splendid Lawn-Tennis Court, with nets and all appliances, Excellent Trout Fishing free of charge in Loch Nabea, Loch Dochart, and River Fillan. Boats and Boatmen in attendance. Parties boarded by week or month. Posting in all its branches. Within three minutes' walk of Railway Station.

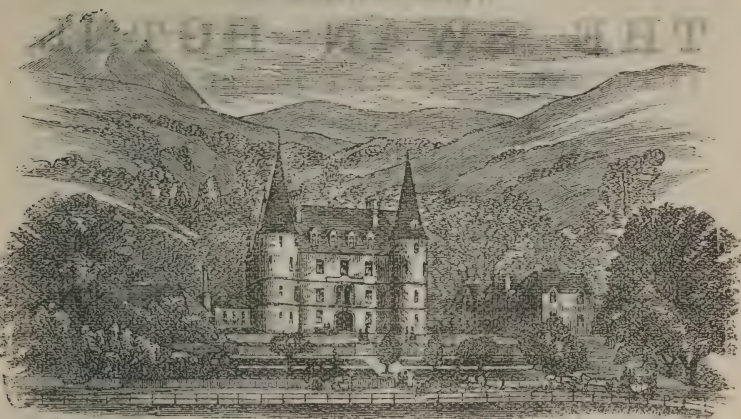
TROSSACHS.

STRONACHLACHER HOTEL.

(HEAD OF LOCH KATRINE.)

DONALD FERGUSON begs to intimate that he has lately completed extensive alterations and additions to his Hotel, and that it will be his constant endeavour, as heretofore, to secure every comfort and attention to Tourists and others favouring him with their patronage. It is the best Fishing-Station, and Boats, with experienced Boatmen, are always in readiness. During the Season Coaches run to and from Inversnaid in connection with Steamers on Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond.

Carriages and other Conveyances kept for Hire.



THE TROSSACHS HOTEL, LOCH KATRINE.

R. BLAIR, Proprietor.

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL is beautifully situated in the midst of the classic scenery of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and is the **ONLY HOTEL** in the Trossachs.

Parties staying for not less than a week can be boarded on **SPECIAL TERMS**, excepting from 15th July to 15th Sept.

During the season Coaches run from Callander Railway Station to the Trossachs, in connection with all Trains, and in connection with all Steamers on Loch Katrine. These Coaches all stop at this Hotel; giving passengers time to Lunch.

Excellent Fishing in Lochs Katrine and Achray. Boats engaged at the Hotel, and at the Boathouse Loch Katrine Pier.

BILLIARDS.

LAWN TENNIS.

Address **THE TROSSACHS HOTEL,**

Loch Katrine,

By CALLANDER, N.B.

R. BLAIR, Proprietor.

88 WELLS—YORK—HYDROPATHIC (MALVERN) ESTAB.—COACHES.

WELLS, SOMERSET.

THE SWAN HOTEL,

FACING, AND PRIVATE WALK TO, THE CATHEDRAL.

For Tariff of Charges, see the
"SWAN HOTEL VISITORS' GUIDE TO WELLS,"
price 6d., or to

MRS. GEORGE, *Proprietress.*

YORK.

HARKER'S YORK HOTEL,

ST. HELEN'S SQUARE.

THIS long-established First-Class Hotel occupies the most central and best Situation in the City, being nearest to the Minster, the Ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, and other objects of interest; is within five minutes' walk of Station and free from noise of Trains.

P. MATTHEWS, *Proprietor.*

GREAT MALVERN.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.

DR. RAYNER'S Hydropathic Establishment and Winter Residence, Great Malvern. Hydropathy, Electricity in every form, Massage, Droitwich Brine and Medicated Baths, and other curative agents. Aix Bath for the treatment of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, &c., as at Aix-les-Bains. Quiet rooms for the treatment of patients by the Weir-Mitchell method. Separate terms to Visitors not requiring medical treatment.

For Prospectus apply to T. RAYNER, M.D., as above.

THE

BRAEMAR, DUNKELD, BLAIRGOWRIE, AND GLENSHEE COACHES

WILL COMMENCE RUNNING ON 1st JULY,

Leaving BRAEMAR at 8 A.M., DUNKELD at 9 A.M., BLAIRGOWRIE at 11 A.M.,
every lawful day.

FIFE ARMS HOTEL, BRAEMAR, April 1887.

NORTH DEVON.

LYNTON AND MINEHEAD.

The Well-appointed Fast Four-Horse Coach

"LORNA DOONE"

Commenced running for the Season on the 25th April between Railway Station, Minehead, and Royal Castle Hotel, Lynton. For particulars see G. W. Railway Time Tables and Bills.

THOMAS BAKER JUN., Proprietor.

PRIVATE HOTEL, LYNTON.



LYNTON, LYNMOUTH, AND BARNSTAPLE.

The quickest route to London by three-quarters of an hour.

THE Well-Appointed Fast Four-Horse Coach "Tantivy" (carrying the Mails) runs daily throughout the year (Sundays excepted), in connection with the trains of L. and S. W. Railway, passing through some of the finest scenery in Devonshire.



UP.	Lynton	dep.	8 0 A.M.	DOWN.	Waterloo	dep.	9 0 A.M.
	Barnstaple	arr.	10 55 "		Barnstaple	arr.	3 21 P.M.
	"	dep.	11 3 "		"	dep.	3 40 "
	Waterloo	arr.	5 17 P.M.		Lynton	arr.	6 30 "

Through Tickets issued at all L. & S. W. Railway Stations.

Booking Office opposite Valley of Rocks Hotel, Lynton.

JONES BROS., House Agents, Lynton, Proprietors.

LONDON & SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY,
WATERLOO STATION, LONDON.

The Shortest and Quickest Route to the South-West and West of England, EXETER, BARNSTAPLE, BIDEFORD ("Westward Ho!"), ILFRACOMBE, NORTH and SOUTH DEVON, BUDE *via* HOLSWORTHY, TAVISTOCK, LAUNCESTON, PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, WEYMOUTH, SWANAGE, CORFE CASTLE, BOURNEMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH, STOKES BAY, and ISLE OF WIGHT. The only throughout Railway to Ilfracombe.

FAST EXPRESSES AT ORDINARY FARES, AND FREQUENT FAST TRAINS.

All Trains convey Third-Class Passengers.

CHEAP TOURIST AND EXCURSION TICKETS.

Through Tickets in connection with the London and North-Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways. Regular Mail Steam-Ships, *via* Southampton, to and from the CHANNEL ISLANDS, JERSEY, and GUERNSEY. Also Fast Steam-Ships for HAVRE, ROUEN, and PARIS, ST. MALO, CHERBOURG, GRANVILLE, and HONFLEUR. The Company's Steam-Ships are not surpassed in Speed or Accommodation by any Channel Vessels.

CHARLES SCOTTER, *General Manager*.

EAST COAST "EXPRESS" ROUTE.

GREAT NORTHERN AND NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAYS.*

SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS BETWEEN LONDON & EDINBURGH & GLASGOW.

LONDON & EDINBURGH 8 HRS. 55 MINS. TO GLASGOW IN 10 HRS. 20 MINS.

SPECIAL DAY EXPRESS TRAINS

run between Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, as under :

DOWN.				UP.			
KING'S CROSS	Dep.	10.0	A.M.	PERTH.....	Dep.	7.30	A.M.
EDINBURGH.....	Arr.	7.0	P.M.	GLASGOW.....	"	8.45	"
GLASGOW.....	"	8.20	"	EDINBURGH.....	"	10.0	"
PERTH.....	"	9.35	"	KING'S CROSS.....	Arr.	7.0	P.M.

THROUGH WEEK-DAY SERVICE

BETWEEN LONDON AND SCOTLAND BY EAST COAST ROUTE.

	DOWN.						Sat.	UP.						C
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	
KING'S X, Dp.	5.15	10.0	10.35	8.0*	8.30	10.30	8.30	WICK.....Dp.	12.10	8.0	
Edinburgh Ar.	3.40	7.0	8.38	4.55	6.15	9.55	6.15	Thurso....	12.25	8.10	
Glasgow..	5.20	8.20	10.25	6.20	7.45	11.15	7.55	Helmsdale	3.30	10.18	2.20
Stirling..	5.18	8.25	10.26	6.30	7.41	1.55	7.37	Golspie...	4.30	10.56	3.24
Oban.....	9.47	..	4.45	..	12.25	6.17	..	Inverness..	10.10	3.0	10.0
Perth.....	6.40	9.35	11.36	7.20	8.35	3.35	8.30	Aberdeen..	1.20	4.40	8.55
Dundee....	6.45	10.30	12.40	8.20	9.50	4.45	9.5		P.M.					
Aberdeen..	8.40	3.5	3.5	9.55	11.15	8.30	12.0	Dundee....	4.0	6.40	7.0	7.0	11.5	
Inverness..	..	8.5	8.5	11.50	6.5	..	1.30	Perth.....	4.20	7.35	7.30	7.30	12.0	
Golspie..	..	1.18	1.18	3.24	5.14	Oban.....	12.40	4.0	6.10	
Helmsdale	..	2.10	2.10	4.1	5.51	Stirling....	5.19	8.41	8.40	8.40	1.5	
Thurso....	..	4.40	4.40	6.0	7.50	Glasgow..	6.0	9.5	8.45	8.45	1.0	
Wick.....	..	5.0	5.0	6.10	8.0	Edinburgh	7.35	10.40	10.0	10.15	2.50	
A. Does not leave King's Cross on Saturdays or Sun-								KING'S X, Ar.	5.45	8.15	7.0	8.30	2.10	
days.									A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	

B. The train leaving King's Cross at 10.30 P.M. on Saturdays does not run north of Berwick on Sunday morning.

C. Not run from Inverness on Saturday nights.

Third-class tickets are issued by all trains, except the additional Special Scotch Express trains, from King's Cross at 10.0 A.M., and Edinburgh at 10.0 A.M.

It is intended that this train service shall be in force until 1st July, but from that date the night express train service will be altered, and additional expresses run between King's Cross and Scotland by East Coast route.

An additional day express will leave King's Cross at about 10.25 a.m. for Edinburgh. The down night service will be improved, and an additional train run from King's Cross. The 10.40 p.m. up express from Edinburgh will leave at 10.20 p.m. and be accelerated so as to reach King's Cross at 7.10 a.m. New express trains will leave Edinburgh at 12.40 noon and 10.40 p.m., and arrive at King's Cross 10.50 p.m. and 8.0 a.m. respectively.

* The 8.0 and 8.30 P.M. Express trains from King's Cross are in direct connection with the "Iona" and other West Coast Steamers.

PULLMAN CARS & SLEEPING CARRIAGES

are attached to the night trains.

Alterations may be made in the times of the trains from month to month, for particulars of which see the East Coast Railways' Monthly Time Books.

Conductors in charge of through luggage travel with the Express trains leaving London at 10.0 and 10.35 A.M., 8.0 and 8.30 P.M.; and Perth at 4.20 P.M. and 7.30 A.M.; and Edinburgh at 10.0, 10.15 A.M., 7.35 P.M., and 10.40 P.M.

EAST COAST ROUTE.

GREAT NORTHERN AND NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAYS.

TOURIST TICKETS.—From 16th May to 31st October, 1st, 2d, and 3d class tourist tickets, available for return, without extra payment, until 31st December 1887, will be issued from London (King's Cross, G.N.R.), 111 Strand, 285 Oxford Street, at the Offices of Messrs. Swan & Leach, 32 Piccadilly Circus, and 3 Charing Cross; and at Victoria (L. C. & D.), Moorgate Street and Finsbury Park Stations, etc., etc., to the under-mentioned stations in Scotland, at fares as under:—

FARES FROM KING'S CROSS.

	1st class		2d class		3d class			1st class		2d class		3d class	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
aBERWICK . . .	94	0	75	4	49	6	ST. ANDREWS . .	121	9	88	10	56	0
aMELROSE, <i>via</i>							COLDSTREAM . .	96	8	76	0	50	0
Hexham . . .	99	6	74	9	50	0	DUNDEE . . .	125	3	90	8	56	0
PEEBLES . . .	104	9	50	0	ARBROATH . .	128	3	92	2	56	0
aEDINBURGH . .	109	6	79	9	50	0	MONTROSE . .	133	0	94	6	56	0
FORFAR . . .	130	3	93	8	56	0	BRECHIN . . .	133	0	94	6	56	0
GLASGOW . . .	110	3	81	2	52	0	ABERDEEN . .	133	6	94	9	56	0
HELENSBURGH .	112	9	82	4	52	0	BALLATER . .	143	3	105	3	62	10
LARBERT . . .	112	0	82	0	52	0	PITLOCHRY . .	131	2	93	6	56	0
STIRLING . . .	114	3	83	10	53	6	STRUAN . . .	134	4	95	10	57	10
BRIDGE OF ALLAN	115	0	84	6	54	0	BOAT OF GARTEN						
DUNBLANE . .	115	6	84	9	54	0	GRANTOWN . .	147	6	103	9	60	0
CALLANDER . .	118	6	54	0	KEITH . . .						
CRIEFF . . .	121	6	88	8	54	0	ELGIN . . .	148	6	104	3	60	0
KILLIN . . .	121	0	59	0	INVERNESS . .						
DALMALLY . .	129	9	62	0	NAIRN . . .	150	0	105	0	60	0
LOCH AWE . .	130	3	62	6	FORRES . . .						
CONNEL FERRY	131	9	63	6	DINGWALL . .	150	0	108	11	63	1
TAYNUILT . .	131	3	63	0	STRATHPEFFER	151	3	109	11	63	8
OBAN, <i>via</i> Dalmailly	132	3	64	0	ACHNASHEEN .	157	6	112	6	67	6
OBAN, <i>via</i> Glasg							STROME FERRY	164	9	117	4	70	0
or Helensburgh	130	3	101	2	63	0	LAIRG . . .	160	0	115	0	70	0
OBAN, Circ. Tour	131	3	63	6	GOLSPIE . . .	165	0	118	9	72	6
PERTH . . .	123	3	88	8	54	0	HELMSDALE . .	170	0	122	6	75	0
DUNKELD . .	127	8	90	10	54	0	THURSO . . .	184	6	133	9	83	0
ABERFELDY . .	132	3	94	4	56	10	WICK . . .	186	9	135	4	84	0

From Victoria (L. C. & D.) and Moorgate, 8d. 1st, and 6d. 2d class, will be added to the King's Cross fares, except to Berwick. a Tickets are also issued from Broad St. to Berwick, Melrose, and Edinbro' at fares as follows:—Berwick, same as from King's Cross; Melrose and Edinbro', 8d. 1st, and 6d. 2d class, higher than King's Cross.

BREAK OF JOURNEY.—Passengers may break their journey, both ingoing and returning, at Peterboro'; also at Grantham or Doncaster to enable them to visit Lincoln Cathedral, paying the ordinary fares between those places and Lincoln, and at York to enable them to visit Harrogate, Scarborough, and the East Coast watering-places, and also at Darlington, Durham, Newcastle (for Newcastle Exhibition),* Bilton, and Belford, resuming it by trains having carriages attached corresponding to the class of ticket held; also at Berwick or any station north of Berwick on the routes by which the tickets are available. Passengers for places north of Edinburgh and Larbert may break the journey in Edinburgh and at Glasgow, and also at any station at which the train ordinarily stops. Tickets between Great Northern stations and places north of Larbert are available at Edinburgh and also at Glasgow. Passengers breaking the journey at Glasgow may travel to or from the north *via* Greenhill or Polmont without additional payment, provided they make use of N. B. Co.'s trains to and from Glasgow (Queen St. station). The journey can be broken both going and returning, and without restriction as to period, except that the return journey must be completed within the time for which the ticket is available. Passengers with tickets for Melrose are also at liberty to break the journey at St. Boswell's for Dryburgh Abbey. The above facilities and arrangements, as regards passengers breaking their journey, apply equally to 1st, 2d, and 3d class.

* The Royal Mining and Engineering, etc. etc., Exhibition at Newcastle will be open from 11th May until 31st October. The Royal Agricultural Show will be at Newcastle from July 11th to 15th. The holders of through tickets to Scotland may break the journey at Newcastle when going north and when returning to the south.

For further information apply at the Offices of the East Coast Ry. Cos. in Edinburgh, 9 Princes St.; Glasgow, 32 West George St.; Perth, General Station; Dundee, 33 Cowgate; Aberdeen, 28 Market St.; Inverness, 6 Academy St.; Oban, Bank of Scotland Buildings (Mr. J. Stuart).

LONDON & NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.

West Coast Royal Mail Route between England & Scotland

Via PRESTON AND CARLISLE.

TRAIN SERVICE—1st, 2d, and 3d Class by all Trains.

STATIONS.	WEEK-DAYS.								SUNDAYS.		
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	ngt†	p.m.	p.m.	nght
London (Euston)...dep.	5.15	7.15	10.0	10.10	8.0	8.50	10.0	12.0	8.50	10.0	12.0
Birmingham (New St.)..	7.30	8.50	12.0	12.0	10.15	10.15	12.5	3.10	10.15	10.15	3.10
Liverpool (Lime Street)	9.40	11.10	1.45	3.45	11.40	12.45	..	2.35	12.45	..	2.35
(Exchange) ..	10.7	11.35	2.20	3.25
Manchester (Exchange) ..	10.0	11.5	2.0	4.0	11.40	1.0	1.0
(L. and Y.)..	10.0	11.10	1.45	3.25
Moffat	2.47	4.27	6.52	7.22	11.7	..	7.22	11.2
Edinburgh (Princes Street) ..	4.15	5.50	8.0	10.5	..	6.55	9.0	12.52	6.55	9.0	12.52
Glasgow (Central Station) ..	4.25	6.0	8.0	10.15	6.0	7.5	9.15	1.5	7.5	9.14	1.5
Greenock	5.38	7.13	9.3	11.57	7.5	8.45	*10.43	2.46	8.45	10.43	2.46
Stirling	5.34	..	8.25	10.45	6.30	7.41	*9.50	1.57	7.56	9.50	1.57
Oban	9.47	4.45	..	12.25	..	6.17	12.25	..	6.17
Perth	6.45	..	9.35	11.50	7.20	8.55	*11.10	3.35	8.50	11.10	3.35
Dundee	7.30	..	10.30	12.40	8.20	9.50	*12.5	4.45	10.0	12.5	4.45
Aberdeen	10.0	3.5	9.55	12.0	*2.15	8.30	12.0	2.15	8.30
Inverness	8.5	11.50	*6.5	*6.5	..	6.5	6.5	..

No connection to places marked (*) on Saturday nights. † Not on Saturday nights from London.

UP TRAINS.		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
INVERNESS	dep.	..	10.0	10.10	..	3.0	..	10.10	..
Aberdeen	a.m.	..	8.55	12.30	..	4.40	..	12.30	..
Dundee	7.40	..	11.5	3.30	..	6.40	..	3.10	..
Oban	6.10	12.40	..	4.0
Perth	8.30	..	12.0	4.13	..	7.30	..	4.4	..
Stirling	9.30	..	1.5	5.0	..	8.30	..	5.5	..
Greenock	9.0	9.5	1.10	5.0	8.5	..	9.0	5.0	..
Glasgow (Central Station)	6.0	10.0	11.0	2.15	5.50	9.5	..	10.5	5.50	9.5
Edinburgh (Princes Street)	6.0	10.0	11.0	2.25	6.0	9.10	..	10.10	6.0	9.10
Moffat	7.0	10.30	12.35	3.55	6.20
Manchester (Exchange) arr.	12.36	4.20	6.0	8.55	3.35	3.35	4.40	..	3.50
(L. and Y.) ..	12.15	3.55	5.25	8.45	12.12	12.30	..
Liverpool (Lime Street) ..	12.35	4.35	5.40	9.15	12.20	3.45	3.45	4.50	12.0	3.55	..
(Exchange) ..	12.17	3.52	5.30	8.50
Birmingham (New St.) ..	2.40	6.13	8.10	11.25	2.32	5.45	5.45	..	2.32	5.45	..
London (Euston)arr.	4.20	p.m.	p.m.	..	3.50	a.m.	a.m.	..	3.50	a.m.	..

This Train Service will be in force until 1st July, but from that date the Train Service will be altered and additional Fast Express Trains run between England and Scotland by the West Coast Route. Full particulars will be duly announced in the Company's Time Books and Bills.

Through Guards and Conductors travel by the principal day and night Express Trains.

DRAWING-ROOM SALOONS, without extra charge, fitted with Lavatory accommodation, and furnished with every modern convenience, are run between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow by the train leaving Euston at 10 a.m., returning from Edinburgh and Glasgow by 10 a.m. Up Express. Carriages with Lavatories are also run on all the principal Express and Fast Trains between England and Scotland.

IMPROVED SLEEPING SALOON CARRIAGES, lighted with gas, comfortably heated, and provided with Pillows, Sheets, Blankets, Rugs, Lavatories, etc., are attached to the Night Trains from and to London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, Perth, etc., the charge for each Berth being 5s. in addition to the ordinary First-Class Fare. Separate apartments are reserved for ladies travelling alone. Saloons, Family Carriages, Reserved Compartments, and all other conveniences necessary to ensure comfort on the journey, can be arranged upon application to Mr. G. P. NEELE, Superintendent of the L. & N.-W. line, Euston Station, London; Mr. IRVINE KEMPT, General Superintendent, Cal. Rail., Glasgow; or to any of the Station-Masters at the Stations on the West Coast Route.

1ST, 2D, AND 3D CLASS TOURIST TICKETS

Available from date of issue up to and including 31st December 1887,
ARE (DURING THE SEASON, MAY 16TH TO OCTOBER 31ST) ISSUED FROM

LONDON and all Principal Stations in ENGLAND

TO CHIEF TOURIST RESORTS & PLACES OF INTEREST IN SCOTLAND.

For full particulars see the "*West Coast Tourist Guide*" (with Maps, price 3d.), which can be obtained at all Stations.

BREAK of JOURNEY.—Passengers may break their journey, either going or returning, at Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Crewe, Warrington, Wigan, Preston, Lancaster, Carnforth, Oxenholme (to enable them to visit Windermere and the other Lakes), Shap, Penrith, Carlisle, and at any intermediate Station on the direct route between Carlisle and their destination in Scotland. Passengers may also break their journey at Kenilworth, as also at Leamington (for Stratford-on-Avon) and at Lichfield. Passengers from London and Stations South of Crewe will be allowed to proceed to and break the journey at Manchester (for the purpose of visiting the Jubilee Exhibition) without extra payment. Tourists breaking the journey at any Station when travelling in the outward direction are required to produce both the outward and return halves of their tickets.

TOURIST TICKETS issued by the West Coast Route to Stirling, Oban, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other Stations north of Larbert, entitle the Passengers either to travel direct to the North, or first to visit Edinburgh and then Glasgow, travelling by the Caledonian Line throughout, thus:—To Edinburgh, *via* Carstairs: from Edinburgh (Princes St.) to Glasgow, *via* Caledonian Line; from Glasgow to the North, *via* Caledonian Line, and *vice versa* on return. Tickets are also issued entitling the holders to travel *via* Carstairs and Edinburgh, break the journey at the latter place, and proceed thence to Larbert, starting from the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, and travelling *via* Linlithgow, returning by the same route. Passengers must state at the time of booking by which route they elect to travel, and obtain Tickets accordingly. Passengers holding Tourist Tickets to Montrose, Brechin, Aberdeen, and Stations north of Guthrie, may travel *via* Forfar or *via* Dundee, in either direction.

DINING.—The Down and Up Day Expresses wait 20 minutes at PRESTON to enable Passengers to dine, and Hot Dinners are provided, 2s. 6d. each—No fees. Special Dinners will be provided for Family Parties, on notice being given to the Conductor at Crewe on the Down journey, and at Carlisle on the Up journey.

LUNCHEON-BASKETS are supplied to Passengers in the Trains at the Euston, Bletchley, Rugby, Nuneaton, Stafford, Crewe, Preston, and Carlisle Stations, at the following charge:—Baskets containing half a chicken, with ham or tongue, or a portion of cold beef, salad, ice, bread, cheese, butter, etc., with either half a bottle of claret, two glasses of sherry, or a pint bottle of stout, 3s. HOT LUNCHEONS, consisting of fillet of beef or mutton chop, fried potatoes, bread, etc., can be supplied to Passengers in the Trains at Crewe, Rugby, and Stafford, on giving notice to the guard of the train at the preceding stopping stations. The charge for the hot luncheon is 3s. with wine or beer, and 2s. 6d. without. Luncheon-Baskets are provided at Perth for the convenience of Passengers travelling by the West Coast Route.

OMNIBUSES FOR USE OF FAMILY PARTIES travelling by the West Coast Route.—The L. and N.-W. Ry. Co. provide, when previously ordered, Omnibuses capable of carrying six persons inside and two outside, with the usual quantity of luggage, to meet trains at Euston Station. The Omnibuses will also be sent to the hotels or residences of parties leaving London by L. and N.-W. Ry. on application being made to the Station-Master at Euston, stating the train by which it is intended to leave Euston. The charge for the use of an Omnibus will be as follows:—For distances under six miles, 1s. per mile; for distances six miles and over, or when two horses are used at the request of a Passenger, 1s. 6d. per mile, except when a large bus is used, when the charge is 2s. per mile. Passengers from Scotland, by the West Coast Route, travelling by the Limited Mail or other Through Scotch Trains from Perth, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Stations South, can secure these Omnibuses to meet the Trains on arrival at Euston Station, by giving notice to the respective Station-Masters before starting. The Omnibuses can generally be obtained on arrival of the Train at Euston, even though not previously ordered.

FAMILY LUGGAGE.—Arrangements have been made in London and other large towns for carting to the Station, at low rates, the luggage of Families travelling by the L. & N.-W. Ry., and also for forwarding such luggage by Passenger Train in advance.

THE LIMITED MAIL AND HIGHLAND EXPRESS TRAINS travel by the "West Coast Route," and are in connection with the Mail Coaches to the outlying districts of the Highlands. These Trains have been accelerated between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow; and additional accommodation and increased facilities are afforded to Passengers travelling by them. May 1887. By Order.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, "VIA SETTLE AND CARLISLE."

AN IMPROVED SERVICE OF EXPRESS AND FAST TRAINS

has been established between the Midland System and Scotland by this route.

Passengers between London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow are conveyed in *Through Carriages* of the most improved description, fitted with an efficient continuous Automatic Brake and all the most approved modern appliances, and *Through Guards* accompany the principal trains in charge of Passengers' luggage. *Return Tickets* between Stations in England and Stations in Scotland are available for One Calendar Month.

LONDON.—A Morning Express Train runs from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow, and also from Glasgow and Edinburgh to London, with a PULLMAN PARLOUR CAR to and from Glasgow (and Edinburgh during the Summer months). A Night Express Train runs in each direction between the same places, with PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS attached.

WEST OF ENGLAND.—For the convenience of Passengers to and from the West of England and Scotland, a New Service of Express Passenger Trains has been established to and from Bristol, Bath, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Worcester, and Birmingham, in connection with the Through Service between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow.

DINING ARRANGEMENTS.—The Up and Down Day Express Trains stop *half-an-hour* at *Normanton* to enable Passengers to dine, a spacious and comfortable Dining Room having been provided. Table d'Hôte of five Courses with Dessert, 2s. 6d. each—no fees.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.

A SPECIAL SERVICE of Express Trains has been established between LONDON and MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL (*via* DERBY and MATLOCK). Passengers travelling by this route pass through the most picturesque portion of the Peak of Derbyshire and the Vale of Matlock.

PULLMAN PARLOUR AND SLEEPING CARS are run by this route. Passengers holding First-Class Tickets are allowed to ride in the Pullman Cars attached to the Day Express Trains *without extra payment*. For Berths in Sleeping Cars a small extra charge is made in addition to the First Class fares.

A PULLMAN DINING SALOON CAR is also attached to the Express Trains leaving London (St. Pancras) at 5 P.M. for Manchester and Liverpool; and Manchester (Central) at 5 P.M. for London. Passengers leaving Liverpool at 4.40 P.M. can join the Dining Car from Manchester at Derby. No extra charge beyond the sum payable for the Dinner is made. *Table d'Hôte, Luncheon, &c.*, served en route.

OMNIBUSES.—*Small Omnibuses*, capable of carrying Six Persons inside and Two outside, and *Large Omnibuses*, drawn by two horses and capable of carrying Ten or Twelve persons, are supplied when *previously ordered*, to meet the Express and other principal Trains at the St. Pancras Station. The usual weight of Luggage is allowed. The Omnibuses are also sent to the Hotels or Residences of *parties leaving London by Midland Railway*, or to any of the Railway Termini, on application being made to the Station-master at St. Pancras, stating the Train by which it is intended to leave St. Pancras.

The charge for the use of a Small Omnibus is 1s. per mile, with a minimum charge of 3s.; for distances over 6 miles, or when two horses are required, the charge is 1s. 6d. per mile, with a minimum charge of 4s. 6d.; and larger Omnibuses are charged 2s. per mile, minimum charge 6s.

Two-horse Omnibuses ply between *St. Pancras Station* and *Hotel*, and *Charing Cross* and *Waterloo Stations*, on week days only. The Omnibuses meet the Principal Trains, and Passengers holding Through Tickets between Stations on the Midland and South-Eastern and London and South-Western Railways, are conveyed across London *Free of Charge*, other Passengers being charged 3d. each.

BELFAST, BY THE SHORT SEA MAIL ROUTE *via* BARROW.

THE capacious Docks of Barrow, situated within the ancient Harbour of Piel, under the shelter of Walney Island, are open for traffic, and the Swift and Powerful First-class Paddle Steam Ships "DONEGAL," "LONDONDERRY," "ARMAGH," or other First-class Vessels, sail between Barrow (Ramsden Dock) and Belfast (weather permitting) in connection with through Trains on the Midland and Furness Railways; and through Tickets to Belfast, in connection with the Boat, are issued from London and all principal Stations on the Midland Railway—Return Tickets are available for One Calendar Month, and in the summer for Two Calendar Months.

Passengers to or from London, and other Stations south of Leicester, may break

ing, Luton, and Bedford, and they may also travel *via* Birmingham, and break the journey at that place. Passengers to or from Stations west of Birmingham may break the journey at Furness Abbey, Leeds, Derby, or Birmingham; and Passengers to or from Stations on the North-Eastern Railway at Leeds or Furness Abbey, taking care that from any of those places they proceed by Midland Trains.

BELFAST *via* STRANRAER AND LARNE.

Passengers are also booked through to Belfast by the Shortest Sea Route *via* Carlisle, Dumfries, Stranraer, and Larne. A SLEEPING CAR and THROUGH CARRIAGE are run between London (St. Pancras) and Stranraer in connection with the Steamers, by the Trains leaving St. Pancras at 8.25 p.m. (Saturdays excepted), and Stranraer Harbour at 8.40 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted). On Sundays the Through Carriages and Pullman Sleeping Cars are run on the 9.15 p.m. trains from St. Pancras. For Berths in Sleeping Car a small extra charge is made in addition to the First Class fares.

TOURIST TICKETS.—SCOTLAND.

During the summer months 1st and 3rd Class Tourist Tickets are issued from London (St. Pancras) and principal Stations on the Midland Railway to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Oban, Melrose, Dumfries, Ayr, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other principal places of interest.

Saloon, Family, and Invalid Carriages can be obtained for the use of parties travelling to and from Scotland by the Midland Route, by giving a few days' notice to the Station-master at any of the principal Stations, or to the Superintendent of the Line, Derby.

MORECAMBE AND THE ENGLISH LAKES.

MORECAMBE, WINDERMERE, AMBLESIDE, GRANGE, FURNESS ABBEY, SEASCALE, RAVENGLASS, PENRITH, KESWICK, and TROUTBECK.

Every Friday and Saturday, during the Summer Months, Cheap Excursion Tickets to Morecambe are issued from Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, Masboro', Barnsley, Normanton, Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Skipton, and principal intermediate points, available to return on the *Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday after date of issue.*

Tickets at Cheap Fares are also issued from the same places to Morecambe on Fridays and Saturdays, available to return on any day up to the following Monday week.

For Dates, Fares, and further particulars, see Tourist Programmes and Special Hand-bills.

MATLOCK AND BUXTON.

Tourist Tickets are issued from principal Stations on the Midland Railway, and Lines in connection, to Matlock and Buxton.

Passengers holding Tickets to Buxton are allowed to break the journey at principal places of interest on the Line between Matlock and Buxton.

RETURN TICKETS at Low Fares will be issued from certain stations to MATLOCK and BUXTON, by any of the Through Trains, on Fridays and Saturdays, during the Season, available for Return by any Train on the *Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday after date of issue.*

First and Third Class Tourist Tickets, available for Two Months or longer, are issued during the Summer Months from principal Stations on the Midland Railway, to

Scarboro', Whitby, Filey, Bridlington, Harrogate, Ilkley, and other Stations in the Yorkshire district.

Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Cleethorpes, and other Stations on the East Coast.

Brighton, Hastings, Portsmouth, The Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, and other Stations in the South of England.

Penzance, Plymouth, Torquay, Exeter, Weston-super-Mare, Ilfracombe, and other Stations in the West of England.

Monmouth, Swansea, Tenby, Severn Bridge, Upper Lydbrook, and other Stations in South Wales.

Aberystwith, Llandudno, Rhyl, Bangor, and other Stations in North Wales.

Southport, Blackpool, and other Stations on the Lancashire Coast; and to

Bath, Malvern, Leamington, Brecon, &c.

For further particulars, see Tourist Programmes and Hand-bills.

PLEASURE PARTIES.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS

are issued to parties of not less than SIX First-Class, or TEN Third-Class Passengers, desirous of taking Pleasure Excursions to places on or adjacent to this Railway.

For particulars, apply to the Station-masters, or to the Superintendent of the Line at Derby.

JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.

DERBY, 1887.]

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS.

FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD CLASS TOURIST TICKETS, available for two months, and renewable, with exceptions, up to Dec. 31st, are issued during the Summer months of each year, AT THE PRINCIPAL STATIONS ON THIS RAILWAY, to the Watering and other places of attraction in the WEST OF ENGLAND, including :—

CLEVEDON.	LYNTON.	TORQUAY.	ST. IVES.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.	EXETER.	PLYMOUTH.	PENZANCE.
MINEHEAD.	DARTMOUTH.	DEVONPORT.	SCILLY ISLANDS.
BARNSTAPLE.	DAWLISH.	TRURO.	DORCHESTER.
ILFRACOMBE.	TEIGNMOUTH.	FALMOUTH.	WEYMOUTH, & THE
FOWEY.	NEWTON ABBOT.	NEW QUAY.	CHANNEL ISLANDS.

To North and South Wales, including—

DOLGELLY.	LLANDUDNO.	BANGOR.	TINTERN.	CARDIGAN.
BARMOUTH.	PENMAENMAWR.	CARNARVON.	SWANSEA.	TENBY.
ABERYSTWTH.	BLAENAU FESTINIOG.	HOLYHEAD.	PEMBROKE.	
RHYL.	BETTWS-Y-COED.	CHESTOW.	NEW MILFORD.	

TO BUXTON.	WINDERMERE.	EDINBURGH.	WHITBY.
ISLE OF MAN.	SCARBOROUGH.	GLASGOW.	MATLOCK.

TO BRIGHTON.	ST. LEONARDS.	ISLE OF WIGHT.	MARGATE.
EASTBOURNE.	HASTINGS.	RAMSGATE.	DOVER.

And to WATERFORD. CORK. LAKES OF KILLARNEY. DUBLIN, ETC.

Passengers holding 1st or 2d Class Tourist Tickets to the principal stations in the West of England can travel by the 11.45 a.m. Fast Train from Paddington, which reaches Exeter in four hours and a quarter, and Plymouth in 6 hours and 10 minutes ; or by the 3.0 p.m. Fast Train from Paddington, which reaches Exeter in the same time, and Plymouth in 5 hours and 55 minutes.

Tourists by the GREAT WESTERN LINE—THE BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND—pass through the most picturesque scenery in Devonshire and Cornwall, extending from Exeter to Plymouth, Falmouth, St. Ives, Penzance, and the Land's End ; while the Broad Gauge Carriages running in the Fast Express Trains to and from the West of England, for which they have been specially built, are THE FINEST RAILWAY CARRIAGES IN ORDINARY USE IN THE KINGDOM.

Holders of Tourist Tickets are allowed to break their journey at several stations *en route*, and visit at their leisure places of interest in the vicinity. The holders of *ordinary* tickets between London and Exeter, and places west thereof, are also allowed, both in summer and winter, to break their journey at Bath, Bristol, Taunton, or Exeter, and proceed the next day,—an arrangement which conduces largely to the comfort of invalids and others to whom a lengthened railway journey is objectionable.

FAMILY CARRIAGES (with lavatories and other conveniences), containing compartments for servants, can be engaged on payment of not less than Four First-Class and Four Second-Class Fares. Application for these carriages should be made to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington, some days before the proposed date of the journey, in order to prevent disappointment.

For particulars of the various Circular Tours, Fares, and other information, see the Company's Tourist Programmes, which can be obtained at the Stations and Booking Offices.

J. GRIERSON, *General Manager.*

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.



TOURS IN SCOTLAND.

THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY have arranged a system of TOURS—over 100 in number—by Rail, Steamer (on Sea, River, and Loch), and Coach, comprehending almost every place of interest either for scenery or historical associations throughout Scotland, including—

EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, ABERDEEN, DUNDEE, INVERNESS, GREENOCK, PAISLEY, DUMFRIES, MOFFAT, PEEBLES, STIRLING, PERTH, CRIEFF, DUNKELD, OBAN, INVERARAY,

The Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Loch Eck, Loch Earn, Loch Tay, Loch Awe, Caledonian Canal, Glencoe, Iona, Staffa, Skye, Balmoral, Braemar, Arran, Bute, The Firth of Clyde, The Falls of Clyde, &c. &c.

TOURISTS are recommended to procure a copy of the Caledonian Railway Company's "Tourist Guide," which contains descriptive notices of the Districts embraced in the Tours, Maps, Plans, &c., and can be had at any of the Company's Stations, and also at the chief Stations on the London and North-Western Railway, and which are supplied gratis to the chief Hotels, Hydropathics, Steamboats, &c., in Great Britain and Ireland.

Tickets for these Tours are issued at the Company's Booking Offices at all the chief Towns. The Tourist Season generally extends from JUNE to SEPTEMBER, inclusive.

The Caledonian Co. also issue Tourist Tickets to the Lake District of England, The Isle of Man, Connemara, The Lakes of Killarney, &c.

The Caledonian Railway, in conjunction with the London and North-Western Railway, forms what is known as the

WEST COAST ROUTE

BETWEEN

SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

DIRECT TRAINS RUN FROM AND TO

GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, GREENOCK, PAISLEY, STRANRAER, STIRLING, OBAN, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, and other Places in Scotland,

TO AND FROM

LONDON (Euston), BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, PRESTON, PENRITH (for Lake District), LEEDS, BRADFORD, and other Places in England.

Sleeping and Day Saloon Carriages. Through Guards and Conductors.

The Caledonian Company's Trains from and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Carlisle, &c., connect on the Clyde with the "Columba," "Iona," "Lord of the Isles," "Ivanhoe," and other steamers to and from Dunoon, Innellan, Rothesay, Largs, Millport, the Kyles of Bute, Arran, Campbeltown, Ardrishaig, Inveraray, Loch Goil, Loch Long, &c. &c.

A new and improved Train Service is now run between Glasgow and Edinburgh, the journey being performed by Express Trains in 65 minutes.

An Express service of Trains is also run from Edinburgh and Glasgow to Stirling, Oban, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, and the North; and vice versa.

For particulars of Trains, Fares, &c., see the Caledonian Railway Co.'s Time Tables.

The Caledonian Company's large and magnificent

CENTRAL STATION HOTEL, GLASGOW,

Is under the Company's own Management.

JAMES THOMPSON,
General Manager.

GLASGOW, 1887.

GLASGOW & SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN

SCOTLAND & ENGLAND.

Through Trains are run between **GLASGOW (St. Enoch)** and **LONDON (St. Pancras)**, via the **GLASGOW & SOUTH-WESTERN** and **MIDLAND RAILWAY**



giving a Direct and Expeditious Service between Glasgow, Greenock, Paisley, Ayr, Ardrossan, Kilmarnock, Dumfries, &c., and Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Bath, Birmingham, London, &c. **PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM AND SLEEPING CARS** are

run by the Morning and Evening Express Trains between **GLASGOW** and **LONDON**.

Tourist Tickets are issued from the principal Stations on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway to **LONDON, BRIGHTON, ISLE OF WIGHT, BOURNEMOUTH**, and numerous places of interest in the South and South-West of England; to **BATH, HARROGATE, BUXTON, MATLOCK, MALVERN**, and other favourite resorts; also to the English **LAKE DISTRICT, ISLE OF MAN, &c., &c.**

NORTH OF IRELAND & ENGLAND, via LARNE, STRANRAER, & ANNAN.

In connection with the Short Sea Passage between Larne and Stranraer, convenient express Trains are run between Larne and Belfast and the Principal Towns and Places of Interest in the North of Ireland; also between Stranraer, Carlisle, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, London, and the principal Towns in England and Wales. **PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS** are run between **STRANRAER** and **LONDON** and *vice versa*, by the Night Express Trains in connection with the Larne and Stranraer Steamers.

Ordinary and Tourist Tickets are issued by this Route between England and **IRELAND**.

FIRTH OF CLYDE AND WEST HIGHLANDS, via GREENOCK.

EXPRESS and **FAST TRAINS** are run at convenient hours between **GLASGOW (St. Enoch Station)** and **GREENOCK (Lynedoch St. and Princes Pier Stations)**, in direct connection with the "**COLUMBA**," "**GRENADIER**," "**IONA**," "**LORD OF THE ISLES**," and other Steamers sailing to and from Kilmarnock, Dunoon, Innellan, Rothesay, Kyles of Bute, Ardrishaig, Oban, Inveraray, Kilcreggan, Kilmun, Lochgoilhead, Garelochhead, &c.



Through Carriages are run by certain Trains between **GREENOCK (Princes Pier)** and **EDINBURGH (Waverley)**, and by the Morning and Evening Express Trains between **GREENOCK (Princes Pier)** and **LONDON (St. Pancras)**.

RETURN TICKETS issued to **COAST TOWNS** are available for **RETURN AT ANY TIME**.

Passengers are landed at Princes Pier Station, from whence there is a Covered Way to the Pier, where the Steamers call; and Passengers' Luggage is conveyed **FREE OF CHARGE** between the Stations and the Steamers.

ARRAN AND THE AYRSHIRE COAST.

An Express and Fast Train Service is given between **GLASGOW (St. Enoch)**, **PAISLEY**, and **TROON, PRESTWICK, AYR, ARDROSSAN, FAIRLIE, LARGS, &c.**

From **ARDROSSAN** the Splendid Saloon Steamer "**SCOTIA**" sails daily to and from the **ISLAND OF ARRAN**, in connection with the Express Train Service.

IRELAND.

A **NIGHTLY SERVICE** is given by the Royal Mail Steamers via Greenock and via Ardrossan, in connection with which Tourist Tickets are issued to **KILLARNEY, CORK, CONNEMARA, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, &c.**

For particulars as to Trains and Steamers see the Company's Time Tables.

Glasgow, April 1887.

JOHN MORTON, Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY, IRELAND.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

RAILWAY HOTEL

ADJOINS LORD KENMARE's Demesne, and is situated within easy distance of Ross Castle, Muckross Abbey and Grounds, the Gap of Dunloe, and the principal points of interest.

This Hotel, the largest in the Lake District, possesses unusually good accommodation for Tourists and Families, including spacious and well-furnished Ladies' Drawing Room, Writing, Reception, Billiard, Smoking, Dining, and Private Sitting Rooms. All the Public and Private Sitting Rooms are provided with Pianofortes.

Lawn Tennis in the Hotel Grounds.

The Porters of the Hotel await the arrival of each Train for the removal of Luggage, &c.

The Manager personally undertakes the formation of Excursion Parties with a view to their comfort and economy.

The Lakes afford excellent Salmon and Trout Fishing.

BOATS, CARRIAGES, PONIES, &c., WITH STEADY ATTENDANTS, ALWAYS READY FOR ENGAGEMENT.

Boatmen, Guides, Drivers, and other Servants of the Hotel are paid ample wages, and are not permitted to solicit Visitors for Gratuities.

A Waggonette will run, from 1st June to 30th September, between the Hotel and Ross Castle. Fare, 6d. each way.

From MAY to OCTOBER,

TOURISTS' TICKETS from DUBLIN TO KILLARNEY & BACK

Will be issued by the Trains which run direct to Killarney, at the following Fares, viz.—

		FIRST CLASS.	SECOND CLASS.
Single Ticket for One Passenger .		£2 10 0	£2 0 0
Do. Two Passengers		4 10 0	3 12 0
Do. Three „ .		6 7 6	5 2 0
Do. Four „ .		8 0 0	6 8 0
Do. Five „ .		9 7 6	7 10 0
Do. Six „ .		10 10 0	8 8 0
Do. Seven „ .		11 7 6	9 2 0
Do. Eight „ .		12 0 0	9 12 0

**AVAILABLE FOR RETURN ON ANY DAY
WITHIN ONE CALENDAR MONTH.**

The time of these Tickets can be extended upon the terms stated in the Company's Tourist Programme.

N.B.—Tickets to KILLARNEY can be obtained during the Tourist Season at the principal Stations on the London and North-Western, Midland, Great Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire, North Staffordshire, Caledonian, and North British Railways, and Railways in Ireland.

KINGSBRIDGE, DUBLIN.

INTERESTING TO TOURISTS.

PLEASURE EXCURSIONS BY COACH, STEAMER, & TRAIN,

During June, July, August, and September 1887.

OBAN TO OBAN.

Via Pass of Melfort, Lochawe, and Pass of Brander,
at the base of Ben Cruachan.

BY Coach leaving M'Gregor's Coach Office *every lawful day* at 9.45 A.M. by way of Lochfeochan, Pass of Melfort, Loch Craignish, Carnasary Castle, and Ford, where Passengers join the Steamer "Countess of Breadalbane" for Lochawe Station; thence per Train due to arrive in Oban at or about 6.15 P.M.; or *vice versa* by Train leaving Oban at 10 A.M. for Lochawe Station, thence per Steamer "Countess of Breadalbane" to Ford, and from Ford by Coach due to reach Oban about 6.15 P.M.

Fares for the Round.—First Class, 17s.; Third Class, 15s. 6d. Coach-driver's and Guard's Fees not included.

Passengers Booked at Coach Office and Railway Station, Oban.

SCENERY SURPASSING GRAND.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

(Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.)

Tourists' Special Cabin Tickets issued during the Season,

Valid for Six Separate or Consecutive Days' Sailing by any of
Mr. David Macbrayne's Steamers, £3.

THE
ROYAL



MAIL
STEAMERS

COLUMBA	MOUNTAINEER	CLAYMORE	INVERARAY	CASTLE
IONA	PIONEER	CLANSMAN	LINNET	ISLAY
GRENADIER	GLENGARRY	CLYDESDALE	LOCHIEL	CAVALIER
CHEVALIER	GLENCOE	LOCHAW	HANDA	FINGAL
GONDOLIER	LOCHNESS	ETHEL	MABEL	

Sail during the Season for Kyles of Bute, Ardrishaig, Oban, Ballachulish (for Glencoe), Fort William, Banavie, Inverness, Staffa, Iona, Lochawe, Islay, Tobermory, Portree, Stromie Ferry, Gairloch (for Lochmaree), Ullapool, Lochinver, Lochmaddy, Tarbert (Harris), Stornoway, Thurso, etc., affording Tourists an opportunity of visiting the magnificent scenery of Glencoe, the Cuchullin Hills, Quiraing, Loch Coruisk, Loch Seavaig, Lochmaree, the Falls of Foyers, and the famed Islands of Staffa and Iona.

Official Guide, 3d.; Illustrated, 6d.; Cloth Gilt, 1s. Time Bill, with Map and Fares, free by Post from the owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119 Hope Street, Glasgow.

DUBLIN & GLASGOW STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

THE Company's splendid Saloon Paddle Steamships—DUKE of ARGYLL, DUKE of LEINSTER, LORD CLYDE, LORD GOUGH, and the new Screw Steamer GENERAL GORDON, or other Steamers, are intended to Sail, unless prevented by any unforeseen occurrence, to and from GLASGOW & DUBLIN, calling at GREENOCK.

SAILINGS AS PER MONTHLY BILLS.

GLASGOW to DUBLIN.—Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and every alternate Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Train from Central Station, Glasgow, at 6.30 p.m.; Steamer leaving Greenock about 7.30 p.m.

DUBLIN to GLASGOW.—Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and every alternate Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

Fares.—From Glasgow (including Steward's Fees), Cabin, 15s.; Ditto (including Rail to Greenock), 16s. 3d. Return Tickets (available for Six Months), £1:2:6; Ditto (including Rail to Greenock), £1:5s. Steerage fare from Glasgow, 6s. (including rail to Greenock), 6s. 9d. Return Tickets (available for six months), 10s. (including rail to Greenock), 11s. 6d. Through Express Train (per Caledonian Railway) from Leith at 4.30 p.m., and from Edinburgh (Princes Street Station) at 5 p.m. to Greenock in direct connection with the Dublin Steamer. Passengers are also booked through from the following Railway Stations to Dublin, and *vice versa*, viz.—

	Single.		Return, available for 2 mths.			Single.		Return, available for 2 mths.									
	1st cl.	3 cl. & Strage.	1st cl.	3 cl. & Strage.		1st cl.	3 cl. & Strage.	1st cl.	3 cl. & Strage.								
		s. d.		s. d.			s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.				
Alloa	19	1	8	7	26	4	13	2	Forfar	30	0	13	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	40	0	19	10
Arbroath ...	30	8	14	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	40	10	20	5	Hamilton ..	17	3	7	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	27	0	12	9
Aberdeen ...	39	6	18	8	51	11	25	10	Inverness...	48	6	23	3	73	2	43	2
Crieff	23	6	10	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	31	11	15	10	Leith	20	0	8	6	30	0	14	0
Callander ...	21	0	9	9	28	9	14	8	Montrose...	33	6	15	8	44	5	22	1
Dundee (W.)	28	0	12	11	37	6	18	7	Perth	24	6	11	3	33	2	16	6
Dumfries ...	27	9	12	10	42	11	21	5	Paisley	16	3	6	9	25	0	11	6
Dunblane ...	19	10	8	10	27	4	13	7	Stirling	19	0	8	5	26	3	13	0
Edinburgh..	20	0	8	6	30	0	14	0									

Booking Office at Dublin for Passengers—1 EDEN QUAY. Chief Office and Stores—71 NORTH WALL, DUBLIN. Goods carried at Through Rates from Glasgow and Greenock to Inland Towns in Ireland; and also from a number of the Principal Railway Stations in Scotland to Dublin and Inland Stations in Ireland, and *vice versa*. Further particulars, Monthly Bills, &c., on application to the undermentioned agents:—

JAMES LITTLE & CO., Excise Buildings, Greenock, and

HENRY LAMONT, 93 Hope Street, adjoining Central Station, and Broomielaw, Glasgow.

A. TAYLOR, DUBLIN, *Secretary*.

B. MANN, DUBLIN, *General Manager*.

LOCH LOMOND

SALOON STEAMERS.

(COMMENCING 1st JUNE.)

Loch Lomond.—Leave BALLOCH PIER, daily about 8.45, 10.30 A.M., 12.25 P.M., and 5 P.M. HEAD OF LOCH on Mondays at 6.15 A.M.; daily (except Monday) at 8.30 A.M.; daily at 10.40 A.M., 1.20 and 4.10 P.M.

THOMAS McLEAN, *Manager*, 99 MAIN STREET, ALEXANDRIA, N.B.

GLASGOW, BELFAST, BRISTOL, CARDIFF, NEWPORT, AND SWANSEA STEAMERS,

'MEDWAY,' 'SOLWAY,' 'AVON,' 'SEVERN,' 'PRINCESS ALEXANDRA,'

SAIL with Goods and Passengers from GLASGOW to BRISTOL *via* BELFAST every Monday and Thursday at 2 P.M.; GLASGOW to CARDIFF and SWANSEA every Friday at 2 P.M.; to NEWPORT every alternate Friday at 2 P.M. From BRISTOL to GLASGOW every Monday and Thursday; SWANSEA to GLASGOW every Wednesday; CARDIFF to GLASGOW every Monday; NEWPORT to GLASGOW every alternate Tuesday.

FARES (GLASGOW)—Cabin, 20s.; Steerage 12s. 6d.; Deck (Soldiers or Sailors), 10s.

„ (BELFAST)—Cabin, 17s. 6d.; Steerage, 10s.

RETURNS for Cabin and Steerage issued at Fare and a half available for Two MONTHS.

Above Route offers a favourable opportunity for making a pleasant Sea trip to or from South of England.

12 Cabin Return Tickets will be available for return by the Carron Company's Steamers now running between London and Grangemouth, or by the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company's Steamers from London to Leith, thus affording Tourists a good opportunity of sailing by both East and West Coast. Passengers availing themselves of this arrangement, however, will require to pay their own Railway fares between Grangemouth or Leith and Glasgow, and between Bristol and London, or *vice versa*.

For Rates of Freight and other particulars, apply to

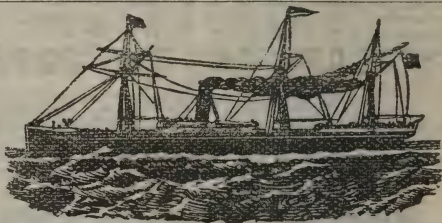
MARK WHITWILL & SON, Bristol; M. JONES & BRO., Swansea; E. TAYLOR & CO., Cardiff; R. BURTON & SON, Newport (Mon.); W. E. WILLIAMES, Belfast; D. M'DOUGALL, Greenock; or
WILLIAM SLOAN & CO., 140 Hope Street, Glasgow.

ABERDEEN

AND

LONDON

Average Passage
36 Hours.



THE ABERDEEN STEAM NAVIGATION CO.'S STEAMSHIPS

BAN-RIGH, CITY OF LONDON, or CITY OF ABERDEEN, will be despatched (weather, etc., permitting) from ABERDEEN, and from The Aberdeen Steam Navigation Co.'s Wharf, Limehouse, LONDON, every Wednesday and Saturday.

FARES—including Stewards' Fees—*Private Cabins* accommodating four passengers, £6.

Private Cabins, if occupied by fewer than four passengers, £5.

Single Tickets—1st Cabin, 30s.; 2d Cabin, 15s.; Children under 14 years, 15s. and 10s.

Return Tickets—available for six months—45s. and 25s.; Children, 25s. and 15s.

Notice to Passengers.—The Co.'s steam tender 'Ich Dien' will attend the Steamers on their arrival in London for the purpose of conveying Passengers to the Temple Pier, Thames Embankment; she will also leave that Pier one hour before the advertised times of sailing, conveying passengers only to the Aberdeen Steamers free of charge. *Friends of passengers wishing to accompany them to the Steamers, may do so on getting written permission from the Company's Agent.* Porters will be in attendance to carry the Luggage on board. For further particulars apply to JOHN A. CLINKSKILL, Agent, The Aberdeen Steam Navigation Co.'s Wharf, Limehouse; and 102 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., London; or to CHARLES SHEPHERD, Manager, Waterloo Quay, Aberdeen.



LEITH AND LONDON.

THE LONDON & EDINBURGH SHIPPING COMPANY'S
SPLENDID FAST-SAILING SCREW-STEAMSHIPS

METEOR (New Steamer),

IONA, MALVINA, MARMION, MORNA,

OR OTHER OF THE COMPANY'S STEAMERS

(Lighted by Electricity),

Sail from VICTORIA DOCK, LEITH, every *Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday* afternoon; and from HERMITAGE STEAM WHARF, LONDON, every *Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday* morning.

For Rates of Freight and Fares, apply to THOMAS AITKEN,
8 & 9 Commercial Street, Leith.

CIRCULAR TOURS.

GLASGOW AND THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

ONE Week's Pleasure Sailing by the splendid sea-going Steamer **HEBRIDEAN**, sailing from Glasgow and Greenock on Mondays for Oban, Mull, Skye, Barra, Uist, etc., affords the Tourist a splendid opportunity of viewing the magnificent scenery of the West of Skye and the Outer Hebrides.

N.B.—During the Season special trips are made to the far-famed island of St. Kilda, when passengers are given facilities for landing; also to Loch Rony, from which the Druidical remains at Callernish may be visited.

Time Bills, Maps of Route, Cabin Plans, and Berths secured at

JOHN M'CALLUM & CO., 12 Ann St., City, Glasgow.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS. WEEKLY CIRCULAR TOUR.

THE Favourite Steamer **DUNARA CASTLE** sails from Glasgow every Thursday at 12 Noon, and from Greenock at 7 p.m., for Colonsay, Iona, Bunessan, Tyree, Barra, Uist, Skye, and Harris, returning to Glasgow on Wednesdays. Affords to Tourists the opportunity of about a week's comfortable Sea Voyage, and at the same time a Panoramic View of the magnificent scenery of the Outer Hebrides.

CABIN FARE (superior sleeping accommodation), 45s.

CUISINE (excellent)—Breakfast, 2s.; Dinner, 2s. 6d.; Tea, 2s.

Time Bills (with Maps) and Berths secured on application to

MARTIN ORME, 20 Robertson Street, Glasgow.

TO TOURISTS.

LEITH AND ABERDEEN TO NORWAY.

FULL particulars (and Hand-Book, 6d.) of the *Tourist Service* by the *Splendid New Steamship* ST. SUNNIVA to the *West Coasts* and *Fjords* of NORWAY may be obtained at the Offices mentioned below.

STEAM FROM LEITH TO ABERDEEN, CAITHNESS, ORKNEY, AND SHETLAND.

THE North of Scotland and Orkney and Shetland Steam Navigation Company's Royal Mail Steamships "ST. ROGNVALD," "ST. MAGNUS," "ST. NICHOLAS," "ST. CLAIR," and "QUEEN," sail from ALBERT DOCK, Leith, to

ABERDEEN	Four times a week.
CAITHNESS	Twice a week.
ORKNEY AND SHETLAND	Three times a week.

Special Tourist Tickets during the Season.

Bills of Sailings, Plans of Cabins, Maps of Routes, Guide Books, etc., to be had on application to CHARLES MERRYLEES, Manager, Aberdeen; or GEORGE HOURSTON, Agent, 64 Constitution Street, Leith, and 18 Waterloo Place, Edinburgh.

Berths secured at 18 Waterloo Place, Edinburgh.

CHEAPEST AND SHORTEST ROUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND NORWAY.

May to September.

THE fast, first-class Norwegian Royal Mail Steamer *Norge*, 920 tons gross register, Captain F. WIESE, leaves Newcastle-on-Tyne for Bergen every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, and leaves Bergen for Newcastle every Saturday evening at 9 o'clock. A SPECIAL STEAM TENDER conveys passengers and their luggage to and from the *Norge*, and leaves the Ferry Landing at Newcastle Quay (5 minutes' drive from the Station) every Tuesday at 6 p.m.

FARES:—First Class, £3; Return £5. Including all meals and Steward's fees (wines, etc., extra). Average passage, 6 hours. For Passage, Freight, or other information, apply to P. G. HALVORSEN, Bergen, owner; or to the Agents,
BORRIES, CRAIG, & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"ANCHOR LINE."

Transatlantic, Peninsular, Mediterranean, and Oriental Steamships.

	Tons.		Tons.		Tons.		Tons.
*ACADIA .	1081	BOLIVIA .	4050	ELYSIA .	2713	OLYMPIA .	2051
ALEXANDRIA .	2017	BRITANNIA .	3069	ETHIOPIA .	4004	PERSIA .	3547
ALSATIA .	2810	CALEDONIA .	2151	EXPRESS .		ROUMANIA .	3387
ANCHORIA .	4167	CALIFORNIA .	3410	FURNESSIA .	5495	*SCANDINAVIA .	1138
ARABIA .	3544	CIRCASSIA .	4272	*HESPERIA .	3037	SHAMROCK .	
ARMENIA .	3395	CITY OF ROME .	8415	HISPANIA .	3380	*SIDONIAN .	1382
ASIA .	3560	COLUMBIA .	2029	INDIA .	2476	THREE BROTHERS .	
ASSYRIA .	2022	DESPATCH .		ITALIA .	2248	*TRINACRIA .	2256
AUSTRALIA .	2252	DEVONIA .	4270	*KARAMANIA .	3148	*TYRIAN .	1039
BELGRAVIA .	4976	DORIAN .	1038	NUBIA .	3551	UTOPIA .	2731
						VICTORIA .	3358

* Do not carry Cabin Passengers.

GLASGOW TO NEW YORK, *Via* MOVILLE,

EVERY THURSDAY. GREAT REDUCTION IN FARES.

Fares to New York, Boston, or Philadelphia—First Class, £9:9s. to £12:12s.; Second Class, £6:6s.; Steerage, at Lowest Rates.

LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK (EXPRESS SERVICE).

Carrying the British and American Mails.

S.S. CITY OF ROME, 8415 Tons—11th May, 8th June, 6th July, 3d Aug., 31st Aug., and 28th Sept. First Class, 12 to 25 Gns.; Second Class, £7; Steerage, at Lowest Rates.

MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.

Glasgow for Lisbon, Gibraltar, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Messina, Palermo, and Trieste, Fortnightly.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

CABIN FARE—Glasgow to Lisbon, £6:6s.; Gibraltar, £8:8s.; Genoa, £12:12s.; Leghorn, £13:13s.; Naples, £14:14s.; Trieste, £16:16s.; Messina, Catania, or Palermo (via Italy), £16:16s. Passengers are found in a Liberal Table, and all necessities, except Wines and Liquors, which can be had on board at moderate prices. No Steward's Fee.

INDIAN SERVICE.

Steamers are Despatched from Glasgow and Liverpool to Bombay and Calcutta (via Suez Canal) at regular intervals, carrying Passengers on the most advantageous terms.

Passage Money to Calcutta, £50; to Bombay, £47:10s. All Passengers embark at Liverpool.

Apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, 20 Mount Stuart Square, Cardiff; 1 Pannure Street, Dundee; 17 Water Street, Liverpool; 57 Union Street, Glasgow; 30 Foyle Street, Londonderry; Scott Square, Queenstown; 3 Rue Scribe, Paris; 2 Rue Noailles, Marseilles; Gibraltar; Trieste; Vienna; 7 Bowling Green, New York; 7 and 9 State Street, Boston; 48 South Clark Street, Chicago; J. C. BAINES, Antwerp; WILLIAM MILLER, Leghorn; CHARLES FIGOLI, Genoa; MASCARENHAS & Co., Lisbon; CLEMENS & PETERSEN, Malaga; The Sons of THOS. HAYNES, Cadiz; WM. JAFFRAY, Almeria; DART & Co., Valencia and Denia; O. F. GOLLCHER, Malta; O. DI BENEDETTO, Catania; F. TAGLIAVIA & Co., Messina; HOLME & Co., Naples; G. L. TOD, Palermo; MACQUAY, Hooker, & Co., Rome; J. D. WAAL, Rotterdam; W. WOLFF, 1 Bergerdorferstr., Hamburg; CHARLES DE MILES, Venice; W. & A. GRAHAM & Co., Bombay; GRAHAM & Co., Calcutta; DELMEGE, REID, & Co., Colombo; BAZIN & Co., Port Said; G. BEYTS & Co., Suez.

HENDERSON BROTHERS,

47 Union Street, Glasgow.

GRANTON

TO

FAROE ISLES AND ICELAND.



THE ROYAL DANISH MAIL STEAMERS "LAURA," "THYRA," and "ROMNY," will sail as under during 1887:—

Granton to Faroe and Iceland.—10th* May, 1st* June, 18th June, 5th* July, 21st July, 6th* Aug., 1st* Sept., 1st Oct., 10th Nov.

Iceland to Faroe and Granton.—3d* June, 1st* July, 29th June, 31st* July, 5th Aug., 28th* Aug., 24th* Sept., 19th Oct., 29th Nov.

* These Voyages the Steamers sail round Iceland, calling at the Chief Ports. For Freight or Passage apply to

GEO. V. TURNBULL & CO., Leith and Granton,
Agents for the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen.

STEAM BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND ICELAND.



NOTICE TO TOURISTS, ANGLERS, & SPORTSMEN,
The First-Class Screw Steamship "CAMOENS," 1264 Tons Register, 170 H.P., or other Steamer, will leave LEITH for ICELAND (unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances) regularly during the Summer and

Autumn, affording Tourists, Anglers, and Sportsmen an excellent opportunity of visiting that interesting Country, its Geysers, Burning Mountains, famous Salmon Rivers, Reindeer Grounds, &c.

The S.S. "CAMOENS" is a full-powered, fast Steamer, with superior Passenger accommodation; has spacious Saloon, Ladies' Cabin, State Rooms, and Smoke Room.

FIRST CABIN, £5; RETURN TICKET (available for the Season), £8. Separate State Rooms may be had by special agreement. For Sailing Bills, Plans of Cabin (Guide Books, 5s. and 1s.), and further information apply to R. & D. SLIMON, Leith.

FRY'S COCOA.

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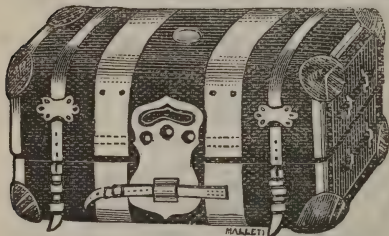
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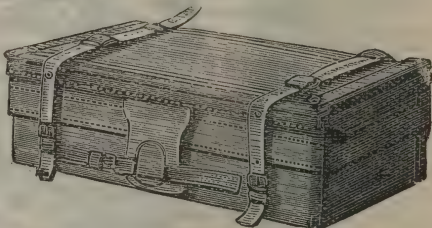
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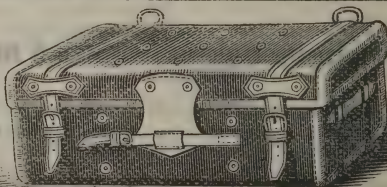
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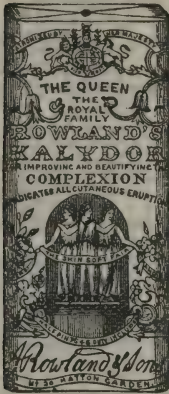
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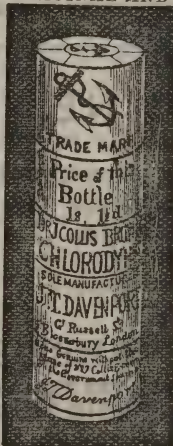
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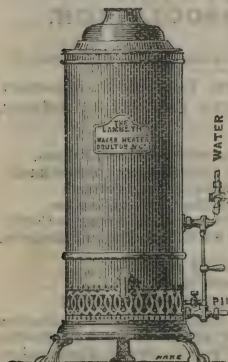
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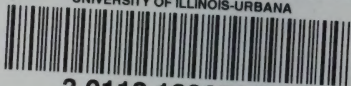
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